

# Willard Grant Conspiracy, Closing Time

There's a place in Sand Canyon  
Where the sun's always set  
Beneath the Sierra Nevadas  
In the shadow of a cliff  
There's a face in the mirror  
I haven't seen yet  
This bar looks as good as any  
For a little refreshment

Closing time, closing time

I'll sit here awhile  
And drink this bottle real slow  
And let the jukebox lull me gently  
Before it's time to go

Give me refuge from the daytime  
Give me solace from the night  
Let me tith in the only church I know  
Give me one more drink before the lights go low

Closing time, closing time  
Turn the key, lock the door  
I'm going home