

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 tithe 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