

Hall & Oates, Can't Stop The Music (He Played It

He's the star of the stage, and he screams all night
'Cause he can't get to sleep at all
And his favorite book, by the T.V. light, can't stop the matinee,
He's played it over and over
He Can't Stop The Music, or remember the ending to his song
He played it much too long

All those hard-earned words, that he's fought from his pen
Have been forgotten in some empty hall
And the wide-eyed looks, on those wiped-out faces
Make some dreams in such places over and over
He Can't Stop The Music, or remember the ending to his song
He played it much too long

Wouldn't believe your ears, if he told you what the papers use to say
But that was in his hey-day
Back in his prime he had the fans in line
You should have seen him then, now look at him
His hair is getting thin
There's one last show before the glory ends
There in the wings, waits his only friend,
The record that he prayed to over and over
He Can't Stop The Music, or remember the ending to his song
He played it much too long

Then we go like this, and we go like that (music)
Then we go like this, and we go like that,
Can't Stop The Music
Then we go like this, and we go like that (music)
Then we go like this and we go like that.