

# 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.