

Hootie And The Blowfish, Closing Time

Well I hope that I don't fall in love with you.
'Cause falling in love just makes me blue.
Well the music plays and you display your heart for me to see,
I had a beer and now I hear you calling out for me.
And I hope that I don't fall in love with you.

Well the night does funny things inside a man.
These old tomcat feelings you don't understand,
Well I turn around to look at you; you light a cigarette,
I wish I had the guts to bum one, but we've never met.
And I hope that I don't fall in love with you.
I can see that you are lonesome just like me,
And it being late, You'd like some some company.
Well I turn around to look at you, and you look back at me,
The guy you're with has up and split the chair next to you's free.
And I hope that you don't fall in love with me.
Now it's closing time, the music's fading out.
Last call for drinks, I'll have another stout.
Well I turn around to look at you; you're nowhere to be found,
I search the place for your lost face,
Guess I'll have another round.
And I think that I just fell in love with you.