

# The Lovin' Spoonful, Six O'Clock

There's something special about six o'clock  
In the morning when it's still too early to knock.  
And the dusty light shines down on the block  
And reflects up and down on the hands of the clock.  
Six o'clock, six o'clock.

A few hours ago she was standing here  
Just watching the stars in our eyes  
and the lights as uptights disappear.  
And I could feel I could say what I want  
That I could nudge her and call her my confidante  
And now I'm back alone with just my shadow in front.  
Six o'clock, six o'clock.

I went home and found that trying to sleep was a laugh  
Just watching my eyelids knowing my brain bids the night not to pass.  
I got up and got to scuffling around  
But somehow it just wasn't the same happy town  
And the bells didn't ring with the same happy sound.  
Six o'clock, six o'clock.

If I go back where we parted  
Could I ever be like that again?  
Guess I'll just have to wait 'til tomorrow  
But what can I do 'til then?

Guess I'll go back home and just wait until dawn  
Guess I had to learn going back where we were wouldn't help at all.  
And I wish my head had been working right  
We'd have gone for coffee and talked all night.  
But now I'm back alone feelin'twisted up tight.  
Six o'clock, six o'clock.

Now I'm back alone...  
Yes, now I'm back alone...  
I'm back alone

(repeat to fade)