

Willard Grant Conspiracy "Closing Time"

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There's a place in Sand Canyon
Where the sun is 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
Let the jukebox lull me gently
Before it's time to go

Closing time, closing time

Turn the key, lock the door, I'm going home

Give me refuge from the daylight
Give me solace in the night
Let me tithe in the only church I know
One more drink before the lights go low

Closing time, closing time

Closing time, closing time

Turn the key, lock the door, I'm going home

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