

Hootie & The Blowfish "Closing Time"

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(Tom Waits)

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 room is crowded, people everywhere
And I wonder should I offer you a chair?
Well if you sit down with this old clown,
Take that frown and break it, before the evening's
gone away,
I think that we could make it,
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

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