

Motels

"Later That Night"

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You surely must be trying
To break this heart of mine
I thought you knew I loved you
And we'd share a love so fine

But later that night
(You threw a) padlock on my door
(My) clothes out on the street
('Cause you) don't want my love no more

And I cryyyd
I-I-I cryyyd
Oh, I cried
(I cried)
My heart out
Cried
(I cried)
My heart out
Later that night

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To break this heart of mine
I thought you knew I loved you
And we'd share a love so fine

But later that night
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(You threw my) clothes out on the street
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I cried
(I cried)
My heart out
Cried
My heart out
Later that night

(Spoken)
Don't go baby, don't put me out on the street. You threw

my best sharkskin suit out on the lawn, right on top of
some dog waste (I hold in my hand three letters from
the stages of your fine, fine, super-fine career . . .) and
my best white shirts with the Mr. B collar laying all over
the front lawn. Where's my cuff links? Lemme back in
dere. Dere? Ha!

"Huffa puffa, Huffa puffa
There's no room to breathe in here"

"That's alright honey. You can come out of the closet
now"

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