

## **The Mothers Of Invention "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

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  
(You threw my) clothes out on the street  
('Cause you) don't want my love no more

And I cryyyd  
I-I-I cryyyd  
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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