

## The Hooters

### "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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