

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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