

Good Night

Billy Woods

It's a good night, I won't go gently
Told the bartender "don't let my glass empty"
That Rhodes Fender, volume on twenty
Break loud down, on the table cloth
If it's the last night, fuck it, going hard
No if, ands, fam, every spliff three grams
Raise my hands, watch her do her thing, but I don't dance
I don't dance, don't dance, I don't dance

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No tears, we had a hell of a run
No fear, my forefinger and thumb, strum violins
Sommelier said to say when
Grin, when, lights dim, watch her spin
Oysters and gin
No check, tonight your money don't spend
Familiar friends, some faces I ain't expect to see again
No questions, glad you made the session
To your health, shots smooth as hell
She's still dancing by herself
Eyes closed, sways to the beat
And you know me... but tonight?
I just might, I just might, I just might

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