

After The Thrill Is Gone

Cal Smith

Same dancers in the same old shoes
Some habits that you just can't lose
There's no telling what a man might do
After the thrill is gone

The flame rises but it soon descends
Empty pages and a frozen pen
You're not quite lovers
And you're not quite friends
After the thrill is gone boy
After the thrill is gone

You're afraid you might fall out of fashion
You're feeling cold and small
Any kinda love without passion
Ain't no kinda lovin' at all

Time passes and you must move on
Half the distance takes you twice as long
So you keep on singin' for the sake of a song
After the thrill is gone

You're afraid you might fall out of fashion
You're feeling cold and small
Any kinda love without passion
Ain't no kinda lovin' at all

Same dancers in the same old shoes
You get too careful with the steps you choose
You don't care about winning but you don't wanna lose
After the thrill is gone boy
After the thrill is gone