

End Of The Night

Cherry Poppin' Daddies

Our house in a dull grey suburb where the buildings are comin'
down

We live in the Polish Catholic Irish part of the town

I'll be waitin' for you, you'll be makin' a scene
I'll be happy to find you at the end of the night
Help you find your way out, then we'll get you clean
I'll be happy to find you at the end of the night
Find you at the end of the night

He likes Old Sytle the cerveza fria at the tavern down by the p
ark

He'll be OK but unless you're local don't go walkin' there afte
r dark

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You're my blood and my father
I'm just here to give you some help

We made our way back through the park
Just me and you and the dog
I felt the warm, brown syrup night
Pour over us 'till it was Rembrandt dark

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