

Can't Stop the Music (He Played It Much Too Long)

Hall & Oates

He's the star on the stage, but he screams all night
'Cause he can't get to sleep at all
And his favorite book, by the T.V. Light
Can't stop this matinee, he's played it over and over

And he can't stop the music
Or remember the ending to his song
He played it much too long

All those hard earned words, that he's fought from his pen
Have been forgotten in some empty hall
And those wide eyed looks, on those wiped out faces
Make some dreams of their places over and over

And he can't stop the music
Or remember the ending to his song
He played it much too long

Wouldn't believe in years
If he told you what the papers use to say
But that was in his hey day

Get back in his prime he had the fans in line
You should have seen him then
Now look at him

His hair is getting thin
There's one last show before the glory ends
There in the wings, waits his only friend
The record that he's prayed to over and over

And he can't stop the music
Or remember the ending to his song
He played it much too long

Now, he can't stop the music, oh no
Then we go like this, and we go like that
Music
Then we go like this, and we go like that
Can't stop the music

Then we go like this, and we go like that
Music
Then we go like this and we go like that
Can't stop the music

Then we go like this, and we go like that
Music
Then we go like this, and we go like that
Can't stop the music

Then we go like this, and we go like that
Music
Then we go like this and we go like that