

By God won't you please just cut out the lights

Suzanne won't you help me to draw the line
Between floozy women and having cigarettes with wine

There seems to be no room here for my laughter
But you never seemed to mind all those nights before

By God won't you please just cut out the lights
But whatever you do
Won't you leave my candle burning

Working for nickel down at the armory
Trying to support my dime life style

The bossman telling me I better get it done
What a way to treat the boy who's your only son

By God won't you please just cut out the lights
But whatever you do
Won't you leave my candle burning

Count your money out on your own time
You stole somebody's heart my dear but it sure as hell wasn't mine

Pick your rags up off my bedroom floor
I done told you one time you're not welcome here no more

By God won't you please just cut out the lights
But whatever you do
Won't you leave my candle burning

By God won't you please just cut out the lights