

Late September

Mandolin Orange

When it's closing time in late September
And the street lights search for shadows on my mind
When the bars all holler last call and the moon's on her descent
I stagger towards the morning, a new day to begin
Counting down to closing time again

She swears my youthful glow is only hiding
Just beyond the borders of my mind
But these rollin' hills don't bind me, they simply remind me
The sun is sinking low, and all I've left behind me
Counting down to closing time again

Darlin' I've been thinking: is it selfish pride
Keeps a man from sharing all the tears he hides?

'Cause when it's closing time in late September
And the summer turns slowly into fall
Our mother, with such splendor, dies in brilliant color
Thoughts once put together by a hospital room window
Counting down to closing time again

Darlin' I've been thinking: is it selfish pride
Keeps a man from sharing all the tears he hides?

'Cause when it's closing time in late September
It's hard to hide how much I miss her so
As a tenderness of memories unfolds itself within me
With such gravity unyielding in the land of the living
Counting down to closing time again