

Long After Last Call

The Cadillac Three

Everybody starts to look around
It's a quarter to two and them closing-down lights
Are mighty bright
But, baby, they don't mean nothing to me, nah
I been picking up what you been putting down
I'm feeling a little crazy and it ain't just the crown and coke
I'm going for broke
I'm making a move, you're gonna see, yeah

That bartender's putting up all the booze
And that old jukebox has all spun outta tunes

Lemme be your drink, lemme be your buzz
Lemme be your smoke, that old head rush
That keeps you flying, dying to dance
Long after last call
Lemme be them strings on that old guitar
Sweet melody kissing your heart
Making love to your soul like rock 'n' roll
Long after last call
Long after last call, yeah

They say you don't have to go home but you can't stay here
There's a yellow cab outside, pour out your beer
Pay your tab, leave your keys with me
You can get your truck in the morning
I look at you, you look at me, and there's a fire still sparking
We can head outta town, sit by the lake in the dark
And howl at the moon
Do some "keep you all night wanting", yeah

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