Later That Night

The Mothers of Invention

You surely must be trying
To break this heart of mine
I thought you knew I loved you
And we'd share a love so fineBut later that night
(You threw a) padlock on my door
(My) clothes out on the street
('Cause you) don't want my love no moreAnd I cryyyd
I-I-I cryyyd
Oh, I cried
(I cried)
My heart out
Cried
(I cried)
My heart out
Later that nightYou surely must be trying
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(I cried)
My heart out
Cried
My heart out
Later that night(Spoken)
Don't go baby, don't put me out on the street. You threw my best sharkskin suit out on the lawn, right on top of some dog waste (I hold in my hand three letters from the stages of your fine, fine, super-fine career . . .) and my best white shirts with the Mr. B collar laying all over the front lawn. Where's my cuff links? Lemme back in dere. Dere? Ha!"Huffa puffa, Huffa puffa
There's no room to breathe in here""That's alright honey. You can come out of the closet now"

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