

The Night's Too Long

Lucinda Williams

Sylvia was workin' as a waitress in Beaumont
She said, "I'm movin' away, I'm gonna get what I want
I'm tired of these small town boys that don't move fast enough
I'm gonna find me one who wears a leather jacket
And likes his livin' rough" So she saved her tips and overtime and bought an old rusty car
She sold most everything she had to make a brand new start
She said, "I won't be needing these silly dresses and nylon hose
'Cause when I get to where I'm goin'
I'm gonna buy me all new clothes" The night's too long, it just drags on and on
And then there's never enough
That's when the sun starts comin' up
Don't let go of her hand
You just might be the right man She loves the night
She loves the night
She doesn't want the night
Don't want it to end
Don't want it to end Well she works in an office now and she guesses she pays all right
She can buy a few new things to wear and still go out at night
And as soon as she gets home from work
She wants to be out with the crowd
Where she can dance and toss her hair back and laugh out loud Well the music's playin' fast and they just met
He presses up against her
And his shirt's all soaked with sweat
And with her back against the bar, she can listen to the band
And she's holdin' a Corona and it's cold against her hand The night's too long, it just drags on and on
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