

# After Hours

Glenn Frey

Look at all the tables standing still  
The smoke has settled from the air  
Everyone was laughing, finding romance  
Now there's only empty chairs  
People used to dance here after hours  
Wrapped around each other in a song  
Every now and then, so very long ago  
Doesn't really seem so long  
Driving up at midnight, ladies dressed in fur  
When I see the quiet street, I always think of her  
Not the way she is now, but the way that she was then  
Sometimes you can't go back again  
Driving up at midnight, ladies dressed in fur  
When I drive these rainy streets, I always think of her  
Not the way she is now, but the way that she was then  
Sometimes you can't go back again

Songwriters

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