Closing Time

Radney Foster

Every afternoon at five o'clock
I forget all about you
There ain't nothin' 'bout this honky-tonk
To remind me we're throughAnd I can put off going back
To that ol' empty house
You swore you'd never leave
From the loneliness you handed me
I can get a brief reprieveFrom here until closing time
It won't matter you're gone
I can fill up my emptiness
Maybe make it on my ownFrom now till they lock the doors
Put the chairs up and sweep the floors
You won't even cross my mind
From here until closing timeWell, the good old days are good and gone
Since you left without me
If I could figure out where we went wrong
Then maybe I'd be freeFrom these ties that bind my foolish heart
And just won't let me start my life again
Then I wouldn't need this lonesome bar
Where I come to pretendFrom here until closing time
It won't matter you're gone
Your memory won't break my heart
I can make it on my ownFrom now till they lock the doors
Put the chairs up and sweep the floors
You won't even cross my mind
From here until closing timeEvery afternoon at five o'clock
I forget all about you

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