

The Night's Too Long

Lucinda Williams

Sylvia was working as a waitress in Beaumont
She said "I'm moving away, I'm gonna get what I want
I'm tired of these small town boys, they don't move fast enough
I'm gonna find me one who wears a leather jacket and likes his living 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 going, 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 coming 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 the pay's 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 head back and laugh out loud
Well, the music's playing faster 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 holding a Corona and it's cold against her hand
The night's too long
It just drags on and on And then there's never enough
That's when the sun starts coming 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
Don't want it to end

Songwriters

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