

# Last Night

## Traveling Wilburys

She was there at the bar, she heard my guitar  
She was long and tall, she was the queen of them all  
Last night, thinking 'bout last night  
Last night, thinking 'bout last nightShe was dark and discreet, she was light on her feet  
We went up to her room and she lowered the boom  
Last night, thinking 'bout last night  
Last night, thinking 'bout last nightDown below they danced and sang in the street  
While up above the walls were steaming with heat  
Last night, thinking 'bout last night  
Last night, thinking 'bout last nightI was feeling no pain, feeling good in my brain  
I looked in her eyes, they were full of surprise  
Last night, talking 'bout last night  
Last night, talking 'bout last nightI asked her to marry me, she smiled, pulled out a knife  
The party's just beginning, she said, Your money or you life  
Last night, talking 'bout last night  
Last night, talking 'bout last nightNow I'm back at the bar, she went a little too far  
She done me wrong, all I got is this song  
Last night, thinking 'bout last night  
Last night, thinking 'bout last nightLast night, talking 'bout last night  
Last night, talking 'bout last night  
Last night, thinking 'bout last night  
Last night, thinking 'bout last night

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