

End of the Night

Dropkick Murphys

The amber, the fire is starting to fade, but it's now that I'm
at my best.

Give the angel on my shoulder a break for the night, 'cause the
devil ain't getting no rest.

I got thousands of stories, you've heard them before, yet I'll
tell them again and again.

Come on, pull up a stool now and buy me a drink and please thin
k of me as a friend.

We live for the weekend, each city's the same,
There's a bar on the corner where they don't know your name.
There's plenty of drink, they've been savin' your chair.
It's our second home, we ain't goin' nowhere.

It's the end, end of the night.

But we ain't goin' home.

[x3]

This life it ain't easy, still we manage to win.
There's times to be knocked down, yeah we live with our chin.
We are generous guys with our hearts on the sleeves,
Misunderstood though, the boss disagrees.
We can't catch a break, wrote the book on bad luck.
We'd hold down a job if they didn't all suck!

It's the end, end of the night.

But we ain't goin' home.

[x3]

The bartender's spoken and he's made it clear.
If you ain't goin' home, then you ain't stayin' here.
You can't shut us off and you won't turn us down.
There's plenty of joints who'll be grateful to have us around.

It's the end, end of the night.

But we ain't goin' home.

[x3]

Well you've been beaten me black and you've beaten me blue,
The scars are well worn on my face.
I've packed up the bags and I've sulked off in shame,
For one last walk of these streets.

It's the end, end of the night.

But we ain't goin' home.

[x3]