

# Can't Stop the Music (He Played It Much Too Long)

Hall & Oates

He's the star on the stage, but he screams all night  
'Cause he can't get to sleep at all  
And his favorite book, by the T.V. Light  
Can't stop this matinee, he's played it over and over

And he can't stop the music  
Or remember the ending to his song  
He played it much too long

All those hard earned words, that he's fought from his pen  
Have been forgotten in some empty hall  
And those wide eyed looks, on those wiped out faces  
Make some dreams of their places over and over

And he can't stop the music  
Or remember the ending to his song  
He played it much too long

Wouldn't believe in years  
If he told you what the papers use to say  
But that was in his hey day

Get back in his prime he had the fans in line  
You should have seen him then  
Now look at him

His hair is getting thin  
There's one last show before the glory ends  
There in the wings, waits his only friend  
The record that he's played to over and over

And he can't stop the music  
Or remember the ending to his song  
He played it much too long

Now, he can't stop the music, oh no  
Then we go like this, and we go like that  
Music  
Then we go like this, and we go like that  
Can't stop the music

Then we go like this, and we go like that  
Music  
Then we go like this and we go like that  
Can't stop the music

Then we go like this, and we go like that  
Music  
Then we go like this, and we go like that  
Can't stop the music

Then we go like this, and we go like that  
Music  
Then we go like this and we go like that