

Don't The Girls All Get Prettier At Closing Time

Mickey Gilley

One, two, one, two, three go

All the girls all get prettier at closing time
Oh, they all begin to look like movie stars
All the girls all get prettier at closing time
When the change starts taking place it puts a glow on every face
Of the fallen angels of the back street bars

If I could rate them on a scale from one to ten
I'm looking for a nine but eight could work right in
Few more drinks and I might slip to five or even four
But when tomorrow morning comes and I wake up with a number one
I swear I'll never do it anymore

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I don't mean to criticize the girls at all
'Cause I'm no Robert Redford even overhauled
But we all picture in our minds a girl that looks just right
Now ain't it funny, ain't it strange the way a man's opinions change
When he starts to face that lonely night

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