

## Closing Time

Radney Foster

Every afternoon at five o'clock  
I forget all about you  
There ain't nothin' 'bout this honky-tonk  
To remind me we're through

And I can put off going back  
To that ol' empty house  
You swore you'd never leave  
From the loneliness you handed me  
I can get a brief reprieve

From here until closing time  
It won't matter you're gone  
I can fill up my emptiness  
Maybe make it on my own

From now till they lock the doors  
Put the chairs up and sweep the floors  
You won't even cross my mind  
From here until closing time

Well, the good old days are good and gone  
Since you left without me  
If I could figure out where we went wrong  
Then maybe I'd be free

From these ties that bind my foolish heart  
And just won't let me start my life again  
Then I wouldn't need this lonesome bar  
Where I come to pretend

From here until closing time  
It won't matter you're gone  
Your memory won't break my heart  
I can make it on my own

From now till they lock the doors  
Put the chairs up and sweep the floors  
You won't even cross my mind  
From here until closing time

Every afternoon at five o'clock  
I forget all about you