

Six O'clock

The Lovin' Spoonful

There's something special 'bout six o'clock
In the morning when it's still too early to knock
And the dusky light shines down on the block
And reflects up and down on the hands of the clock
Six o'clock, six o'clock

A few hours ago she was standing here
Just watching the stars in our eyes and the lights as the tight
s
disappeared
And I could feel I could say what I want
That I could nudge her and call her my confidante
But now I'm all alone with just my shadow in front
At six o'clock, six o'clock

I went home and found that time to sleep was rare
Just watching my eyelids, knowing my brain bids the night not
to care
I got up and got scufflin' around
But somehow it just wasn't the same happy town
And the bells didn't ring with the same happy sound
At six o'clock, six o'clock

If I go back where we parted
Could I ever feel like that again
Guess I'll just have to wait 'til tomorrow
But what can I do 'til then

Guess I'll go back home and just wait until dawn
Yes, I had to learn going back where we were wouldn't help at a
ll
And I wish my head had been working right
We'd have gone for coffee and talked all night
And now I'm back alone, bein' twisted up tight
Six o'clock, six o'clock

Now I'm back alone
Yes, now I'm back alone
I'm back alone