

## Later That Night

### The Mothers of Invention

You surely must be trying  
To break this heart of mine  
I thought you knew I loved you  
And we'd share a love so fine

But later that night  
You threw a padlock on my door  
My clothes out on the street  
'Cause you don't want my love no more

And I cried, I cried  
I-I-I-I-I cried my hart out  
Cried my heart out  
Later that night

Don't go baby, don't put me out on the  
street. You threw my best sharkskin  
suit out on the lawn, right on top of  
some dog waste  
(I hold in my hand three letters from  
the stages of your fine, fine, super-  
fine career...) and my best white  
shirts with the Mr. B collar all  
over the front lawn. Where's my cuff  
links? Lemme back in dere. Dere?

"Huffa puffa, Huffa puffa  
There's no room to breathe in here"

"That's alright honey. You can come  
out of the closet now"