

# Hootie And The Blowfish, Closing Time

Well I hope that I don't fall in love with you.  
'Cause falling in love just makes me blue.  
Well the music plays and you display your heart for me to see,  
I had a beer and now I hear you calling out for me.  
And I hope that I don't fall in love with you.

Well the night does funny things inside a man.  
These old tomcat feelings you don't understand,  
Well I turn around to look at you; you light a cigarette,  
I wish I had the guts to bum one, but we've never met.  
And I hope that I don't fall in love with you.  
I can see that you are lonesome just like me,  
And it being late, You'd like some some company.  
Well I turn around to look at you, and you look back at me,  
The guy you're with has up and split the chair next to you's free.  
And I hope that you don't fall in love with me.  
Now it's closing time, the music's fading out.  
Last call for drinks, I'll have another stout.  
Well I turn around to look at you; you're nowhere to be found,  
I search the place for your lost face,  
Guess I'll have another round.  
And I think that I just fell in love with you.