

Closing Time

Lyrics: Ole H. Svensson – Henning Høeg, Music: Robert Nilsson

I come every morning and stay all night.
Joe, the barkeep, knows me all right.

The drinks that I swallow one after another
won't make me forget her or just how much I loved her.

*The tables are empty and the guests are gone.
I'm the last one left behind, the very last one.*

The doors are locked and it's dark in the room.
Joe goes into the back and picks up the broom.

He polishing glasses and sweeping the floor.
"Joe, want you be so kind and pour me one more?"

He knows that I'm lonesome and knows I'm in trouble.
"Joe, will you please make the next one a double?"

Where are all my friends now? Where is everyone?
They just disappeared. All of them gone.

*The tables are empty and the guests are gone.
I'm the last one left behind, the very last one.*

Joe slams the door of his bar behind me.
The streets are empty, not a living soul to see.

How sad, how lonesome, ain't that a shame
when nobody, not even Joe, recalls your name.

*The tables are empty and the guests are gone.
I'm the last one left behind, the very last one.*

Early this morning, back where I stay,
I dreamt that she's there, she never left anyway.

I'm the last one left behind, the very last one.