

DON'T THE GIRLS ALL GET PRETTIER AT CLOSING TIME

A one a two a one two three go

Intro: 4 measures

Don't the girls all get prettier at closin' time?

Don't they all begin to look like movie stars?

Don't the girls all get prettier at closin' time?

When the change starts takin' place

It puts a glow on every face (ooh)

Of the fallen angels of the back street bars (ooh)

If I could rate 'em on a scale from one to ten

I'm lookin' for a nine but eight could work right in

A few more drinks and I might slip to five or even four (ooh)

But when tomorrow mornin' comes (mornin' comes)

And I wake up with a number one (number one)

I swear I'll never do it anymore

Don't the girls all get prettier at closin' time?

Don't they all begin to look like movie stars?

Don't the girls all get prettier at closin' time?

When the change starts takin' place (ooh)

It puts a glow on every face (ooh)

Of the fallen angels of the back street bars (ooh) (aah)

Piano solo

I don't mean to criticize the girls at all

Cause I'm no Robert Redford even overhauled

But we all picture in our minds a girl that looks just right (ooh)

Now ain't it funny, ain't it strange (ooh ooh ooh)

The way a man's opinions change (yea a a)

When he starts to face that lonely night

Don't the girls all get prettier at closin' time?

Don't they all begin to look like movie stars?

Don't the girls all get prettier at closin' time?

When the change starts takin' place (ooh)

It puts a glow on every face (ooh)

Of the fallen angels of the back street bars (ooh) (aah)

The fallen angels of those back street bars (aah)