

It's late and she is waiting, and I know I must go home,
But every time I start to leave, they play another song,
Then someone buys another round and whatever drinks are free,
What made Milwaukee famous has made a loser out of me.

Baby's begged me not to go, so many times before,
She said love and happiness can't hide behind those swingin' doors,
Now she's gone and I'm to blame, too late I finally see,
What made Milwaukee famous has made a loser out of me.

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