

Tommy 16

"Last Days Of May"

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(L. Hall)

When everything is wrong somehow
and nothing here is new
You like to think it's up to me
to spin the world for you
And is it the truth now that everything's forgotten
here
Is it the truth now or do we just not see things clear
Didn't we have second thoughts the last days of May
Didn't we try hard enough to find something to say
The day is almost done by now
The sun is setting fast
We hang on to the fading light
dreaming 'bout the past
But is it the truth now that everything's forgotten here
I've come to depend on the morning beer and
evening sun
And when there's nothing more
not the same old door
not the mornings, not the me and you
No more hurting fights, no more love at nights
not a new day from now on

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