

## **Dave Van Ronk**

### **"Last Call"**

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And so weve had another night  
Of poetry and poses,  
And each man knows hell be alone  
When the sacred ginmill closes.

And so well drink the final glass  
Each to his joy and sorrow  
And hope the numbing drink will last  
Til opening tomorrow.

And when we stumble back again  
Like paralytic dancers  
Each knows the question he must ask  
And each man knows the answer.

And so well drink the final drink

That cuts the brain in sections  
Where answers do not signify  
And there aren't any questions.

I broke my heart the other day.  
It will mend again tomorrow.  
If I'd been drunk when I was born  
I'd be ignorant of sorrow.

And so well drink the final toast  
That never can be spoken:  
Heres to the heart that is wise enough  
To know when it's better off broken.

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