

Death Comesto Matteson

"One Last Time"

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Nothing more than too many shots of whiskey,
and far too many cigarettes,
could keep me here
by your side
holding on to something
that died
long ago in the rain,
you're still holding on,
you think you're whole
this is the last time
i'll try to win your heart

you try and you try
to figure out just what you should have been,
just like your sister,
homecoming queen
this one last time
this is the very last time
i'll try to win your heart
struggle these insufficient funds,
and lies

this heated proximity,
stolen fire and broken wings,
you're piling up your life to measure it

this one last time
this is the very last time
i'll try to win your heart
struggle these insufficient funds,
and lies

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