

## Desmond Child

### "Last Of An Ancient Breed"

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There is such little glory in a poor man's life,  
He works for his money, and it takes a while,  
But a poor man's son could be a hero in the night,  
With a fistful of anger, and the will to fight.

Chorus:

Seize this moment in your hand,  
Take it and run,  
There's a trigger in your mind,  
And you're loaded like a gun,  
Warriors, makin' life a fantasy,  
All this time, we'll ride the devils steed,  
Gonna stand our ground on this part of town,  
Like the last of an ancient breed,  
Like the last of an ancient breed.

Teen angels leave the lamp post light,  
In an alley by the river in the dead of night,  
Shared their blood and swore their vows to keep,  
While the citizens were in the throes of sleep.

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