

Ed Harcourt**"Last of the troubadours"**

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Over my dead body
People place the flowers
Meetings in the lobby
Lemonade turned sour
Nobody is happy anymore
Last of the troubadours

I played in every ballroom
A shadow of a man
My guitar was an heirloom
I called it Mary Anne
Nobody is happy anymore
Last of the troubadours

I died in my sleep
There was no pain
Falling in love
With you again

Jumping in the river
Swimming with my dog
Walking in the winter
Steam rising with the fog
Nobody is happy anymore
Last of the troubadours

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