

Fugazi

"Last Chance For A Slow Dance"

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Coughing inside your coffin like at the bottom of the
sea
Onside you're breathing too numb for asking so i will
leave it outside your door
Warning the threat of morning that just extends you
another day
Some lights were shining not much for seeing but you'll
be leaving the way you came
Shot shooting
Shot shot
Shot shooting yourself again for what

To taste all the waste
Flare flakes a flower a burnt-out shower no one can see
you were needing too shy for asking
So I will leave it outside your door pulse stalls uncut
But clotted when you had thought it would force a flow
Some lights were shining
Not much for seeing but you believe in the way you
came

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