

Jenny Owen Youngs "Last Person"

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well you're sitting
on a barstool
keeping motionless as you can be
thinking maybe
if you're lucky

life is like t-rex
the stillness will sweep you away
to where it's safe

'cause you're feeling
like you're the last person
left on the planet tonight
and you're scanning, the horizon
seeking out signs of life
and you pray that you're wrong
but you're right
so hold on tight

'cause all that stares back at you
are bloodless zombie eyes
why don't you come home with me tonight
alright, alright

not trying to make you think
this is some kind of great big deal
i just know exactly how you feel
i could be the thing you reach for
in the middle of the night
let me be the one who treats you right
let me be the one who treats you right

now i know you never seen me
there's no reason for you to pay mind

but i'm asking, very nicely
and all it takes is one step
to start leaving the dead behind
and try out walking life

I mean what's the worst thing
(what's the worst thing)

that could happen
we find out that we don't quite fit
but on the flip side
(on the flip side)
we could be just right
and sure there's the chance
that'd we'd both end up
broken and split
but that's my kind of risk

so quit worrying where they'll fall
if you should roll the dice
why don't you come home with me tonight
all right, alright

not trying to make you think
this is some kind of great big deal
i just know exactly how you feel
i could be the thing you reach for
in the middle of the night
let me be the one who treats you right
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