

## Jukebox The Ghost "At Last"

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He was a songwriter, writing songs about a girl.  
She was a ghostwriter, lying to the world.

And in deep anticipation,  
of a day that she had written  
and by her own admission she'd  
be picked up, kissed, and twirled.

He was a fearful boy, watchful of the earth, worried  
that it might split apart and he wouldn't hear it first.  
And he'd be caught in some position, like a broken old  
physician, and worst of all he feared that it would hurt.

He's pouring his heart out, is nothing gonna come of  
that? So when can he finally say, at last, at last, at last,  
at last,  
oh i thought you'd never ask.

Oh, 700 letters, she cataloged them all.  
Dated them and numbered them, and then hid them  
down below.

She would always keep them, once a year she'd read  
them, each time she'd be thinking, somehow, he must  
know.

She's pouring her heart out, is nothing gonna come of  
that? So when can she finally say, at last, at last, at  
last, at last, oh i thought you'd never ask.

Outside of his apartment, the night was blanketed in  
mist, she stood looking up at his light and thinking  
what it meant.  
It meant that he was in there breathing, what was it he  
was thinking? It was of her she wished she wished.

They're pouring their hearts out, is nothing gonna  
come of that? So when can they finally say, at last, at  
last, at last, at last, oh I thought you'd never ask

At last, at last, at last, at last,  
Oh I thought you'd never ask.

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