

Ronnie Hawkins

"The Last In Line"

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We're a ship without a storm
The cold without the warm
Light inside the darkness that it needs, yeah

We're a laugh without a tear
The hope without the fear
We are coming - home

We're off to the witch
We may never never never come home
But the magic that we'll feel
Is worth a lifetime

We're all born upon the cross
The throw before the toss
You can release yourself
But the only way is down

We don't come alone
We are fire we are stone
We're the hand that writes
Then quickly moves away

We'll know for the first time
If we're evil or divine
We're the last in line
We're the last in line

Two eyes from the east
It's the angel or the beast
And the answer lies between
The good and bad
We search for the truth
We could die upon the tooth
But the thrill of just the chase
Is worth the pain

We'll know for the first time
If we're evil or divine
We're the last in line
We're the last in line

We're off to the witch
We may never never never come home
But the magic that we'll feel
Is worth a lifetime

We're all born upon the cross
The throw before the toss
You can release yourself
But the only way you go is down

We'll know for the first time
If we're evil or divine
We're the last in line
We're the last in line

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