

## David Wilcox "Last One Gone"

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From Into The Mystery  
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When my grandfather spoke about the eagle  
He would raise his face up to the sky  
The sunlight reflecting on the water  
And she flew so close as she passed by

But that's just an old man's story, that I have never  
seen

Cause rich men talked about the future  
And big change was ringing in their ears  
It's a one cry slipping into silence  
It was one voice never more to hear

The clatter of the dozers,  
The smoke of the machine  
The edge is getting closer all the time  
The edge is getting closer all the time

So light, lightly on the wind  
So far from where she'd always been  
I saw as if I could have known  
Leaving her home, flying alone  
That was the last one gone

The last one gone

Gone, gone in all it's glory  
Gone and never said goodbye  
Gone, just an old mans story  
That was the last time she would fly

Fly, fly lightly on the wind,  
Fly far, from where she'd always been  
I saw, as if I could have known  
Leaving her home, flying alone  
That was the last one gone  
The last one gone

That was the last time she would fly

Gone

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