

Ron Sexsmith

"One Last Round"

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wonder of wonders our eyes behold
this scaffold of stars but look under for truth be told
we're leaving a scar on everything we've found
and we're going into town for one last round one last
round

if all that glitters is not gold
should our rainbow's end be just the winter cruel and
cold
of our discontent my friends we're trouble bound
yet we're going into town for one last round one last
round one last round

and it's the children who have yet to come who'll have
to pay our tab
what kind of world will we have left for them the odds
now will be stacked

we've all the wisdom our minds can hold
but no common sense all the live long day the joke
was at our own expense we've drained our bottles
down
and we're going into town for one last round one last
round one last round
yes we're going into town for one last round one last
round one last round

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