

Ted Leo & The Pharmacists

"Last Days"

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Woke up today, got on my way
Heard someone say
Oh, we're living in the last days
And being alone, I naturally thought of you

There's torture and rain
Your legs and pain, I came to play
And if we're living in the last days
Then maybe, baby there's a few things we ought to do

And all the weeping wonders will while away
But you're killed in conception
So there's no argument to what the man say
Last days

See, I wanna rave and misbehave, lay you on a grave
Oh, let's give it to these last days
And when the world don't end
We can sit back and laugh about that too

And with all the weird imponderables
Just crowding up the floor, is it really so dishonorable
To just get up and head for the door
In these last days?

And all the weird and uncomfortable
Things we need to say
Can you feel yourself come out from under them
As we get them out of the way
For these last days?

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