

Terri Hendrix

"Last"

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look at the smoke climbing the bar smoke so thick i
can't see where you are as if i can see where you are
look at the band rubbin their eyes and the couples
rubbin' in the candle light looks like the last dance
tonight looks like the last dance and i'm still feelin' the
last dance i say i'm feelin' blue the last dance and i'm
still feelin' tonight and here i am in a size too small in a
crowd too large on a stool too tall as if i could forget
my sins in this glass of ice with a drop of gin i say i'm
feelin' like an apple on a peach tree nobody wants to
take a bite out of me looks like the last dance tonight

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