

Margarets, The "Enter To Exit"

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Dreamers dreamed
and poets made up their stories
lovers gave their heart
and strangers passed in the alley

there was nothing to be said
there was nothing to be done
on the last day but one

talkers spoke their words
and thinkers made their minds up
on lives that are lived
and lives seen from a window

there was nothing to be said
there was nothing to be done
on the last day but one

and on the outskirts of town
a young man sang a home grown song
enter to exit, enter to exit
enter to exit, enter to exit

the priest said his prayers
and the drunks raised up their glasses
songs were sung out loud
hopes were kept so alive

there was nothing to be said
there was nothing to be done
on the last day but one

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