

Mountain Goats, The

"Last Man On Earth"

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Just as the last smoke subsides you'll see my fingers.
Hoisting my body atop the charred debris.
Who is that creature with the crazed look in his eyes.
Don't even question your senses, you can be sure
that's me.

When all the pretenders to your hand lie dead across
the land. I'll be the last man on Earth.
I'll be the last man on Earth.
I'll be the last man on Earth. Crawling around, down on
the ground.

When the "Hail Mary"s you've been saying lose their
safe(?), just when your dungeon walls feel like they're
closing in, whose are those bloody knuckles reaching
down to grab you, just as the last of the light overhead
is growing dim?

It was their love you wanted not mine,
but when they denied your name three times,
I'll be the last man on Earth.
I'll be the last man on Earth.
I'll be the last man on Earth. Crawling around, down on
the ground.

And I will throw you across my shoulder,
and I will bleed and I will drool.
And the cameras will slow pan across my face,
I will try to say something cool.

Just as the hordes of thirsting demons close around
us, raising their axes, howling like monkeys in the
sun, who will that guy be holding you so high above
them? You know and I know,
everyone knows it, I'm the one.
I may have failed you once before,
but this right here this means war.
I'll be the last man on Earth.
I'll be the last man on Earth.
I'll be the last man on Earth. Crawling around, down on
the ground.

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