

# The Last Unicorn

## America

When the last eagle flies over the last crumbling mountain

And the last lion roars at the last dusty fountain

In the shadow of the forest though she may be old and worn

They will stare unbelieving at the last unicornWhen the first breath of winter through the flowers is icing

And you look to the north and a pale moon is rising

And it seems like all is dying and would leave the world to mourn

In the distance hear the laughter of the last unicornI'm alive, I'm alive

When the last moon is cast over the last star of morning

And the future has passed without even a last desperate warning

Then look into the sky where through the clouds a path is torn

Look and see her how she sparkles, it's the last unicornI'm alive, I'm alive

Songwriters

WEBB, JIMMYPublished by

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