

Last Call

Dave Van Ronk

And so weve had another night
Of poetry and poses,
And each man knows hell be alone
When the sacred ginmill closes. And so well drink the final glass
Each to his joy and sorrow
And hope the numbing drink will last
Til opening tomorrow. And when we stumble back again
Like paralytic dancers
Each knows the question he must ask
And each man knows the answer. And so well drink the final drink that cuts the brain in sections
Where answers do not signify
And there arent any questions. I broke my heart the other day.
It will mend again tomorrow.
If Id been drunk when I was born
Id be ignorant of sorrow. And so well drink the final toast
That never can be spoken:
Heres to the heart that is wise enough
To know when its better off broken.

Songwriters
DAVE VAN RONK
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