

Last One Left

Proud Simon

They tore down an eyesore in less than an hour
And the dust rose like the Eye of God in a chemical flower.
That broken space is my broken offering.The snaking headlamps on the black epitaph reads
"Once you're gone, you don't ever come back".

The pouring rain is filling in the graves.So we cast a rose and its thorns as a building blueprint is drawn.Bicycle
stalemates sit chained to railings
Mismatched patterns of oxidized marriages
And rattled bones still turning house to home.Summer gushes with brand new haircuts
Pinstripe tuxes on playground portraits
The scaffolding set for the last one left.I'm gonna get my feet wet.
Dance with your whirlwind wedding dress.
Be the last one left.

Lyrics provided by
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