

# 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

<https://damnlyrics.com/>