Last Legs

Cop Shoot Cop

Last legs blows on a penny whistle
Cracks the silent night
Lost and lonely people bump and grind
Under neon lights
Santa is bleeding
Some punk shot him in the eye
All we need on Christmas Eve
Is another God damn drive-by
Last legs blowing
Into a cold and crooked wind
His head is heavy
And his heart is full of sin
Headline in the paper screams:
There's no more room in Hell
And Armageddon
Has been cancelled
'Cause the tickets
Didn't sell
But it's ok
There won't be a second coming today

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