Final Day

Young Marble Giants

When the rich die last
Like the rabbits
Running from a lucky past
Full of shadow cunningAnd the world lights up
For the final day
We will all be poor
Having had our sayPut a blanket up on the window pane
When the baby cries lullaby again
As the light goes out on the final day
For the people who never had a sayThere is so much noise
There is too much heat
And the living floor
Throws you off your feetAs the final day falls into the night
There is peace outside
In the narrow light

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