At Last

Jukebox the Ghost

He was a songwriter, writing songs about a girl.
She was a ghostwriter, lying to the world.And in deep anticipation,
of a day that she had written
and by her own admission she'd
be picked up, kissed, and twirled.He was a fearful boy, watchful of the earth, worried that it might split apart and he wouldn't hear it first.
And he'd be caught in some position, like a broken old physician, and worst of all he feared that it would hurt.He's pouring his heart out, is nothing gonna come of that? So when can he finally say, at last, at last, at last, at last,
oh i thought you'd never ask.Oh, 700 letters, she cataloged them all.
Dated them and numbered them, and then hid them down below.She would always keep them, once a year she'd read them, each time she'd be thinking, somehow, he must know.She's pouring her heart out, is nothing gonna come of that? So when can she finally say, at last, at last, at last, at last, oh i thought you'd never ask.Outside of his apartment, the night was blanketed in mist, she stood looking up at his light and thinking what it meant.
It meant that he was in there breathing, what was it he was thinking? It was of her she wished she wished.They're pouring their hearts out, is nothing gonna come of that? So when can they finally say, at last, at last, at last, at last, oh I thought you'd never askAt last, at last, at last, at last,
Oh I thought you'd never ask.

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