

At The Last

Thrice

It's a shame that some must go without
I's no fool to think it might be my problem
Needy hands were reaching out
Kept my spare change and my pride in a tight fist
In a tight fist Now at the last
Everything has changed in this pale light
That death is cast on all I've done
On all I've done I'm a good man on the whole
Who can blame me for looking out for number one
Never killed, I never stole
Small indulgence now and then, so what of it? I'm a good man, I'm a good man
I'm a good man, thought I was The rewards of this life now count for naught
My body soon buried and left to rot
Good times gone how quickly it all has past
My God, now I see how I've squandered each and every breathe Now at the last
Everything has changed in this pale light
That death is cast on all I've done Now at the last
Everything has changed in this pale light
Looking back I am undone
I am undone

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