

Last Call

[Amelia Curran](#)

Wicked the weather can empty the heart
Sunsets are poetry falling apart
Pitchin' and weavin' down Gottingen Road
I never loved you I know But dance with my shadow on into the bar
Midnight is marked by broken-down choirs
And the red face prophets are claimin' their fame
But I don't remember their names Morning comes like a broken-winged bird
As though daylight delivers a miracle cure
And here in the pink of a dangerous day
Forgive me, forgive me,
Those red-faced prophets, bartender and me. Dancin' in riddles on top of dead dreams
I kissed a sailor, said he was the sea
But he never knew it from me
Last call

Songwriters

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