

The Final Word

Vandaveer

Oh, Josephine
When you were queen
Where did that leave you and me
Where you threw me to the hungry, hungry lions
Like Bonaparte
I was bonafide
I knew how to pick a fight
But I could not
Hold the line when you denied me
Time after time
You cast a wicked spell on me
You called it love, I called it devilry
You had a lot of nerve
A lot of golly nerve
You deserve to be first
In the line up to the guillotine
To lose your head for my duress Oh, Caroline
You were mine
But I never made the time
We could've made it
But we never made it happen
Honey, tragedy's
Calming rings
Scribbled down so we can read
And pretend
It isn't we who lie there dying
On the page
I cast a wicked spell on you
You called it love but it was hardly true
I had a lot of nerve
A lot of golly nerve
I deserve to be wrung
By the neck beneath the blade
To lose my head for your duress Oh, Anabelle
I might as well
Come clean and dispel
All the tell tales
I told when we were courting
You do the same

And we'll remain
Lovers in love, not just in name
We can make it
If we really make it matter
Oh, my love
We cast a wicked spell or two
Your best for me
I saved my last for you
It takes a lot of nerve
A lot of golly nerve
Oh, to love
To be loved
Let love be the final word
To let love be the final word

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