

Last Words

Austin Lounge Lizards

The curtain of darkness is fallin
And my friends are all here at my side.
Are those the sweet voices of angels
As I rise on that heavenly tide? All hearts overflowin with sadness
And those words left so often unsaid
Then I could hear a voice whispering softly,
Could I have all your stuff when your dead? Could I have your TV and your pickup?
And Ive always admired your shoes.
Could I have that old dining room table?
And theres a couple of chairs I could use. Well, you know that youre headed to glory,
And like a star, up to heaven youll shoot
When they write the last page of your story,
Could I try on that seersucker suit? It was the voice of my dear brother Thomas.
He was kneelin down close by my side.
His breath had just come from a funeral
For a mouth full of teeth that had died. Well, I prayed my last prayer for salvation.
I was feelin the touch of Gods hand.
But I could still hear the voice of my brother
As they struck up that old angel band. Could I have your old ski boots and surf board?
And maybe that four-poster bed?
Would you mind if I took a few records?
Just Nirvana, The Stones, and the Dead. Well, you know that you cant take it with you
To your heavenly home up on high.
When you pass through those gates, and they had you your wings,
Could I have all your stuff when you die? But the angels consulted St. Peter
And flew me back to my hospital bed.
My life was a new day a-dawning,
And the angels took Tommy instead.

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