

Last Chance for a Slow Dance

Fugazi

Coughing inside your coffin like at the bottom of the sea
Onside you're breathing too numb for asking so i will leave it outside your door
Warning the threat of morning that just extends you another day
Some lights were shining not much for seeing but you'll be leaving the way you came
Shot shooting
Shot shot
Shot shooting yourself again for what
To taste all the waste
Flare flakes a flower a burnt-out shower no one can see you were needing too shy for asking
So I will leave it outside your door pulse stalls uncut
But clotted when you had thought it would force a flow
Some lights were shining
Not much for seeing but you believe in the way you came

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