What There Is

A-ha

Empty glass
Gets another round
Squeaky chair
Makes another sound
There is a gentle breeze
Playing in your hair
Come take a bow
While you're still
All there
It's what it is
It's what it was
It's what it will be here
After us
There is no memory
There's no recall
No recollections
At all
Your dark glasses
Sliding down your nose

Now bring these proceedings
To a close
It's what there is
It's what there was
It's what will be here
After us
Your dark glasses
Sliding down your nose
Now bring these proceedings
To a close
You can make it all worthwhile
You can lend yourself some style
You can give them all the reasons
Al the facts that you have seasoned
You can hear them hoot and holler
As you come across a scholar
You can set your name in lights
You can make two wrongs a right

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