

# 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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