Last Chance

Swingin' Utters

the last of the daydreams have walked out the open door avoiding any problems they might've had with the social law well, i remember Tuesday and every last day of my life and i'll never forget anything that stays with me at night it's the last chance for pretenders to go and get things done it's the last chance for daydreamers to live what they dream of this child is walking slowly his head bent to the ground watching each step taken and his shoes, a dirty brown and he don;t want a companion, has got things to say, but don't wanna talk and i remember myself like him oh, i hope that he don't also fall
go and get your army boots, my son, my son go and get your music box, come on go and get your building blocks, my son it's time to set your sails, my boy, and run (Koski)

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