

Un Dernier Verre (Pour La Route)

Beirut

Come sit at the table
Under October's able skies
Once we'd seen eye to eye
I'd known that I'd pass you by, and I tried
The bells chime seven times
Completed at nine
The world moves slower, I find
No, but I learned of time
By your hands
And in shallow waters' end
I learned not to swim but to lie
I'll wait for now
'Til it's ready to burn out
I insist on doubts
We're already lying on the glass, the glass

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