

# Last Station

Nat & Alex Wolff

What can I offer you  
I know you've had a drink or two  
Stumbling around in 6 inch heels I wish we could talk like you were no big deal  
What can I do for you that other men haven't done to you  
When my hair recedes and I lose my sight how can I hold your hand through the night

Follow your train to its last station  
Follow, follow, follow  
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Follow, follow, follow

If the taste of someone else's love  
Scattered like confetti in the stars above  
Like an old movie playing in the park,  
I know the end but I'll watch it all fall up in the dark  
Yes so carry me Los Angeles  
I'm stuck here on your waiting list  
Giving me looks but I'm giving them away  
I can't hear you over the music anyway

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I never burned through love that let me loose  
I only set the table for the companies I choose  
Baby I'll be your ashtray  
Tomorrow will be a brand new day

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