

Alone At Last

The Gone Jackals

No time to spare,
Knife the air, kids beware.Fight off a fit,
Loose my bit, catch my wits.Alone at last.
Refuge from the smoke and gin,
Time to check what s left within.
Finally, alone at last.Not built to bow,
Serve no one, live for now.Part with the past,
Hoist a glass, shake some ass.Live my days with the night hangin over my head.
A drunk I d tossed was a round tripper sportin lead.
For all this trouble, you d think I d be livin large.
Yet, there ain t no dough to fetch my bomb back from the garage.Alone at last.
Just in time before I blow.
Latch the door, ascend my throne.
Finally, alone at last.

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