Last Kiss

Zachary Richard

Two children playing on a dusty road,
Barefoot running in the yard.
Hide from the fire of the summer sun,
In the shade of the old Bois d'arc.

Days when we first held hands,
Days of the locust's call.
Until the children's games came to an end.
Until they tore us apart.

Why can't they leave us alone?
Why can't they see things our way?
We ain't done nothing wrong.
Give me one last kiss,
Before the darkness comes.

Every night I have the very same dream,
I hear the lonesome whistle blow,
I always wake up when I hear the scream,
Somebody that I used to know.

Well the rain is falling harder than a bullet,
And the Hound dog barking getting closer all the time.
Footprints fresh on the bank of the bayou,
Lightning flashing make the water shine.
Water's cold and the current is pulling,
I'm swimming in the middle of a pitch black stream.
My body's getting tired and my spirit's getting weaker.

Somewhere in the distance I can hear the scream.

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