

# 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.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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