

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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