The Party Ended

London Above

Would you give it all up
For just one man
Would you stop to think how it might
Effect your life
Effect your prayers

It was a fever dream
My dear
It could not be real
But you fell head over heels
Into a mid summer night

The further you see
Is mearly a basterd
You will be the end
Your own demise

Would you have stayed back
On the bench that night
Hell only knows
How it might have saved your life
Like crying Adams
You could have said
Summer of 69
An looked back on that tine
Looked back fondly
On your American dreams

The further you see
Is mearly a basterd
You will be the end
Your own demise

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