

# One Last Shot

## Nowherebound

### One Last Shot

Well the lion at the table claims his share  
feeling a little south of low,  
And the piper there, beside him stares, with open hands, waiting for the dough

But a glass house starts to feel like home  
So I'll bear it out or die alone  
But tonight I'll sleep with dreams of open roads

Just gimme one last shot,  
Choking on fumes,  
But if it's all we got  
Ain't much to lose.  
Gimme one last stage,  
Before tomorrow,  
Gimme one last day,  
Before we fade away

Play this symphony on black-heartstrings, it's best when it's a little out of tune.  
Cause redemption songs aren't born out of the cool but of the blues

Lyrics Submitted by Charles Everson Crowe

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