

One Last Shot

Nowherebound

One Last Shot

Well the lion at the table claims his shareâ€™s feeling a little south of low,
And the piper there, beside him stares, with open hands, waiting for the doughâ€™

But a glass house starts to feel like home
So Iâ€™ll bear it out or die alone
But tonight Iâ€™ll sleep with dreams of open roadsâ€™

Just gimme one last shot,
Choking on fumes,
But if itâ€™s all we gotâ€™
Ainâ€™t much to lose.
Gimme one last stage,
Before tomorrow,
Gimme one last day,
Before we fade awayâ€™

Play this symphony on black-heartstrings, itâ€™s best when itâ€™s a little out of tune.
Cause redemption songs arenâ€™t born out of the coolâ€™but of the blues

Lyrics Submitted by Charles Everson Crowe

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