

# Final Day

## Young Marble Giants

When the rich die last  
Like the rabbits  
Running from a lucky past  
Full of shadow cunning And the world lights up  
For the final day  
We will all be poor  
Having had our say Put a blanket up on the window pane  
When the baby cries lullaby again  
As the light goes out on the final day  
For the people who never had a say There is so much noise  
There is too much heat  
And the living floor  
Throws you off your feet

Lyrics provided by

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