

Last One Gone

[David Wilcox](#)

When my grandfather spoke about the eagle
He would raise his face up to the sky
The sunlight reflecting on the water
And she flew so close as she passed by But that's just an old man's story
That I have never seen 'Cause rich men talked about the future
And big change was ringing in their ears
It's a one cry slipping into silence
It was one voice never more to hear The clatter of the dozers
The smoke of the machine
The edge is getting closer all the time
The edge is getting closer all the time So light, lightly on the wind
So far from where she'd always been
I saw as if I could have known
Leaving her home, flying alone
That was the last one gone The last one gone Gone, gone in all its glory
Gone and never said goodbye
Gone, just an old mans story
That was the last time she would fly Fly, fly lightly on the wind
Fly far from where she'd always been
I saw as if I could have known
Leaving her home, flying alone That was the last one gone
The last one gone
That was the last time she would fly Gone

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