

# Bree Sharp, Ballad Of Grim And Lily

It's six o'clock, the sun goes down  
The hotel shudders with the sound Of Grim and Lily's kiss good-bye

(Oh, baby, not good-bye)  
Tired of their life of crime they make a plan for one last time

We'll be on an island, far away, all alone

We'll be on an island, tucked away, my love  
We're almost home

A painting of a velvet clown  
Hides enough to skip this town

If Grim gets there before his boss

He'll pull the final double-cross

Lily flicks her cigarette

Her face is tight and white and wet,  
But Grim's so tired of his gun  
Says, "Lil, I wanna see the ocean"

We'll be on an island, far away, all alone

We'll be on an island, tucked away, my love

We're almost home

Time is ticking, pulse is quickening

She's sick about the thickness of this plot

Her fingers knot, the car is hot and it takes all the strength she's got not to fall  
apart when she hears the single shot

Lily bends to meet Grim's face. As they hold hands, she whispers...

"We've come so far, we're almost home, we've come so far. Don't  
give this up. Don't give this up -- look in my eyes...

And you'll see an island, far away, all alone. We'll be on an island, tucked away, my  
love, we're almost home..."