

# Elton John, Last To Arrive

They're barring the doors at the back of the hall  
It's cold in the winter, some freeze in the fall  
The banquet's the supper that's set for the swine  
If you're not at the gathering, and you've gone down the line

You're the last to arrive, you're the first one to leave  
You don't give us the time, you don't drop us a line  
Well a dime in the phone is the best way I know  
You're the last to arrive, my friend you're the first one to go

The truck picks you up on your front porch at night  
And you're back before sundown if you don't get blind  
We're not chaining you down to your castle tonight  
We're just trying to make you see some sort of light

They'll all drink your health out of pewter and wood  
Get drunk in the hayloft playing dirty and good  
There's ten pounds of oxen were skewered on spit  
There'll not be an ounce if you don't make it quick