

Night In Gales, The Last Livin Song

It takes a dead man
To write the last livin' song
To twist the fast livin' tongue
To sing these last words along

It takes a dead man
To ride the last livin' hone
To set the last livin' tone
To sing these last words alone

I'm pushin' up the daisies for this reaper's singalong
Give it up to the last livin' song
I'm spittin' deadmouth rabies for the downsome and the wrong
Give it up to the last livin' song

It takes a dead man
To ink the last livin' doom
To trip the last livin' tomb
To tear these last words in two

I'm pushin' up the daisies for this reaper's singalong
Give it up to the last livin' song
I'm spittin' deadmouth rabies for the downsome and the wrong
Give it up to the last livin' song

This is the last livin' song