

Paul Westerberg, Final Hurrah

All of the sun
That New York will allow
Is taking one last bow
and left
Let's throw this night
to the fuckin' wind
Don't ever want to hear
These words again
If only we had
I wish we did
You're my latest last chance
My final hurrah
This day went so fast
I barely even saw you
Clap your hands
And stamp your skinny wrists
Cross me off your list
in the sand
And throw this night
to the fuckin' wind
I don't ever want to hear
These words again
If only we had
I wish we did
You're my latest last chance
My final hurrah
This day went so fast
I barely even saw you writhe
You barely even saw me cry
I barely even saw you
You're my latest last chance
My final hurrah
This day went so fast
My final hurrah
In your black satin pants
My final hurrah
My final hurrah
My final hurrah
My final hurrah