

# The Libertines, Last Post On The Bugle

If I have to go  
I will be thinking of your love  
Oh, somehow you'll know  
You'll know  
Thinking of your love  
Slyly they whispered away  
As I played the last post on the bugle  
I heard them say  
"Oh, that boy's no different today  
Except in every single way."  
If I have to go  
I will be thinking of your love  
Oh, somehow you'll know  
You'll just know  
Thinking of your love  
Oh, I was carried away  
Caught up in an affray  
And as they led him away, he sang,  
"We'll meet again some day;  
Oh my boy, there's a price to pay."  
If I have to go  
I will be thinking of your love  
Oh, somehow you'll know  
I don't know how, but you'll know  
Thinking of your love  
La la-la, la-la la-la...  
Inside I felt so, so alone  
Locked in a room  
Waiting 'til kingdom come  
Although I felt elated  
I felt like I was scum  
I was carried away  
Caught up in an affray  
As they led him away, he sang,  
"We'll meet again some day;  
Oh my boy, there's a price to pay."  
Feel like I have never been away  
Though it's been longer than I could possibly say  
I've been wandering the market  
Carrying a sign, saying the end of  
The world is nigh  
I'm glad to see we're still tight  
The bonds that tie a man are tight  
Yet we do what we do  
With ritual habituality  
All through the night