

# Tony DeSare, Last First Kiss

Rows of red break into blue  
A simple sunset at a table for two  
Full moon in the distance  
Ignites a spark  
Feet under the table dance in the dark

The moment arrives  
Like the incoming tide rushing ever so slowly to shore  
You stare at my lips our bodies draw closer  
And we share our last first kiss

The air is feeling colder against your skin  
The moon looks off your shoulder to the curve of your chin  
Suddenly the world feels far away  
I see only you I breathe what you say

The moment arrives  
Like the incoming tide rushing ever so slowly to shore  
You stare at my lip our bodies draw closer  
And we share our first last kiss

It's so hard to find all the words on my mind  
So let's just ride on the feeling

The moment arrives  
Like the incoming tide rushing ever so slowly to shore  
You stare at my lips our bodies draw closer  
And we share our first last kiss