

# Ashbury Heights, Swansong

Phone rings in the middle of the night  
He wants to hear a song by Ashbury Heights  
Just one more time before he dies  
The DJ knows he's helpless and thus he cries

Here's a swansong coming  
A swansong coming for you

And the music plays  
Flowing through the dark

A dying man mustn't be denied  
His voice is one that you should hark

He can hear the whistle blow  
He knows all he needs to know  
The train plays another song  
He smiles and sings along

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A swansong coming for you

And the music plays  
Flowing through the dark

A dying man mustn't be denied  
His voice is one that you should hark