

Augustana, Hotel Roosevelt

Last call, for the moon tonight,
Read all, rain on Friday night,
Take back all the things I said,
Lay down, rest your pretty head now...

Last call, no more drinks tonight,
And it's not your fault, its time to walk away from,
This velvet box, full of alcohol,
And TV talks, gone on far too long

Take anything that's better for me...
Take anything that's better for you...
Take anything that's better for me...take it now...

Shut up, I'm wrong, I know...but we can't talk about it,
All the wars we won, but we're still walking home,
Don't give me your reasons, for all my bad intentions,
New york...LA..hey man, you know its all the same...

Last call, everyone go home,
And take all the LA rain in,
Because it won't fall too much more this year,
The summer's gone, but I'm still right here...