

# Beirut, Un Dernier Verre (Pour La Route)

Come, sit at the table under October's able skies,

Once we'd seen eye to eye,  
I'd known that I'd pass you by, and I tried.

The bell's chime seven times  
Completed at nine  
The world moves on, I find,

No, but I,  
Learned of time by your hands.

And in shallow waters, then,  
I learned not to swim but to lie,  
I await for none, ten or twenty to burn out  
I insist on doubts,  
We're already laying on the glass, the glass...