

Bree Sharp, The Ballad Of Grim And Lily

It's six o'clock, the sun goes down
The hotel shudders with the sound Of Grim and Lily's kiss good-bye
(Oh, baby, not good-bye)
Tired of their life of crime they make a plan for one last time

We'll be on an island, far away, all alone
We'll be on an island, tucked away, my love
We're almost home

A painting of a velvet clown
Hides enough to skip this town
If Grim gets there before his boss
He'll pull the final double-cross
Lily flicks her cigarette
Her face is tight and white and wet,
But Grim's so tired of his gun
Says, "Lil, I wanna see the ocean"

We'll be on an island, far away, all alone
We'll be on an island, tucked away, my love
We're almost home

Time is ticking, pulse is quickening
She's sick about the thickness of this plot
Her fingers knot, the car is hot and it takes all the strength she's got not to fall
apart when she hears the single shot

Lily bends to meet Grim's face. As they hold hands, she whispers...
"We've come so far, we're almost home, we've come so far. Don't
give this up. Don't give this up -- look in my eyes...
And you'll see an island, far away, all alone. We'll be on an island, tucked away, my
love, we're almost home..."