

# 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..."