Cross Canadian Ragweed, Final Curtain

Atlantic City. I was busted
And the wind was bitter cold
Well, I never quite adjusted
Never do I suppose
The odds were in my favor
Of going home a millionaire
Got all the gold in California
She's with me everywhere

When the last rock crumbles
And the sun sinks in the sea
the last chain is broken
And everyone is free
When all is said and done
And now is used to be
When it's final curtain call
No ones left at all
There'll still be you and me

So much snow I can't remember
what it's like to see the ground
It all started in November
And now March is rollin around
Let it all fall down
Let it freeze me to the bone
Gonna let it all ride
I got nothin left to hide
Nothin left unshown