

Menomena, The Late Great Libido

Four score and seven years to go
I've done it all with none to show
By now you think I'd ask myself
Think I'd try to pin it down

Don't stop it's almost over now
Whisper softly across your mouth
Last breath then I finally die

You always made me feel so young
Now I wait too much for me
Longer still or so it seems
Or so it seems
Or so it seems

Four score and seven years to go
I've done it all with none to show

Now I wait too much for me
Longer still or so it seems