

Mohair, End Of The Line

When my luck runs out
I'll be as busy as a bee
At home watching daytime TV
In my sole company

When my chips are down
I'll get a take-out on a whim
I'm in limbo, dance in a hole
In my soul, just to fit in

Won't you fly?
Don't let life's loves pass you by
You will die
Whoa, this is the end of the line

When my ship comes in
I'll turn a blind eye to the sea
Drinking wine, feeling fine
Until closing time closes on me

Won't you fly?
Don't let life's loves pass you by
You will die
Whoa, this is the end of the line

I went to the water
To wash my hands
But they looked clean to me
I blew my chance

Won't you fly?
Don't let life's loves pass you by
You will die
Whoa, this is the end of the line
Don't let love lives pass you by
Stay alive
Whoa, this is the end of the line