

# Moke, Last Chance

I look in the mirror, and it don't seem too late  
But I can remember why I have to wait

It keeps me spinning, in a spiral I fall  
There's nothing to cling to, no-one to hear me call

This time, well it's now or never  
I know, cause I have been there before  
A last chance, should be grabbed with both hands  
Not thrown, thrown on the floor

I laugh on the outside, but still with a terrible fear  
A burning ambition, yeah it's all I can hear  
I'm cut by the splinters, been burned by the rope  
A proposition, in an entry of hope

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