

Soft Cell, Last Chance

In a city lost in time
Somewhere sordid and sublime
We met over a gin and lime
One rainy evening
Survivors clinging to the mast
Trying to make the moment last just
Two people way past their prime
And how it shows

So come over here
For some romance
And dance with me
Like it's the last dance
And come home with me
Won't you come home with me
This is our last chance for love

You thought you looked like Carol White
Bleached hair piled upon your head but
You looked more like a lady of the night
Instead
In your see-through plastic mac
Homage to cheap sixties tack you're
So far out You're on your way back in
Again

I've wasted too many chances
On small ads and Internet romances
So come home with me
Won't you come home with me
This is our last chance for love

I toyed with a cigarette
Trying to look aloof and sexy
But I couldn't see for the smoke
In my eyes
OK, I have a shaky limp and
Dress a little like a pimp but
After your drink I'll still look OK
In a good light

I had some dreams where did they all go
Gone with my years
Nothing left to show
So come home with me
Won't you come home with me
This is our last chance for love
Come home with me
Won't you come home with me
This is our last chance
For romance
Our last chance

Come home with me
Won't you come home with me
This is our last chance for love
This is our last chance
This is our last chance for love