

# The Ataris, Far From The Last, Last Call

Here's a long evasive story  
Of failed hopes and glories  
Old chandeliers and scratched out 45's  
Some hands for my procession  
And a couple drunk confessions  
I'm soaked in rapture tonight

No lie, no lie, no lie...  
Believe me when I say  
That I'm trying hard today  
But I'm not right, no, I'm not right  
Tell me it's not true  
I would never lie to you  
I'm not right, no, I'm not right  
Maybe you will see it wasn't meant to be  
But it's not me...

The sins of the faithful  
The luxuries of regret  
And its a faithless  
To have no loss tragedies  
An acted up rectification  
With all the best intentions  
Smite me for my inquietudes,

No lie, no lie, no lie...  
Cant believe you say  
That you're better of this way  
But I'm not right, no, I'm not right  
Tell me what you see when you still look at me  
I'm not right, no, I'm not right  
I'm sorry when I say I'm still holding on today

And will you forgive me  
When I found out I was stray  
On the outskirts of the room  
Doubled up on angel dust  
There crying on my knees  
For some god to come  
And save this lifeless soul  
And my ghost will wrap this words  
As you cry yourself to sleep

I'm not right, no, I'm not right  
I never want to know what I'm capable of  
I'm not right, no, I'm not right  
Tell me its not true, but I will not believe you  
I'm not right, no, I'm not right  
Maybe you will see that it wasn't meant to be  
But it's not me...