

Last Dance

Nobody knows when they're pushing up daisies
Or shuffling off of this mortal coil
Don't no but I'm told there's a better place waiting
For you and me
Taking my time for that curtain call

Have I succumb to my senses
Feels just a little, yeah a little like buying the farm
The tough guy sleeping with the fishes
Eternally rests on the East River floor

I try and I hope for the choir invisible
Sounds so beautiful
Better than biting the dust
Where do you go when you're cashing in all your chips
Checking out, giving it up the ghost in me

Falling off his perch, he was
He was meeting his maker, while crossing the great divide
Departing this life passing the pearly gates
Kicking every bucket he could on the way by

Nobody knows when it's going to be there last chance
For their last dance