

The Last Unicorn

America

Cm As Fm B Cm

Cm

When the last eagle flies

As

B

over the last crumbling mountain

Cm

And the last lion roars at the

As

B

at the last dusty fountain

Cm

B

in the shadow of the forest

As

Es

though she may be old and worn

Fm

Gm

they will stare unbelieving

As

B

at the last Unicorn

Cm

When the first breath of winter

As

B

through the flowers is icing

Cm

and you look to the north

As

B

and the pale moon rising

Cm

B

and it seems like all is dying

As

Es

and would leave the world to mourn

Fm

Gm

in the distance hear her laughter

As

B

of the last Unicorn

Es Cm

As Cm

I'm alive, I'm alive

Cm Es As B

Cm

When the last moon is cast

As

B

over the last star of morning

Cm

and the future is past

As

B

without even a last desperate warning

Cm

B

then look into the sky where through the

As

Es

clouds a path is formed

Fm

Gm

Look and see her how she sparkles

As

B

it's the last Unicorn

Es Cm As Cm
I'm alive, I'm alive

Cm Es As B