

## At Last

### Jukebox the Ghost

He was a songwriter  
Writing songs about a girl  
She was a ghostwriter  
Lying to the world  
In deep anticipation  
Of the day that she had written  
And by her own admission  
She'd be picked up, kissed and twirled

He was a fearful boy  
Watchful of the earth  
Worried that it might split apart  
And he wouldn't even hear it first  
He'd be caught in some position  
Like a broken, old physician  
And worst of all he feared that it would hurt

He's poured his heart out  
Is nothin' gonna come of that  
So when can he finally say

At last  
At last  
At last  
At last  
Oh, I thought you'd never ask

Oh, seven hundred letters  
She catalogued them all  
Dated them and numbered them  
And then hid them down below  
She would always keep 'em  
Once a year would read them  
Each time she'd be thinkin'  
Somehow, he must know

She's poured her heart out  
Is nothin' gonna come of that  
So when can she finally say

At last  
At last  
At last  
At last  
Oh, I thought you'd never ask

Outside of his apartment  
The night was blanketed in mist  
She stood lookin' up at his light  
And thinking' what it meant  
It meant that he was in there breathing  
What was it he was thinking  
It was of her she wished, she wished

They're pourin' their hearts out  
Is nothin' gonna come of that  
So when can they finally say

At last  
At last  
At last  
At last  
Oh, I thought you'd never ask

At last  
At last  
At last  
Oh, I thought you'd never ask