

# Final Hurrah

Paul Westerberg

All of the sun that New York will allow  
Is taking one last bow and left  
Let's throw this night to the fuckin' wind  
Don't ever want to hear these words again  
If only we had, I wish that we did

You're my latest last chance, my final hurrah  
This day went so fast, I barely even saw you

Clap your hands and stamp your skinny wrists  
Cross me off your list in the sand  
And throw this night to the fuckin' wind  
I don't ever want to hear these words again  
Oh if only we had, I wish we did

You're my latest last chance, my final hurrah  
This day went so fast, I barely even saw you write  
Barely even saw me cry, barely even saw you, oh yeah

You're my latest last chance, my final hurrah  
The day went so fast, my final hurrah  
In your black satin pants, my final hurrah  
My final hurrah, my final hurrah, my final hurrah