

Last Chance

Swingin' Utters

The last of the daydreamers have walked out the open door avoid
ing any problems they might've had with the social law well, I
remember Tuesday and every last day of my life and I'll never f
orget anything that stays with me at night it's the last chance
for pretenders to go and get things done it's the last chance
for daydreamers to live what they dream of this child is walkin
g slowly his head bent to the ground watching each step taken a
nd his shoes, a dirty brown and he don't want a companion, has
got things to say, but don't wanna talk and I remember myself l
ike him oh, I hope he don't also fall
go and get your army boots, my son go and get your music box, c
ome on got and get your building clocks my son it's time to set
your sails, my boy, and run