

Last Cabaret

The Growlers

Damn the momentum of the speed of life
Hardly time to think about who fell behind
My heart is over cluttering up our minds
How the hell we made it here seems so divine

We're in a half dream barely awake what is the hurry to the last cabaret
We're in a half dream barely awake well on our way to the last cabaret

We are all invited and expected to show what's going to happen
to us who wants to know
Turn your head and cradle the blow
Suck it all in and let it out slow

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Everything fading as time flies by
Beauty cascading from the highest of highs
Coming down on a haven of glass
Fogged up and covering the trail to the past

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