

It's gotten late and now I want to be alone.
All of our friends were here, they all have gone home.
And here I sit on the front porch
watching the drunks stumble forth into the night.
"You gave me a heart attack, I did not see you there.
I thought you had dissappeared so early away from here."
and this is the chance I never got
to make a move, but we just talk about
the people we've met in the last five years
and will we remember them in ten more.
I let you bum a smoke, you quit this winter past.
I've tried twice before but like this, it just would not last