

(Mark Erelli)

The government man  
Started building his dam  
Then he told us it was all for the best  
'Cause they were tearing it down  
They were drowning our town  
In the name of progress I guess

We held our heads proud  
'Til the state bought us out  
And there wasn't much else we could do  
But go down to Town Hall  
To the last firemen's ball  
It was decked out in red, white and blue

Come, come take my hand  
Twirl to the band 'round the old Town Hall  
Come, come take my hand  
This is our last chance  
Down at the Farewell Ball

The Downings and Gibsons  
Farleys and Dickinsons  
Everyone dressed to the nines  
They piled into town  
Came from miles around  
To pay their respects one last time

A hush filled the room  
And the band stopped the tune  
As the midnight bell slowly chimed  
I saw grown men break down  
At the death of a town  
When the orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne"

Come, come take my hand  
Twirl to the band 'round the old Town Hall  
Come, come take my hand  
They've called the last dance  
Down at the Farewell Ball

Even now I recall  
How the waters claimed all  
And made islands of the tallest of hills  
And families and neighbors  
Now scattered like paper  
All etched in my memory still  
I walk down there sometimes  
Through the reservoir pines  
To listen to the wind on the waves  
It's like nothing has changed  
I can still hear the strains  
Of the last tune the orchestra played

Come, come take my hand  
Twirl to the band 'round the old Town Hall  
Come, come take my hand  
They've called the last dance