

Last to Know

Alejandro Escovedo

The last to know, party's over and we won't go
No one to laugh at our jokes anymore
There's the door, don't forget your hat.
The stores are all closed, couldn't buy a break anyway
Saint Jude he couldn't save you or me, I suppose

[Chorus]

More miles than money, look at our lives and it's so funny
More miles than money, we fall in love and it's never funny
We're the last, very last to know.

Last to know, we play the jokers in this minstrel show
Cause no one cares in this showbiz crowd anymore.
Got another cigarette, I'm not quite through with this story yet,
Nothing left here that we should fear, I suppose.

[Chorus: x2]

From the cradle to the grave all the memories never saved
Nothing here that we should fear so I'm told.
As the night slips away and we stumble towards another day
There's nothing more that we can say, I suppose.

[Chorus]

"Last to Know" as written by Chad James Elliott, Tara Alesia Geter, Alvin Germaine West
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