

Swansong

Ashbury Heights

Phone rings in the middle of the night
He wants to hear a song by Ashbury Heights
Just one more time before he dies
The DJ knows he's helpless and thus he cries

Here's a swansong coming for you

And the music plays
Flowing through the dark

A dying man mustn't be denied
His voice is one that you should hark

He can hear the whistle blow
He knows all he needs to know
The train plays another song
He smiles and sings along