## **Un Dernier Verre (Pour la Route)**

Come sit at the table Under October's able skies Once we'd seen eye to eye I'd known that I'd pass you by, and I tried

The bells chime seven times Completed at nine The world moves slower, I find

No, but I learned of time By your hands And in shallow waters' end I learned not to swim but to lie

I'll wait for now
'Til it's ready to burn out
I insist on doubts
We're already lying on the glass, the glass

## Beirut