

Last Call

Charlotte Day Wilson

Last call for alcohol
Come get your friend, she's all alone
I can't stop staring, she's very low
I can't stop staring

Sight for sore eyes to see, you basically died to me
Look at your eyes, high as hell, lower than the story tells
A profile is just a silhouette of a sad girl with dark eyes and
a dark inside, yeah
With a cigarette hanging off your puffy lips
I don't remember you looking quite like this

Does the filter paint a fuller picture of you and your matching
sisters?
Old friends with new faces
Running around the same city, the same places

Somebody's gotta say it
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