

Last Call

Dave Hause

He sits and stares, waiting for thunder
After awhile, I started to wonder
How he got so hollowed out
I didn't even recognize him yesterday

The clock it ticks like a small drops of water
The clouds roll in, the sun starts to fade away
As the rain comes down he begins to pray

Now it's the dealer's turn to fold
Cause the charade is getting old
You can sit and wait for lightning to strike
But the wind will take its toll

He lifts his head, gets up in a daze
Out of the fog and into a maze, a maze
That's the way it starts everyday

And so it seems the well's running dry
And all he does is look up to the sky and beg
Laughing as they hand him a dead bouquet

It's the dealer's turn to fold
And the charade is getting old
You can sit and wait for lightning to strike
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The wind will take its toll

Last call, last call
Let me know when this all sinks in
Last call, last call
The lights are on but you're not leaving