

On And On

Direct Hit!

We woke up today to find
That all of us were out of time
The president got on the line
Apologizing, but resigned

Heads were hung, and tears were shed
Facing all but certain death
But some of us decided our last breath
Wouldn't exit as a gasp

Pass that wine, and cheers my friend!
Congrats, we've made it to the end
So glad despite our fate below the bomb, we go on and on and on
So here's a toast, raise glasses high
Just one more cheer for you and I in our last hour before we die
Oh my, let's get plastered one more time
Life's just a tale of death
The End is where all the best parts start
We'll send a message on not hard to comprehend:
We never felt our last night end