

Last Call

Jack Savoretti

Locked down in London town
Ladies and gentlemen hanging around
I'm just too high to ever come down

Call me St. John of the streets

Getting my fix before I break down on my knees

Waiting for someone to take me away
Show me the narrow and show me the straight

I don't want to feel what I'm feeling now anymore
More, more, more, more...

Last call worst of all
Sounds night over but I have not found
a good enough reason not to stick around

Kick drum in my head
Cold prison of an empty bed
And the sight of the sunlight scares me half to death

Everybody here has got so much to say
Wish I should stop but I think it's too late

I don't want to feel what I'm feeling now anymore
I don't want to feel what I'm feeling now anymore
More, more, more, more...

Waiting for someone to take me away
Show me the narrow and show me the straight

I don't want to feel what I'm feeling now anymore
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