

# Last Person

Jenny Owen Youngs

Well you're sitting on a barstool  
Keeping motionless as you can be  
Thinking maybe if you're lucky life is like T-Rex  
The stillness will sweep you away to where it's safe

'Cause you're feeling like you're the last person left on the planet  
tonight  
And you're scanning the horizon seeking out signs of life  
And you pray that you're wrong but you're right  
So hold on tight

'Cause all that stares back at you are bloodless zombie eyes  
Why don't you come home with me tonight  
Alright  
Alright

Not trying to make you think this is some kind of great big deal  
I just know exactly how you feel  
I could be the thing you reach for in the middle of the night  
Let me be the one who treats you right  
Let me be the one who treats you right

Now I know you never seen me  
There's no reason for you to pay mind but I'm asking very nicely  
And all it takes is one step to start leaving the dead behind  
And try out walking life

I mean what's the worst thing  
(What's the worst thing)  
That could happen  
We find out that we don't quite fit  
But on the flip side  
(On the flip side)  
We could be just right  
And sure there's the chance that'd we'd both end up broken and split  
But that's my kind of risk

So quit worrying where they'll fall if you should roll the dice  
Why don't you come home with me tonight  
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