

Last Person

Jukebox the Ghost

1, 2
1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4

Well, you're sitting on a barstool
Keeping motionless as you can be
Thinking maybe, if you're lucky
Life is like T-rex, and 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
So why don't you come home with me tonight
Alright, alright

I'm 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've 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

Oh, what's the worst thing (what's the worst thing)
That could happen (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'll both end up broken and spli-
t
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
All right, alright

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I just know exactly how you feel
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