The Last Boat of the Day

Merle Haggard

The long distance love affair
We just had on the phone
Left me with "Don't worry darling,
I'm on my way home.

So break out the champagne;
We've got good love on the mend.
I know you're coming tomorrow,
I hope I can make it till then.

I could be fishing,
Or robbing the sea of her shells
Instead of here wishing for you,
And feeling like Hell.

Watching my last day alone
Slowly come to an end.
I know you're coming tomorrow,
I hope I can make it till then.

Chorus:
The Last Boat of the Day
It comes and it goes.
The sun sets on the last chance
To hold you tonight, I suppose.
But you'll be on the next one,
I hope I can make it till then.

You'll be on the next one;
I hope I can make it till then.

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