

# The Last

Ron Pope

I was not the first to love her  
And I will not be the last  
She was slippin' through my fingers  
Just like water through my grasp  
I can't say that I won't miss her  
But I swear I understand  
I was not the first to love her  
And I will not be the last

My train of thought  
It left the station  
Without a clear destination  
So when it came  
Off the track  
I was not surprised

I'm always a sucker for a bad deal...  
And some green eyes

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Colors her hair  
And paints her face  
I traced the line of her hip  
As she was walkin' away  
All those late nights  
Become mornings  
If you do not say goodbye

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And some green eyes

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I'm not too young  
But I'm not too old yet  
I never learned  
But I never forget  
I ain't got much  
But I've got enough  
So I don't really mind

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And some green eyes

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