

The Last Song but One

The Bluetones

What is it makes us feel so superior?
Where do we get this inkling we can't lose?
What is it makes us more than mere bacteria?
Formed in a fragrant clump with hair and shoes

I lifted my head
I looked all around
I rolled back my eyes
I fell to the ground
And that's when it struck
Maybe it's love
Keeps us down

What is it keeps us so far from the garden now?
Why can we not sit and maim the beasts?
Could this be evolution in her purest form?
Could this just be our own unique disease?

I lifted my head
I looked all around
I rolled back my eyes
I fell to the ground
And that's when it struck
Maybe it's love
Keeps us down

This is the end of the day
This is the end of the day
I can measure a difference you make
This is the end of the day
If you have something to say
If you have something to say
Now is the perfect time and place
If you have something to say
Love is the only escape
Love is the only escape
Love is the cause, the effect and the afterthought
Love is the only escape