

The Last Time I Saw William

Alannah Myles

The last time I saw William, he was as good as gone
He'd packed up all his poetry and his hurtin' songs
Well they say that he died, but the papers lied
About our long lost favourite song
And the last time I saw William, he was all undone

He'd lost his bag of thunder, and his brave disguise
He was trying to find some kind of peace of mind with brand new
eyes
But it all came back in shades of black, like a past that's just
begun
And the last time I saw William, he was a man on the run

He said

It's better to fly than to hold on to shaky ground
It's better to let the feelings die, when they're holding you down
I saw a long line of loneliness in the corner of his eye
But I never did see William cry

Now the years run down the boulevard, and the marquee is long gone
There's a troubadour in an empty bar, playin' hurtin' songs
All the gold and praise from the glory days cannot save our souls tonight
And the last time that I saw William
He was walking away, walking away from the light

The last time I saw William, he was all undone