

# The Last Unicorn

America

When the last eagle flies  
over the last crumbling mountain  
And the last lion roars at the  
at the last dusty fountain

in the shadow of the forest  
though she may be old and worn  
they will stare unbelieving  
at the last Unicorn

When the first breath of winter  
through the flowers is icing  
and you look to the north  
and the pale moon rising

and it seems like all is dying  
and would leave the world to mourn  
in the distance hear her laughter  
of the last Unicorn

I'm alive, I'm alive

When the last moon is cast  
over the last star of morning  
and the future is past  
without even a last desperate warning

then look into the sky where through the  
clouds a path is formed  
Look and see her how she sparkles  
it's the last Unicorn

I'm alive, I'm alive