

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