

The Lucky Ones

Amy Studt

One last chance to say the word we never said
One last dance with you might help me to forget.
There'll be no mourners slowly trudging through the rain
But we won't be alone and never will again.

We are the lucky ones in the final days of the dying sun,
Move across the shifting sands
'cos there's nothing left to lose.
We are the lucky ones with no regrets
when tomorrow comes.
And I could let it all slip away if I could share this last dance with you.

One last requiem of love straight from my heart
As the seams begin to stretch and pull apart.
Bathe in the memories of all that you have ever seen;
So strange when you face the end
You're more alive than you've ever been.
Isn't it wonderful, isn't it beautiful.

We are the lucky ones
And we don't know if tomorrow will ever come
We are the lucky ones,
No, no, no, no.