

## Un Dernier Verre (Pour la Route)

Beirut

Come sit at the table  
Under October's able skies  
Once we'd seen eye to eye  
I'd known that I'd pass you by, and I tried

The bells chime seven times  
Completed at nine  
The world moves slower, I find

No, but I learned of time  
By your hands  
And in shallow waters' end  
I learned not to swim but to lie

I'll wait for now  
'Til it's ready to burn out  
I insist on doubts  
We're already lying on the glass, the glass