Sitting here in Avalon, looking at the pouring rain Summertime has come and gone and everybody's home again Closing down for the season, I found the last of the souvenirs I can still taste the wedding cake and it's sweet after all the se years

These are the last words I have to say That's why this took so long to write There will be other words some other day But that's the story of my life

There's comfot in my coffee cup and apples in the early fall They're pulling all the moorings up and gathering at the Legion Hall

They swept away all the streamers after the Labor Day parade Nothing left for a dream now, only one final serenade

And these are the last words I have to say Before another age goes by With all those other songs I'll have to play But that's the story of my life

And it's so clear standing here where I am Ain't that what justice is for? Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn anymore

Stack the chairs on the table tops Hang the sheets on the chandeliers It slows down but it never stops Ain't it sweet after all these years

And these are the last words I have to say It's always hard to say goodbye
But now it's time to put this book away
Ain't that the story of my life