

Last Night Of The World

Bruce Cockburn

I'm sipping Flor De Caña and lime juice, it's three a.m.
Blow a fruit fly off the rim of my glass
The radio's playing Superchunk and the friends of Dean Martinez

Midnight it was bike tires whacking the pot holes
Milling humans' shivering energy glow
Fusing the space between them with bar-throb bass and laughter

If this were the last night of the world
What would I do?
What would I do that was different
Unless it was champagne with you?

I learned as a child not to trust in my body
I've carried that burden through my life
But there's a day when we all have to be pried loose

If this were the last night of the world
What would I do?
What would I do that was different
Unless it was champagne with you?

I've seen the flame of hope among the hopeless
And that was truly the biggest heartbreak of all
That was the straw that broke me open

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