

Lasts, Or Eschaton

Charlotte Church

Last night was the end of radio.
The last light went out on the last home stereo;
The last transmission to circle the earth
Was a song from the year of my father's birth.
The singer could only see
As far as the girl next to him on the bench seat
And she was all that he could ever need.

Last night I lay in and I listened
To the last song sung on the dying airwaves.
My ambition to make something worth a listen
Snuffed out in an instant.
I could have told you that I'm just an infant
And the world ages faster with every breath
But she was all that he could ever need.

Cigarette smoke and a screen kiss.
Cigarette smoke and a screen kiss.
Only we know that we ever existed,
It's our secret
So let's keep it.

Last night was the end of radio;
The DJ said to think of all of the songs you used to know
And keep them safely in your head
'Til you can sing them with someone who knows them.
You know the singer could only see
As far as the girl next to him on the bench seat
So you are all that I could ever need.

Cigarette smoke and a screen kiss.
Cigarette smoke and a screen kiss.
Only we know that we ever existed,
It's our secret
So let's keep it.