

## 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.