

## The Last Ones Standing

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One in a million  
Pressing on to figure out  
The meaning of remnants from a fading trend

So what makes a man if another holds his heart?  
I'll bet it's the remnants  
That make us who we are

This is how we come to make amends

Maybe we're the last ones standing  
Staring at the stripes we see across the sky  
We'll keep remembering the way we were tonight

Maybe we're the last ones standing  
Waking up to sounds we've come to know and love  
We'll keep remembering we've been waiting for this

So this is my progress  
Does a day turn into night?  
Or does it take over? Over done and over due

Such is a man to make it harder to believe  
But aren't we all simple?  
Simply difficult to read