

## Final Curtain

Cross Canadian Ragweed

Atlantic City. I was busted  
And the wind was bitter cold  
Well, I never quite adjusted  
Never do I suppose  
The odds were in my favor  
Of going home a millionaire  
Got all the gold in California  
She's with me everywhere

When the last rock crumbles  
And the sun sinks in the sea  
the last chain is broken  
And everyone is free  
When all is said and done  
And now is used to be  
When it's final curtain call  
No ones left at all  
There'll still be you and me

So much snow I can't remember  
what it's like to see the ground  
It all started in November  
And now March is rollin around  
Let it all fall down  
Let it freeze me to the bone  
Gonna let it all ride  
I got nothin left to hide  
Nothin left unshown