

## Last Straw

Danny Michel

The sun goes up, and the sun goes down,  
You're a different colour every night.  
And you put yourself, into it.  
You put all your weight on it,  
In hopes that you might get a chance, to be heard.  
Someone's listening, while you keep screaming,  
And the sun goes up, and the sun goes down.  
No one's listening, no one's listening, to you.  
This is your last straw,  
This is your last swing and  
This is your last straw,  
This ain't worth anything.  
The moon goes up, and the moon goes down,  
You're a different colour every night.  
But it's too much, it's too much for you.  
So you say "Well fuck you,  
I'm going back to S-S-Sault Ste Marie,  
With or without, you and your big big mouth  
And all it's big big words, again.  
Never again, will I listen, will I listen to you."  
This is your last straw,  
This is your last swing and  
This is your last straw,  
This ain't worth anything.