

Last Person

Jenny Owen Youngs

Well you're sitting on a barstool
Keeping motionless as you can be
Thinking maybe if you're lucky life is like T-Rex
The stillness will sweep you away to where it's safe

'Cause you're feeling like you're the last person left on the planet
tonight
And you're scanning the horizon seeking out signs of life
And you pray that you're wrong but you're right
So hold on tight

'Cause all that stares back at you are bloodless zombie eyes
Why don't you come home with me tonight
Alright
Alright

Not trying to make you think this is some kind of great big deal
I just know exactly how you feel
I could be the thing you reach for in the middle of the night
Let me be the one who treats you right
Let me be the one who treats you right

Now I know you never seen me
There's no reason for you to pay mind but I'm asking very nicely
And all it takes is one step to start leaving the dead behind
And try out walking life

I mean what's the worst thing
(What's the worst thing)
That could happen
We find out that we don't quite fit
But on the flip side
(On the flip side)
We could be just right
And sure there's the chance that'd we'd both end up broken and split
But that's my kind of risk

So quit worrying where they'll fall if you should roll the dice
Why don't you come home with me tonight
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