

The Last Dance

Ken Hensley

I met a sad old gypsy on the road to Berlin
By chance I got to spend a little time with him
We shared a few life stories on that dusty old train
So I thought I'd take a minute
Just to share them again with you

He talked of all the twists and turns he'd taken in
life
And how his spirit clung to God to do what was right
Sure he got the prize but he never counted the cost
I felt his pain as he shared with me all that he had
lost

If you could only see what was there in his eyes
An eternity of wandering in search of the prize
He'd had it all, the money, all the fame and romance
And now he shed a tear as he faced the last dance

The blessing comes but once he said
But it's not for you, it must be shared
And if you keep it to yourself
You'll be no use to anyone else
And he who gives will take away
And you will face the same dark day
That even now is all my pain
I'll never have this dance again

Chances, dances, how quickly this life passes
All our hopes and all our dreams
Get lost in all our selfish schemes
You see, it's not about you, it's not about me
It's about loving something we can't see
It's all about what we are willing to share
It's about our hearts and who lives there

As the train rolled into the city
He shook his head as if to say
It's your turn now, just know the game
That you're about to play
And it seemed as if right there and then
A light came to his eyes
As he exchanged the dance of life
For a far better prize

And so the tired old gypsy drifted slowly away
Beaten by the game he'd taught so many to play
He said "I'd do it all again if I had the chance"
But I'm ready now for one more bow
I'll take the last dance