

# 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