

# One Last Round

Ron Sexsmith

Wonder of wonders  
Our eyes behold  
This scaffold of stars  
But look under for truth be told  
We're leaving a scar  
On everything we've found  
And we're going into town for one last round  
One last round

If all that glitters  
Is not gold  
Should our rainbow's end  
Be just the winter cruel and cold  
Of our discontent  
My friends we're trouble bound  
Yet we're going into town for one last round  
One last round  
One last round

And it's the children who have yet to come  
Who'll have to pay our tab  
What kind of world will we have left for them  
The odds now will be stacked  
We've all the wisdom  
Our minds can hold  
But no common sense  
All the live long day the joke  
Was at our own expense  
We've drained our bottles down  
And we're going into town for one last round  
One last round  
One last round

Yes we're going into town for one last round  
One last round  
One last round