

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