

One Last Century

The Damnwells

I'm sorry 'bout your peanut stomach ache
I'm sorry if your muse has run away
You've still got an open invitation
To come break my heart

I'm sorry if the food is getting cold
The hot sauce in the fridge is getting old
I still love you sweet disaster
It's only natural to me

Silver cheek
And golden melody
Family tree
One last century

I'm sorry 'bout the dishes in the sink
When I look at you I never blink
Lean in and put your blues away
I will comfort you

I'm sorry 'bout the checks and balances
I'm sorry about your softening callouses
I would sooner surrender to you
Than bullshit with anyone

Silver cheek
And golden melody
Family tree
One last century

I'm sorry 'bout the great big black out
The city was a shiftless laid about
Burned a little candle
And shadows dance for you

Silver cheek
And golden melody
Family tree
One last century

Silver cheek
A b side eulogy
Skeleton key
One last century