

## Last Call

### The Loved Ones

He sits and stares, waiting for thunder  
After awhile, I started to wonder  
How he got so hollowed out  
I didn't even recognize him yesterday

The clock ticks like a small drop of water  
The clouds roll in the sun starts to fade away  
As the rain comes down he begins to pray

Now it's the dealer's turn to fold  
Cause the charade is getting old  
You can sit and wait for lightning to strike  
But the wind will takes it's toll

He lifts his head, gets up in a daze  
Out of the fog and into a maze  
That's the way it starts everyday

So it seems the well's running dry  
All he does is look up to the sky and beg  
Laughing as they hand him a dead bouquet

That's all  
Let me know when this all sinks in  
Last call, last call  
The lights are on but you're not leaving