

The Final Reel

Van der Graaf Generator

Jack and Gillian, facing their decline,
take to the dance floor for one final time.
Who'd deny them this last shot?
Taking a twirl, are they in the final reel - or not?
Jack and Gillian, walking hand in hand,
disappearing along the shining strand.
Who'd deny them this state of grace?
So we find them with not a single hair out of place,
picture-perfect, matching pace for pace,
her head on his shoulder, his arm around her waist.
But if you put them on the spot
what would they say?
Are they in the final reel or what?
Sayonara, tschuss, adieu, farewell.
Will we meet again? No-one can tell,
not the manner, not the time.
No-one can hide, no-one leaves the final reel behind.
Jack turns to Gillian, misty-eyed,
and presses the pills in her hand.
All they've got left is the downhill slide
so they'd better act while they can.
This much they know, they're not in the final reel alone.
This much they know, they'll not leave the final reel
alone.
They take the dive, no-one leaves the final reel alive.