

# The Last Word

Voltaire

What do they call it  
When another forces your hand  
And what will they say  
When they find me here this way  
And know, know, know, know  
That it wasn't my idea  
No it wasn't my idea  
But, oh, just to see your face  
When you find me here like this

Now there's no time for wondering  
Darkness is now at my door  
Wrapping with his bony fingers  
He's come to take me home  
He'll envelop me in sleep  
Wrapped in black feathered wings  
But before we fly  
Here's my goodbye

I get the last word  
I'll have the last laugh  
Sure as the room is growing cold  
I'll have the last word  
I'll have the last laugh  
Sure as my blood is running cold

They won't call it suicide  
'Cause I've got the killer's name  
Engraved so deeply in my veins  
They will call it homicide  
'Cause I've got your name  
So clearly carved into my wrist

The weak and the lame  
Will find their way to escape  
But why should I leave  
All this beauty behind  
And forfeit the joy in my life  
In the name of an enemy

I'll have the last word  
I'll have the last laugh  
Sure as the room is growing cold  
I'll have the last word  
I'll have the last laugh  
Sure as your blood is running cold

Far be it for I  
To leave all this beauty behind  
I will stay  
To watch you wither away  
And with any luck  
You may be hit by a truck  
And I will remain  
To dance upon your grave  
Oh, look, can't you see  
How much your death means to me

Please won't you play  
In a busy street  
Far be it for I  
To leave all this beauty behind  
I will remain  
To dance upon your grave