

## Final Day

Young Marble Giants

When the rich die last  
Like the rabbits  
Running from a lucky past  
Full of shadow cunning  
And the world lights up  
For the final day  
We will all be poor  
Having had our say

Put a blanket up on the window pane  
When the baby cries lullaby again  
As the light goes out on the final day  
For the people who never had a say

There is so much noise  
There is too much heat  
And the living floor  
Throws you off your feet  
As the final day falls into the night  
There is peace outside  
In the narrow light