

**Last Call**

**Amelia Curran**

Amelia Curran - Last Call

Capo 4

Intro: **C**

**C** **F** **C**  
Wicked the weather can empty the heart

**C** **F** **G**  
Sunsets are poetry falling apart

**Am** **C/B** **C** **F**  
Pitchin and weavin down gotajin road

**C** **G**  
I never loved you I know

**C** **F** **C**  
But dance with my shadow on into the bar

**C** **F** **G**  
Midnight is marked by a broken-down choir

**Am** **C/B** **C** **F**  
And the red-face prophets are claiming their fame

**C** **G**  
But I don t remember their names

**Am** **C/B** **C** **F**  
Morning comes like a broken-winged bird

**C** **G**  
As though daylight delivers a miracle cure

**Am** **C/B** **C** **F**  
And here in the pink of a dangerous day

**C** **F** **C** **G**  
Forgive me, forgive me,

**C** **F** **C**  
Those red-faced prophets, bartender and me.

**C** **F** **G**  
Dancin in riddles on top of dead dreams

**Am** **C/B** **C** **F**  
I kissed a sailor, said he was the sea

**C** **G**  
But he never knew it from me

**C** **F** **C**

