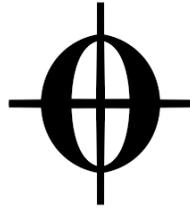


Excerpts from

With & Without

Lyrics, Prose, Stories, and Songs



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4AM Last Call

Chorus: So now the time has come my friends,
 so raise your glasses high.
The night's been long, we're singing our songs,
 it's time to part and say goodnight.
 So before we go, step high on the bar,
 and put your dancing shoes on.
Let your spirit soar, let your souls rise tall,
hear the bell ring, my friends, it's 4AM last call.

Verse 1: So let's rock it tonight,
 no reason to wait.
 The die have been cast
 and we're all winners at last.
 Our voices sound too hoarse to yell,
 so we must've done our job well.
Let's sing the last chorus and head out the door.
 So now the time has come, my friends,
 it's 4AM last call.

Verse 2: I've heard you say it all before, baby,
 I'm too tired to hear it again.
 There are far too many words to understand,
 in the silent phrases you speak.
Your voice is different from what it used to be,
 you speak nicer to that dog of yours
 than you ever spoke to me.
 Let's call it even, let's call it a day.
 I hear the bell, my friend,
 it's 4AM last call.

Verse 3: The days have gotten long,
 and the nights have become way too cold.
 My steps have become frail
 and I can't see three feet past the door.
 The house is so quiet now,
 no pitter-patter or stomping of feet on the floor.
All I have left are too many photographs on the wall,
 I think I hear the bell, my friend,
 it's 4AM last call.

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Sermonette: we should all raise our glasses high each and every day, for you never know when it's last call.

