

LAST EXIT

Gm Cm
I'm holding my breath
D7 Gm
Just to see how it feels
Gm Cm
To be all rushing from me
D7 Gm
To be cracking the seals

There is some kind of poem
In the laundry machines
Press your ear to these thin hotel walls
And you'll see what I mean

There's a picture in your fingers
Intersecting with mine
A church with no steeple
And all the folk trapped inside

CHORUS

Eb Cm D7 Gm
So, here we are, you beautiful man
Eb Cm D7 Gm
Two specs on a map where no places have names
Eb Cm D7 Gm
I'll tell you my secret in a room with no sound
Cm D7 Gm Cm D7 Gm
When the last exit to morning comes around... when the last exit to morning comes around

I'm counting my toes
Roadsigns brushing my feet
Your laconic repose
Palmed in a sun-dappled seat

I'm tracing the steps
We may well never make
My body is a stranger I meet every night
Before you've found the time to awake

Chorus

There will be a crash, babe
And it will make some noise
But for now here we lie
Oh, so wonderfully poised

Chorus