The Last Thought of an Astronaut

By John T. Wurzer – Play in G – capo 4

Last night was the last night that I spent inside this dream

The last time and the last crime that could possibly redeem

The last man in the last band to play my favorite tune

The last thought of an astronaut who’d been howling at the moon

Yeah, I’ve been howling at the moon

Last night was the last night that we’ll ever meet again

The last death of the last breath just like a thousand other men

The last room in the last tomb in a circle in my mind

The last jewel from the last fool that taught me to unwind

Yeah, you finally taught me to unwind

The first look was a fish hook and I took the savory bait

The first taste got me shit faced both too fast and much too late

The late show was a scare crow undeniably extreme

And last night was the last fright that I spent inside this dream

Yeah, it was the last night that I spend inside this dream

It was a good long ride on an eastbound train but the wheels kept coming off

When the north wind blew for the precious few and the ice was growing soft

The right thought from my left brain wrote this song without a tune

Like the last thought of an astronaut who’d been howling at the moon.

Yeah, I’ve been howling at the moon