

# One Shot

## A Song of Dusk

Daniel Speyer

$\text{♩} = 160$

Voice

8

A land of tit for tatters Is what we'd hoped to be

16

V

8

But time and place and cir-cum-stance Don't bend so ea-si-ly

24

V

8

Our know-ledge is-n't per-fect Of all that went be-fore

32

V

8

And just a sing-le false de-fect Be-gets e-ter-nal war

41

V

8

Our ci-ties swell with peo-ple Un-til the bulk you chance to meet  
One way we might re-solve this Would be to read each o-thers' source

50

V

8

Are not ones you will meet a-gain In mar-ket, field or street.  
But thin-ly slic-ing li-ving brains Has is-sues, yes, of course.

58

V

8

Or there may come a meeting With risk and con-quence so vast  
And if our minds were simpl-er So we could parse a-no-ther's thought

67

V

8

They ren-der hard-ly re-le-vant What comes once they've gone past  
That al-so might just make them sim-ple Such that we could not

76

V

8

Some dare to do us wrong here Does all this risk be-long near?  
I don't think this is solved now We wish that we'd e-volved how

84

V

8

How can we move a-long? We're... We're...  
This still is not re-solved now.... Now

90

V

8

We're living in a one shot. One Shot. It's un-for-giving it's a one

103

V

8

shot. One Shot. It's sink or swimming with a one shot. One shot. One... shot