

## The last unicorn - 1/1

**Interprété par America.**

When the last eagle flies over the last crumbling mountain

And the last lion roars

At the last dusty fountain

In the shadow of the forrest  
Though she may be old and worn

They will stare unbelieving  
At the last unicorn.

When the first breath of winter  
Through the flowers is icing

And you look  
To the north

And a pale moon  
Is rising

And it seems  
Like all is dying  
And would leave the  
World to morn

In the distance hear the laughter of the last Unicorn - I'm alive  
I'm alive.  
When the last gleam is cast over the last star of morning

And the future has past without even a last desperate warning

Then look into the sky  
where through the clouds are packed with stonr  
Look and see her how she sparkles  
it's the last unicorn - I'm alive  
I'm alive.