Fields

Sponge

Oh God, here it comes again
Here's that memory
Breaks my back
And when I figured it outYeah, I thought I'd get by
Here it comes
Blacken the sun
Bury me aliveSave me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself, myself, myself, myselfTurn around, throw it all away
Turn around until it all breaks down
To fields of falling angels
Fields of falling angelsBest friends, that's what we used to say
All the time, feels like yesterday
Remembering when we said goodbye
Still I doubt I'll ever figure out whySave me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself, myself, myself, myselfTurn around, throw it all away
Turn around till it all breaks down
To the fields of falling angels
Fields of falling angels
Fields of falling angels
Fields of falling angelsIf I die before I wake, it never ends the sorrow
If I die before I wake, it never ends the sorrow
If I die before I wake, it never ends the sorrow
If I die before I wake, it never ends the sorrow, ifSave me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself, myself, myselfSave me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself, myself, myself, myself

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