

Late Goodbye

Poets of the Fall

In our headlights, staring, bleak, beer cans, deer's eyes
on the asphalt underneath, our crushed plans and my lies
lonely street signs, powerlines, they keep on flashing, flashing by
and we keep driving into the night
it's a late goodbye, such a late goodbye
and we keep driving into the night
it's a late goodbye
your breath hot upon my cheek, and we crossed, that line
you made me strong when I was feeling weak, and we crossed, that one time
screaming stop signs, staring wild eyes, keep on flashing, flashing by
and we keep driving into the night
it's a late goodbye, such a late goodbye
and we keep driving into the night
it's a late goodbye
the devil grins from ear to ear when he sees the hand he's dealt us
points at your flaming hair, and then we're playing hide and seek
I can't breathe easy here, less our trail's gone cold behind us
till' in the john mirror you stare at yourself grown old and weak
and we keep driving into the night
it's a late goodbye, such a late goodbye...-5

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