

Boxing Day

Good Riddance

When one browbeating lasts a lifetime
I cant recall the last time
Quiet conversation served
Whats left to solve by mute indifference?
Still we carry on this way
Prescribed and uninvolved This holds no ordinary pretext
This isnt one more thing we can endeavor to deny
Fighting back tears wont stop the bleeding
Left to bite each others heads off
We forget to even try Seems its never time
Its never time
Seems its never time
Its never time Your face disturbs my sleep
You interrupt my savage dreams
I'd trade this vision
For just one more shot at you
Just beyond the setting sun
I can see the cities skyline receding
And these old lines
And these old lines keep repeating
yeah..

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