

# Goodbye

## The Sundays

I vow that it's goodbye  
I vow that it's goodbye and God bless  
Why did we have to assume  
We're exactly the same, oh no no  
Talking about yourself, self, self I vow that it's goodbye to the old ways  
Those stories were a good read  
They were dumb as well, I could never be seen  
Falling down on my knees crawling, oh no no  
Talk about a sell sell sell Oh as the Heavens shudder baby I belong to you  
Oh they said you get what you deserve  
And all they said was true  
So is this what it's come to?  
Am I cold or just a little bit warm oh well  
Just give me an easy life and a peaceful death

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