Telling Me Goodbye

I Can Make A Mess Like Nobody's Business

On the morning of
A day I should love
And the start of the Spring
Now my day was snowed in
So I rushed you off the phone
How should I have known
It's the last I'll hear your voice
Telling me goodbye
Pulling a blanket up to cover everyone
All shut out, I was wrapped up in myself
And my guilt

Now I'm not holding on, but I can't let go
Wish my guilt could sit up on a shelf, by itself
While I'll rush you off the phone
How would I have known
It's the last I'll hear your voice
Telling me goodbye, goodbye, goodbye
Never say goodbye
I never should have let you down
How am I going to let this go
Oh no

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