Of This Goodbye

Cousteau

Love never listens
Life don't have the time
And it's some superstition
Ambition's bitten junkie crimes
What I'd rob from a stolen moment
I'd sell for time
Fare ye well, who could tell
Of this goodbye
Fare ye well, who could tell
Of this goodbyeKnow there's a sentence
That tenders every living jive
As it blows ever present
Through a skin's disguise
But I'd know you in daylight
The way I'd know you eyes
Then my friend, till the end
You were quite a sight
Fare ye well, who could tell
Of this goodbyeWhether her shoulders
Weather the wheeling stars?
As they press ever gently
Ever silver scars
And they'll wind round your milky
Arthstuff,
They'll take you alive
It's the deal, it's something real
Into which we dive
Fare ye well, who can tell
Of this,
Goodbye

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