Save The Children

Good Riddance

Not the one to live or die alone
Or keep a chain around the telephone
If there's a fortune at my fingers it'll be a crime
Struck down on the dirty floor
Ten locks on the cellar door
I haven't slept for weeks and I'm doing fineIn a better world I'd save the children overseas
In another life I'd play a meaner brand of god
Such good intentions never standing in the fore
And I swear it's me never letting goYou can't fail if you've never tried
Crouched down from the view outside
Foot steps in time with a ticking heart
So tired of the endless days
Payback for my selfish ways
Feels like I've lost before I even start

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