

Long Goodbye

New Model Army

Holed up in your little room, we talk for hour on empty hour,
pacing up and down between the walls that we have built ourselves.

No more with the long goodbye, I can't stand another tear;
I won't wait for the bell to toll - straight on for the days ahead,
straight on for the days ahead . . .

You act as drowning, letting go the fingers one by one.
Come on, there's life beyond the tomb that we have built ourselves;
no more with the long goodbye . . .

We don't even dare to look each other in the eyes,
or say whatever's on our minds . . .

These crushing moments show the kind of people we've become,
seal betrayal with a kiss - and let it all be over, finished, done . . .

It feels so good to kill the thing that stood between the truth and I

Make it fast and make it clean and let the blood run down

No more with the long goodbye . . .

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