

Last Decade

Goldheart Assembly

The dying leaves
Can grip no more
The Eastern breeze
Will steal them all
Take care my love
It's all too soon
And all you need
Is space and room away from all my harmful ways
But you know I hate half the things I say
Your eyes are
bubbles
Made of oil
And when they spill
They wreck these shores
My pulse has slowed
The atoms thin
But on the beach
The sea breathed in
and out and stole our hearts that day
But you know I'd go back but there's no way
Oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh
This is the Last Decade
Let's not pretend we've changed
Come back home
See how the sun decays
Over our last parade
On our own
Soon there'll be sleep, no pain
This is our Last Decade
This is the Last Decade
Oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh

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