

Goodbye

The Sundays

I vow that it's goodbye
I vow that it's goodbye and God bless
Why did we have to assume
We're exactly the same, oh no no
Talking about yourself, self, self I vow that it's goodbye to the old ways
Those stories were a good read
They were dumb as well, I could never be seen
Falling down on my knees crawling, oh no no
Talk about a sell sell sell Oh as the Heavens shudder baby I belong to you
Oh they said you get what you deserve
And all they said was true
So is this what it's come to?
Am I cold or just a little bit warm oh well
Just give me an easy life and a peaceful death

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