New Year's Eve

Jim Cuddy

I came down the stairs
and saw you standing there
looking across the crowded room
and crying running your fingers
through your hair.
And Auld Lang Syne was playing
people singing sorrow
from the year that has gone.
And I'm still fooling myself
I keep holding on.
There were so many nights
when we lay as close as thieves.
Lying on the bed together laughing
I'd feel your breath upon my cheek.
But it all comes down to this
one look into your eyes
tells me something has gone.
I must be out of my mind.
I keep holding on.
All my life I've known
things must change
find a way of their own.
History rolls along so slow.
We never notice where it's going.
I go out at night
to waste a little time.
People ask me how I'm doing now
I say I'm doing fine.
But Auld Lang Syne will ring
as people sing the sorrows
from the years that linger on.
Will I still be fooling myself.
Will I still be fooling myself.
Will I still be fooling myself
still be holding on.

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