

Goodbye Sunday

Everything But the Girl

Slowly runs the lazy river
And in it I pitched all my dreams
And all the things I ever wanted
And watched them heading slowly downstream
For I have learned that such things fade
Like photographs and family holidays
And every Monday is goodbye Sunday
I guess you'd like me to throw away
That box of diaries and old letters
For they do nothing but feed my memories
But really you should know me better
For I am too fond of the past
But I think I am learning at last
That every Monday is goodbye Sunday
That every Monday is goodbye Sunday
Yes, it's true that I cling to things
That I should leave behind
As if those were the golden days
Well, I just hope that you really don't mind
Slowly runs the lazy river
For I am too fond of the past
But look I'm happy at last
And every Monday is goodbye Sunday
That every Monday is goodbye Sunday
And every Monday is goodbye Sunday
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