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 downstreamFor I have learned that such things fade
Like photographs and family holidays
And every Monday is goodbye SundayI 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 betterFor 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 SundayYes, 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 mindSlowly runs the lazy river
For I am too fond of the past
But look I'm happy at last
And every Monday is goodbye SundayThat every Monday is goodbye Sunday
And every Monday is goodbye Sunday
And every Monday is goodbye Sunday
And every Monday is goodbye SundayAnd every Monday is goodbye Sunday
And every Monday is goodbye Sunday
And every Monday is goodbye Sunday

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