

Everything But The Girl, Goodbye Sunday

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 memory
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

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
Every Monday is Goodbye Sunday etc etc