

# Good Riddance, Bobby Baun

When every single thing I've grown to love  
Is tied up in this moment  
Like a dream from which I pray I'll never wake  
Who can wash away these tears  
When all I've ever wanted  
Is still written on her face

But the wind keeps whipping  
And the time keeps ticking away  
And it feels like I'm not closer  
With these miles caught in the way  
Can anything be salvaged from this wreck?  
With forever lying in pieces  
And her name tacked on my neck

Still caught up in what I wouldn't give  
So stubborn and withdrawn  
Exposed as though I'd never had a choice  
Will things ever be the way they were  
Blue skies and Open hearts  
Talking up till dawn and reading Joyce

But now it's clear  
That there's nothing left to retrieve  
And precious little that I can believe in  
And I was just too blind to see it  
So what's it all for?  
When the lies mean so much more  
Much more than reality  
And what's the use of keeping score  
When I've lost?