

# Hawksley Workman, Goodbye To Radio

Goodbye to Radio  
Goodbye to the things that we've known  
And calculate passages  
And bloom like a tiger lily in July

And lovers will die  
And lovers will rise past the darkness we've seen  
So stop telling lies  
And start falling blind in the deepest of seas

Salvaged by wandering  
Weighed down by tears that you wish you could cry  
And I wanna make love with you  
Spread you so wide like the bluest of night

And lovers will die  
And lovers will rise past the darkness we've seen  
So stop telling lies  
And start falling blind in the deepest of seas

(Whistling)

And lovers will die  
And lovers will rise past the darkness we've seen  
So stop telling lies  
And start falling blind into the darkest of seas

And lovers will die  
And lovers will rise past the darkness we've seen  
So stop telling lies  
And start falling blind in the deepest of seas