

# Nailpin, My Last Goodbye

The roads I took curved constantly  
An open path or dead-end streets  
Took me a while to find out which direction I should face  
Left wrong turns and, oh my leaves turned early,  
by which I mean to illustrate my state

Chorus:

And now it's over, there's naught ahead  
But I can't let go  
Had it all planned out, the way, the day, I set the time  
Well I came close to writing down  
My last goodbye

Bad luck shaped me as a man  
Bad breaks tore me down again  
Took different shapes before I took the shape that I now am  
The pressure's tense and, oh the tension's pressing,  
Society's roll, took its toll again

Chorus

The pressure's tense and, oh the tension's pressing,  
Society's roll, took its toll again

Chorus

Came close to my last goodbye (x4)