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)