

September, Sacrifice

I heard you say you're living
for the joy of giving
But it's not that noble if you've got a motive
Now it's goodbye, all I'm thinking now is goodbye

Hey, Mister Saint of nothing
You're the king of bluffing
'Cause you sepnd your loving
Always wanting something
And it's goodbye, all I'm feeling now is goodbye

Don't need your lame persuading,
Now your star is fading
You can toss that halo, 'cause your love's sale
Oh, now it's goodbye, all I'm saying now is goodbye

So take a fall from heaven, wings on fire
I'll be down here waiting

You've been a good ride baby, but you're overrated
If you go giving it to be getting
Then it ain't much of a sacrifice
Good time, baby, but I'll catch you later
If you're not working for what you're betting
Then it ain't much of a sacrifice