

Sinead O'Connor, The Last Day Of Our Acquaintance

This is the last day of our acquaintance
I will meet you later in somebody's office
I'll talk but you won't listen to me
I know what your answer will be

I know you don't love me anymore
You used to hold my hand when the plane took off
Two years ago there just seemed so much more
And I don't know what happened to our love

Today's the day
Our friendship has been stale
And we will meet later to finalise the details
Two years ago the seed was planted
And since then you have taken me for granted

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