

The Sundays, Goodbye

I vow that it's goodbye
I vow that it's goodbye and God bless
Why did we have to assume
We're exactly the same?
O no, talking about yourself

I vow that it's goodbye to the old ways
Those stories were a good read
They were dumb as well
I could never be seen
Falling down on my knees crawling
O no, talk about a sell

O as the heavens shudder baby
I belong to you
O they said you get what you deserve
And all they said was true

So is this what it's come to?
Am I cold or just a little bit warm?
O well
Just give me an easy life and a peaceful death