

# Athenaeum, So Long

Was I a fool to ever think  
That we could be together till the end  
I was afraid to be alone  
In touch with my imaginary friend  
So long so long  
You put your foot where your mouth belongs  
For so long so long  
I was afraid  
You made me say  
That I was just a little immature  
Now I am older than before  
Diseased and you could never find a cure  
So long so long  
You put your foot where your mouth belongs  
For so long so long  
Can I get by  
Without a tear from a broken eye  
Can I can I