

Bledsoe, Dear January

Is everything broken is everything old
Is everything spoken that I should know
God let me know this boy's growing old
And this much I know
I don't know why you like saying goodbye
Cause there's someplace that I'd like to go

I think that I'm closer to telling you why
And I think that I'm nowhere I'm nowhere tonight

Oh and all I can do is make it to you
I go I go slow and I wait for you
I go I go slow and I wait for you
I don't know why you like saying goodbye
Cause there's someplace that I'd like to go
Go away slow

I'm not ready January

And I don't know why you like saying goodbye
And I don't know why boy you're laughing tonight
Everything's over and I don't know why you know
Know there's just someplace that I'd like to go

Go away
Dear January