

# Buck, The Day I Died

I hear the churchbells ringing so it must be Sunday morning; my head still pounding from Saturday  
I'm floating down the river, keep my neck above the water  
it's not the way I planned it but everything's all right

no it's not the way I planned it, but lives have ways of wandering and  
where I'd hoped to aim for is not what fate saw fit to bring

everything is going to be all right

well I lost more than I gathered; another mirror shattered / seven years bad luck is somehow no su  
but if life's just killing time  
with no reason and no rhyme let the peace and grace and light of Sunday  
morning set me free

I remember, I remember... all the world held its breath when you leaned forward with a kiss... I rem

everything is going to be all right