

# Cousteau, Of This Goodbye

Love never listens  
life don't have the time  
and it's some superstition  
ambition's bitten junkie crimes  
what I'd rob from a stolen moment  
I'd sell for time  
Fare ye well, who could tell  
Of This Goodbye  
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Know there's a sentence  
that tenders every living jive  
as it blows ever present  
through a skin's disguise  
but I'd know you in daylight  
the way I'd know you eyes  
then my friend, till the end  
you were quite a sight  
Fare ye well, who could tell  
Of This Goodbye

Whether her shoulders  
weather the wheeling stars?  
as they press ever gently  
ever silver scars  
and they'll wind round your milky  
arthstuff,  
they'll take you alive  
it's the deal, it's something real  
into which we dive  
Fare ye well, who can tell  
of this,  
Goodbye