

Farewell, Zelda

Words from a drunk and numbers in code
I've got the pride of the Irish on the phone
Keep sending postcards from Chicago

Pressure's building up
I think I might explode

Hold tight
I wish that you could see through my eyes
I've never really been good with goodbyes
So keep holding on
I'm holding on
So what'll it be?

Clothes in the trunk
I guess I should have known
Looks like the Queen of Confusion's got her throne
Save all White Russian for the drive home

Mint and hazelnut
I can't forget how you taste
Windows boarded up
But were they ever really open in the first place?

Hold tight
I wish that you could see through my eyes
I've never really been good with goodbyes
So keep holding on
I'm holding on

This time I promise not to take the whole night
I'm doing all I can to make this right
So keep holding on
I'm holding on

One day leads to decay
What in the hell happened to us?
My dear, you have a choice to make

Hold tight
I wish that you could see through my eyes
I've never really been good with goodbyes
(With goodbyes)
So keep holding on
I'm holding on

This time I promise not to take the whole night
I'm doing all I can, doing all I can to make this right
So keep holding on
I'm holding on

Hold tight
I wish that you could see through my eyes
I've never really been good with goodbyes
(With goodbyes)
So keep holding on
Holding on

This time I promise not to take the whole night
I'm doing all I can to make this right
So keep holding on
I'm holding on
Keep holding on
I'm holding on

