

# Good Riddance, Boxing Day

When one browbeating lasts a lifetime  
I cant recall the last time  
Quiet conversation served  
Whats left to solve by mute indifference?  
Still we carry on this way  
Prescribed and uninvolved

This holds no ordinary pretext  
This isnt one more thing we can endeavor to deny  
Fighting back tears wont stop the bleeding  
Left to bite each others heads off  
We forget to even try

Seems its never time  
Its never time  
Seems its never time  
Its never time

Your face disturbs my sleep  
You interrupt my savage dreams  
I'd trade this vision  
For just one more shot at you  
Just beyond the setting sun  
I can see the cities skyline receding  
And these old lines  
And these old lines keep repeating  
yeah..