

# Good Riddance, Save The Children

Not the one to live or die alone  
Or keep a chain around the telephone  
If there's a fortune at my fingers it'll be a crime  
Struck down on the dirty floor  
Ten locks on the cellar door  
I haven't slept for weeks and I'm doing fine

In a better world I'd save the children overseas  
In another life I'd play a meaner brand of god  
Such good intentions never standing in the fore  
And I swear it's me never letting go

You can't fail if you've never tried  
Crouched down from the view outside  
Foot steps in time with a ticking heart  
So tired of the endless days  
Payback for my selfish ways  
Feels like I've lost before I even start