

Gotye, Bronte

Now your bowl is empty
And your feet are cold
And your body cannot stop rocking
I know
It hurts to let go

Since the day we found you
You have been our friend
And your voice still
Echoes in the hallway of this house
But now
It's the end

We will be with you
When you're leaving
We will be with you
When you go
We will be with you
And hold you till you're quiet
It hurts to let you go

We will be with you
You will stay with us