

Jade Valerie, Goodbye

Goodbye, goodbye.
You're looking in my eyes,
and still you don't know how to say my name.
Goodbye, goodbye.
Nothing has changed,
and still I know I'll never be the same.

If God is watching us,
has He gone silent?
Could we take what He would say?
Are we even listening at all?

Goodbye, goodbye.
Another concrete jungle,
too many lions trying to survive.
Goodbye, goodbye.
We want it all,
but no one wants to have to pay the price.

If God is watching us,
shouldn't He be angry
for blaming Him and not ourselves?
Are we even sorry?

Goodbye, goodbye.
I guess we deserve
the beds that we're all sleeping in tonight.
Goodbye, goodbye.
All these shades of grey,
we've painted it all black instead of white.

If God is watching us,
Maybe He is praying
that we could see it through His eyes,
and finally know what peace is.

(Do we care? Do we really, really care? Do we care?)

I'll never be a perfect angel.
I'll never know exactly what to say.
I'll never be God's purity,
I'll fuck it up a thousand different ways.
But I'm the bravest of the weak,
and I'm your suicidal queen,
and I cheat, I love, I drink,
but I'm the sweetest of the mean.
I wanna slash my wrists and watch them bleed,
but I know God's watching.

If God is watching us,
Will He forgive me,
and let me forgive myself?
Because maybe then I'd love "me".

Tell me what to do to finally feel good enough;
I know you're watching.