

Jeff Finlin, I Go To Pieces

She looks at me and asks me why
I don't know
We've always known the answers guy
A thousand times before

Some things they never change
Some things I can't explain
Some things keep coming round again and again and again

Trains derail, markets fail
Shooting stars shower the world with their tails
Angels fall and the sky it creases
And I go to pieces

She takes her time to say goodbye
I don't know
Some things are better left unsaid
Things come and things go

Wish there were some other way
Some things I can't explain
Some things keep coming round again and again and again

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Angels fall and the sky it creases
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