

Last Days of April, At Your Most Beautiful

Just nothing

will fix this

I messed up and you took off from here
to where you know that we won't make up

[Repeat]

At your most beautiful

Oh god how I hate that

you're so pretty now

Honey, when your eyes have dried

Will there be no more

tears to waste on me,

tears to waste on me

Just nothing

will fix this

I'm sorry, so damn sorry

Apologies won't easily ease heartache

So far, so far from now

Honey you're so far, so

far from I, from I