

# School For The Dead, Goodnight

Good night, it's over  
All our friends have gone  
They've settled on their lives

Goodbye, believe me  
There's no sense in prolonging  
This sense of belonging is over

And if we did turn out the light  
On this silent night  
It's true that they'd never know  
But we will

It's too late for cocaine  
The sun's coming up  
You should be coming down

It's too late for anything  
It's time to give up  
Time to go home