

# Sponge, Fields

oh god, here it comes again  
here's that memory that'll  
just break my back  
and when i figured it out  
i thought i'd get by  
here it comes, it'll  
blacken the sun  
it'll bury me alive,

save me from myself  
turn around, throw it all away  
turn around until it all  
breaks down  
to the fields of falling angels

best friends what we used to say  
all this time it feels  
like yesterday  
remembering when we said goodbye  
still i doubt i'll ever  
figure out why

save me from myself  
turn around. throw it all away  
turn around 'til it all  
breaks down  
to the fields of falling angels

if i die before i wake  
it'll never end the sorrow

save me from myself