

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