

T.G.I. Goodbye

Better Luck Next Time

Home is where the heart is she says
Well then how can I just get her outta my head?
Isolated and I'd rather be dead
than just hanging on to something I'll regret

She's so pessimistic, somebody ought to save her
Better cut her off from all this anger
before she runs a muck over my heart
Save this last dance for me and take me back to things
I never got a chance to see over time:

Thank God this is goodbye

Frustrated, overrated; take my hand and call it hatred
You're the one, you're the one for me
Bottled up my feelings all for nothing and I can't take it
Let me out, get her outta my head

Everything she said were lies; the way she moved, so dead inside
And everything we ever had is over
Everything she said were lies; the way she looked, so teary-eyed
And everything we ever had is over:
And this time, we're through

'Cause she's so pessimistic, somebody ought to save her
Better cut her off from all this anger
before she runs a muck over my heart
Save this last dance for me and take me back to things
I never got a chance to see over time:

Thank God this is goodbye