Next Time That You Leave

The next time that you leave I'll throw everything you own So you'll have no reason, No reason to return

The next time that you leave I'll burn out my memories, I don't need reminders, Remind me to forget

You are not a master Maybe you have mastered Different games that worked with others But I am not the others, You are just a bastard

The next time that you leave I'll learn how to walk again Walking towards no future Futureless but not for long

The next time that you leave I'll turn over in my sleep None there beside me Besides the sides you've picked your side

You are not the person I expect to grow old with But you have changed your colors And I am not your colors This has simply worsened

The next time that you leave Maybe I'll have loads of parties, Maybe I'll sit quietly Maybe you won't know

Bob Mould