

and you said we would be golden, when we grow old
and you said we'd never be broken, when we grow old

but if a river can dry to dust i guess the angels we grow to tr
ust can fly away

like a mountain can lose its peak
right now another heart can change its need quietly

and you said we'd never be parted when we grow old
and you said i'll see you in heaven when we grow old

but if a river can dry to dust
i guess the angels we learn to trust can fly away

like a mountain can lose its peak
right now another heart can change its needs quietly

i said goodbye come tomorrow
goodbye come tomorrow
goodbye, goodbye (2x)

yeah goodbye come tomorrow
goodbye come tomorrow
goodbye

you said we would be golden when we grow old