

## Goodbye Sunday

### Everything But the Girl

Slowly runs the lazy river  
And in it I pitched all my dreams  
And all the things I ever wanted  
And watched them heading slowly downstream  
For I have learned that such things fade  
Like photographs and family holidays  
And every Monday is Goodbye Sunday

I guess you'd like me to throw away  
That box of diaries and old letters  
For they do nothing  
But feed my memory  
But really you should know me better  
For I am too fond of the past  
But I think I am learning at last  
That every Monday is Goodbye Sunday

Yes it's true that I cling to things  
That I should leave behind  
As if those were the golden days  
Well, I just hope that you really don't mind

Slowly runs the lazy river  
Every Monday is Goodbye Sunday etc etc