

Zelda

Farewell

Words from a drunk and numbers in code - I've got the pride of
the irish
On the phone - keep sending postcards from chicago - pressures
building up
I think I might explode - hold tight - I wish that you could se
e through my eyes
I've never really been good with goodbyes, so keep holding on
I'm holding on - so what'll it be? clothes in the trunk - I gue
ss I should
Have known - looks like the queen of confusion's got her throne
Save a white russian for the drive home - mint and hazelnut,
I can't forget how you taste - windows boarded up,
But were they ever really open in the first place?
One day can lead to decay - what in the hell happened
To us? my dear, you have a choice to make