

It's too late, this model's out of date.
Got every spare part, but there ain't much heart inside here.
Not like the start, I was good at the art of survival;
I've always tried to keep my feelings deep inside
Where I can hide them, now I'm open wide.

When it ends, again I'll see my friends,
They'll give me a lift, I've been running adrift, so easy...
Shifting the gear, I've got nothing to fear from a showdown,
I'll go down quiet.
And the kids downstairs making a hell of a din,
I'm all alone, getting a quote for the wages of sin.

Beyond the indigo, indigo,
Where the chilly winds, winds will blow,
My time is running low.
Going to cross the dark, dark river,
Going to see my good life-giver,
Better cover my yellow liver.

All right, I'm giving up the fight,
I didn't know when I'd be a stranger again in my own land.
The days are okay, but oh, how I hate these long nights.
You understand?
Darling, please just hold my hand.
You feel so warm, in the eye of the storm,
I'm going away, I'm going away, I'm going away.
See you again someday...
Darling, I'm going away.
Feel like I'm going away, this time I'm going away.