

Story of Her Fate

Screaming Trees

Deep into my tears
Hold me under drownin' in despair
So many years, only place to hide
Where she could fly never in the sky

And I would not hesitate
To tell the story of her fate
In a storm was she dead or disappeared?
Or did she fly, never said, goodbye, goodbye?

Yep

Leaves have turned to gold
And all the trees have fallen to the ground
I can't explain, all along I knew
That she would fly but I think she's died

Goodbye, yeah, goodbye