

Fields

Sponge

Oh God, here it comes
Again
Here's that memory that'll
Just break my back
And when I figured it out
I thought I'd get by
Here it comes, it'll
Blacken the sun
It'll bury me alive

Save me from myself
Turn around, throw it all
Away
Turn around until it all
Breaks down
To the fields of falling
Angels

Best friends what we used
To say
All this time it feels
Like yesterday
Remembering when we said
Goodbye
Still I doubt I'll ever
Figure out why

Save me from myself
Turn around. Throw it all
Away
Turn around 'til it all
Breaks down
To the fields of falling
Angels

If I die before I wake
It'll never end the sorrow

Save me from myself