

The Last Goodbye

Steve Harley

Out of this, a fateful kiss could be seen as a life in bloom
A rising from the woumb; a lesson in forgiving
A history of 20 years, and sweet loving all the way
we gotta settle this before the kiss of life is how we pay
I'll hold up my hands and take what's coming around
I hear the sound of a guillotine through paper

Now that we've cried a river of tears
Broken and shattered
Show me a life's compassion
Spare us the last goodbye