

what became of everyone i used to know?
where did our respectable convictions go?
your words don't match the story that your actions show, but wh
at do i know?
i'm sure you can't help but remembering
I thought that you'd be one not to forget,
but remembering's not helping you yet.
say goodnight means goodbye.
i know you think my life would stop with you away
maybe I can see you on the holidays,
but you're worlds away
I've never forgotten all our yesterdays but i'm lucky if we're
speaking on the holidays
the evidence presents itself accusingly,
your absence speaking everything you think of me
now that I am faced with opportunity
you're not remembering
I'm not asking you anyway
Even if you ever could cave in
I wouldn't know where to begin