

# I Am Leaving

The Style Council

Tired of dust and dirt to clean  
This place once loved, now makes me sick  
I've got to get away

I've passed the places of my youth  
Torn out pages from a well-read book  
I dream awhile but I leave it anyway

But I can still remember when  
I could still laugh and call you friend  
And only you

You used to talk so wild and free  
Now you can't remember what you used to be  
You've lost the will

You could never be wrong  
No, you were never that strong

Some are listening  
Some are doing  
Some are wasting away  
I am leaving

Some cannot hear  
Some are waiting  
Most are writhing away  
I am leaving

Torn between the deep blue sea  
From a place on earth that appeals to me  
Hell, I can't swim anyway

But not for me, but those I leave  
Think of them as dying leaves  
That may bloom again

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I could still laugh and call you friend  
And only you

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I'm leaving  
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