

## Please Speak Well of Me

The Weepies

I've been away a year and a day  
You recognize love after the fact  
You did what you did and that was that

Don't say words that you don't mean  
When I'm gone, please speak well of me

Looking back now  
I only wish I had been kinder  
Did I ever know love, did I ever know love?  
And could I have been blinder?

Don't hold back all your love for someday, for someday

I would say that I'm sorry if it would do any good  
But to never regret means you have to forget  
and I don't think that I could