

## The Real Thing

## The Years Gone By

The phone rings,  
it's your voice.  
You said how,  
there's no choice.  
your too cool, and i tour too much  
how could this work, don't keep in touch.  
with every line I write, I'm one closer to leaving  
Forever was a joke, the joke was I believed it.  
Alone, leave me alone.

Run.  
Run from this world without me.  
No streets left for us to sleep.  
The doorstep where I'll leave my key.  
I guess this is just goodbye...  
Whoa, Run from this world without me.  
Whoa, no streets left for us to sleep.  
Whoa, The doorstep where I'll leave my key.  
I guess this is just goodbye.

Would it, hurt less if I,  
learn how to, deal with goodbye.  
You're out late, and I never call,  
what's left to say, smiles said it all.  
my heart was so calloused,  
I couldn't even feel it,  
you're lies were so careless,  
how could i have believed it? no.  
Leave me alone.

Run.  
Run from this world without me.  
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The doorstep where I'll leave my key.  
I guess this is just goodbye...  
Whoa, Run from this world without me.  
Whoa, no streets left for us to sleep.  
Whoa, The doorstep where I'll leave my key.  
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(GOODBYE!)

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