

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.

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(GOODBYE!)

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