

Goodbye, Old Friend

Alexandra Savior

Just a passing feeling
I don't ever want to forget
Just a planet spinning
On the axis of the voice in my head

Old things, they stay nearby
And I find that I am rotting
In the apple of your eye
Old things, they stick around
And I find myself enveloped
In the sadness of the sounds of

Goodbye, goodbye
Goodbye, my old friend, goodbye
Goodbye, goodbye
Goodbye, my old friend, goodbye

On a quiet evening
I'm confronted by the Lady in Red
All the while, I'm clinging
To the moment of my innocence's death

Old things, they stay nearby
And I find that I am rotting
In the apple of your eye
Old things, they stick around
And I find myself enveloped
In the sadness of the sounds of

How long must I wait
Until the outline of your face
Recedes from every passing window?
How long must I wait
Until the ashes take their place
In the passing breeze, wherever it may go?

Goodbye, goodbye
Goodbye, my old friend, goodbye
Goodbye, goodbye
Goodbye, my old friend, goodbye