

Don't bother paying me by the hour, I'll be here for the rest o
f my life
When I die from my grave I'm growing flowers, an after death pr
esent for my wife
Because I'm always thinking about her, even when I'm dead and g
one
So maybe if I scream a little louder my echo will go on and on
My echo will go on and on and on

On and on
Ya my echo will go on and on
On and on
Ya my echo will go on and on
On and on.

I stay up just to make the time last, I haven't slept for days
it brings me pain
My eyes look like the bus maps of Belfast, red lines that go al
l over like the trains
Because I'm always thinking about her, even when I'm dead and g
one
So maybe if I scream a little louder my echo will go on and on
My echo will go on and on and on

On and on
Yeah my echo will go on and on

Don't bother paying me by the hour, I'll be here for the rest o
f my life