

Undone

Ghost Mice

I'm as thin as the wind in November,
Just when it starts to blow cold.
So I'll raise my glass to remember.
I'll make my empty toast.
I said here's to the future that came and went.
Here's to the past the days well spent.
Here's to the melodies and here's to the harmonies
That will never show their faces again.

The chorus is never coming in.
The chorus is never coming in.
The chorus is never coming in.
The chorus is never coming in.

And here's to the paths that we choose.
Here's to the gambles that we win and we lose.
Here's to decisions that we make.
Here's to the hearts we awaken just to break.

The chorus is never coming in.
The chorus is never coming in.
The chorus is never coming in.
The chorus is never coming in.

And here's to the things we leave undone.
Here's to all the unfinished songs...

And here's to those days.
And here's to those days.
Yeah, here's to those days.
Yeah, here's to those days.

Won't you help me say goodbye?
Won't you help me say goodnight?
Won't you help me say so long?
Won't you help me finish my song?