

## EVERLASTING DAYS

John Cale

I'm not making excuses  
I'm not making amends  
Are we saving face, on a day of confusion  
Or clearing the air

All the doors flew open swinging in anger  
Slamming back and forth  
Shaking shaking, breaking more  
Down into the floor  
Is there something you could say  
Is there something you could do  
Stop the memories from drifting away

I'm not, not, making excuses  
I'm not making amends  
Are we saving face on a day of confusion  
Or clearing the air

When we try to walk away, when we turn our backs and smile  
Will we see the past that haunts us now?  
When we try to walk away, when we turn our backs and smile  
Will we see the past that haunts us now?

If I say I'm sorry, if I say I'm sorry, one more time

Thinking those days will be coming back  
Thinking those are gone  
Thinking those days will be coming back  
Thinking those are gone  
Thinking those days will be coming back  
Thinking those days will be coming back  
Thinking those days will be coming back

Again and again  
Again and again those days those days  
Again and again  
Again and again those days those days days days days