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

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