

# comet death

Montaigne

I scratched my neck much too hard it bruised  
I am just a soft being  
A silly goose  
Comet don't come hit me and my loved ones  
Comet don't come hit me or I'll die

Die  
Die

5, 4, 3, 2  
5, 4, 3, 2  
5, 4, 3, 2, 1

We're all holding hands around the table  
What does everybody wanna do  
Comet's coming  
Hold me all my loved ones  
Sorry that we didn't talk that much

Die  
Die

All the things we never did  
All the folks we never loved  
In the end  
It doesn't mean that much

But love and love  
We tried to love  
We hurt, we hate  
We made mistakes  
And all of it  
It always meant so much  
And all of it  
It always meant so much  
And all of it  
It always meant so much

5, 4, 3, 2  
5, 4, 3, 2  
5, 4, 3, 2  
5, 4, 3, 2  
5, 4, 3, 2  
5, 4, 3, 2  
5, 4, 3, 2  
5, 4, 3, 2

1