

808 Song

Neil Finn

I recognize the warning signs
But is it too much to expect
He'd remember who he was
It's a danger to forget

Not a whisper from my mouth
Radiate the circle round
Everything you touch is art
Disappearing from the start

Good will be mine
You can talk till your face don't shine

But your dreams will come clean
And violins will tremble when you pass

In whose presence I was blessed
So much better in the flesh
You can try your very best
But it won't get you that far

Good will have mine
You can talk till your face don't shine
And your days will come clean
And violins will tremble when you pass