

Saying Goodbye

Ondara

Bitterness, was right on her tongue
With her legs, painted like the drum
Loneliness, couldn't do no harm
Nor the kiss, of her scented balm

Oh honey I'm just getting good at saying goodbye
Getting good at saying goodbye
Getting good at saying goodbye

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Getting good at saying goodbye
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Heaviness of this heart shut wide
Now my flesh, at arms with my pride
Her long dress, left no room to pry
So I confess to the gods of time

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Oooaah, there goes my innocence
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