

Ten Goodbyes

Tim Atlas

I won't plead, I won't plead
Guilty for this
Cause you're just a mess,
And I won't clean it up

If I die, If I die
It's cause I'm building up a fear of ten goodbyes, and
When we try, when we try
The backburner burns down to my thighs

Roses red, violets blue
But who gives a damn
When lovers and friends
Just turn to black and white

If I die, If I die
It's cause I'm building up a fear of ten goodbyes, and
When we try, when we try
The backburner burns down to my thighs

If I ever leave this town
Trace my tracks, but don't track me down
A one way street to brand new eyes
It burns inside and jams the I-5

If I die, If I die
It's cause I'm building up a fear of ten goodbyes, and
When we try, when we try
The backburner burns down to my thighs