

# 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

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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