

Everything But The Girl "Goodbye Sunday"

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Slowly runs the lazy river
And in it I pitched all my dreams
And all the things I ever wanted
And watched them heading slowly downstream

For I have learned that such things fade
Like photographs and family holidays
And every Monday is goodbye Sunday

I guess you'd like me to throw away
That box of diaries and old letters
For they do nothing but feed my memories
But really you should know me better

For I am too fond of the past
But I think I am learning at last
That every Monday is goodbye Sunday
That every Monday is goodbye Sunday

Yes, it's true that I cling to things
That I should leave behind
As if those were the golden days
Well, I just hope that you really don't mind

Slowly runs the lazy river
For I am too fond of the past
But look I'm happy at last
And every Monday is goodbye Sunday

That every Monday is goodbye Sunday
And every Monday is goodbye Sunday
And every Monday is goodbye Sunday
And every Monday is goodbye Sunday

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