

Farewell "Zelda"

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Words from a drunk and numbers in code - I've got the
pride of the irish
On the phone - keep sending postcards from chicago -
pressures building up
I think I might explode - hold tight - I wish that you could
see through my eyes
I've never really been good with goodbyes, so keep
holding on
I'm holding on - so what'll it be? clothes in the trunk - I
guess I should

Have known - looks like the queen of confusion's got
her throne
Save a white russian for the drive home - mint and
hazelnut,
I can't forget how you taste - windows boarded up,
But were they ever really open in the first place?
One day can lead to decay - what in the hell happened
To us? my dear, you have a choice to make

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