

## Harry Connick, Jr. "Don't Like Goodbyes"

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On the outskirts of my mind, there's really nothing left  
Integrity's gone, I've lost myself again

On the outskirts of my mind, there's really nothing left  
Hell is loose, and it's only just begun

On the outskirts of my mind, there's really nothing left  
Violet dreams of violent kind, they haunt me now  
you're gone

Violet dreams of violent a kind, kaleidoscope mind of  
hate  
The battle with everyone was really just the enemy  
within

I hold the truth, I am the cure, I hold you down, I beg  
you now  
Try not to look me in the eye, as I'm headed for the kill  
I know I have to do it, even if I'm lost

Can't seem to remember the day that I lost you

But it seems like I never had you anyway

This ceremony of opposites in my relation to both  
shadows at play in complete and  
utter darkness, and the inexplicable absence of light  
on the brightest of days. The  
reality presented to me by shadows, appear no  
different that the one displayed by  
light. I am the difference, I am the anomaly, I am the  
abyss, and the void. It is the  
false truth, and the truth is always false.

Can't seem to find the outskirts  
Can't seem to remember the violet  
Can't seem to remember the day that I lost you  
Can't seem to tell a dream from a lie  
Can't seem to tell you why I'm here.

