

Icehouse

"Goodbye, Valentine"

Visit "[Goodbye, Valentine](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We were living in this matchbox
Well, it must be quite some time
I was slaving at the steel mill
Every day on the production line

And I came home one summer evening
The place was empty, ain't that strange?
She left a message on the mirror
In pink lipstick she signed her name

It said, I don't like this
And I don't like that
And I'm gonna hit the town
Yes, I'm leaving you
And I won't be back
Goodbye, Valentine

So I called up all my best friends
I said, "hey, boys, just come around"
We've howling like a gang of alley cats
We've up and down and hanging 'round the main

The postman woke me in the morning
He was banging on my door
He said, "I got a postcard from Jamaica
And a telegram from New York"

It says, I don't like this
And I don't like that
This is such a dirty town
Well, I've spent all your money
And it won't be back
Goodbye, Valentine

Well, I'm feeling so much better
Yes, I'm livin' like a king
I'm on my second bottle of Dr. Good
And by now I don't feel a thing

Well, I hope you're happy
Have a real good time

'Cause you know I'll do the same
Yes, I will
Yes, I will
Yes, I will

Later on, I don't remember
Valentine was on the telephone
She said, "I'm living with my mother
And I'm bored, now can I come home?
Now can I come home?"

I don't like this
Don't like that
Well, excuse me, what's your name?
But it's too late now
'Cause I've changed my mind
It's goodbye, Valentine

You can take your silly hat collection
And your sixty pairs of shoes
Your Madonna records always were a pain
Your suitcase full of sequins
Take your bean bag too
This is goodbye, Valentine
Goodbye, Valentine

Well, I don't like this
And I don't like that, no
This is goodbye, Valentine

Visit [Icehouse](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.