

Chris Pureka "So It Goes"

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You pack your sweaters for the fall
And the flowers die in their garden rows
And the warm words can't help at all,
Everybody knows...

You're trying to find a compromise
Between remembering and learning to forget,
So now just pouring a glass of water
Is like trying to move boulders with your breath.

It's so hard to see it all,
She tries to hold you in the night,
But you're shaking you're crying out,
Praying for sleep to bless your bedside.

That's right, so it goes,
The whole world folds over you.
Pack your handkerchief and your best shoes...

Reconciliation of guilt and grief,
It's the hardest battle you've tried to win
And now every year you grit your teeth
As it cuts you underneath your skin.

Oh and Sunday mornings don't bring you solace,
You are firm in your disbelief
But you hold tight to that old promise;
You are waiting for the spring,
You are waiting for the spring.

That's right, so it goes,
The whole world folds over you.
Pack your handkerchief and your best shoes...

Don't leave me breathing,
No not alone,
There's so much more I meant to tell you.
I went by with flowers, just to see,
But that granite told me you're still gone...

Don't leave me breathing,
No not alone,

There's so much more I meant to tell you...
I went by with flowers, just to see,
But the granite told me you're still gone...

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