

Sponge "Fields"

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Oh God, here it comes again
Here's that memory
Breaks my back
And when I figured it out

Yeah, I thought I'd get by
Here it comes
Blacken the sun
Bury me alive

Save me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself, myself, myself, myself

Turn around, throw it all away
Turn around until it all breaks down
To fields of falling angels
Fields of falling angels

Best friends, that's what we used to say
All the time, feels like yesterday
Remembering when we said goodbye
Still I doubt I'll ever figure out why

Save me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself, myself, myself, myself

Turn around, throw it all away
Turn around till it all breaks down
To the fields of falling angels
Fields of falling angels
Fields of falling angels
Fields of falling angels

If I die before I wake, it never ends the sorrow
If I die before I wake, it never ends the sorrow
If I die before I wake, it never ends the sorrow
If I die before I wake, it never ends the sorrow, if

Save me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself, myself, myself

Save me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself
Save me from myself, myself, myself, myself

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