

Dears, The

"C'était Pour La Passion"

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Have you ever hear of Gide?
I won't advise, it's full of lies
Trust me, I know 'cos I believed it so
What was I supposed to do? Turn my back?
Well, that would lack a certain amount of happiness, no
doubt
It's brutal and cruel and inevitable

It's not my fault so I don't care anymore
I'm packing up and moving out
And it's alright 'cos I'll be miles away, trying to find new
things to say
To say

Take me home and tuck me in
Hold me tight and I just might tell you all I know (I'm
feeling pretty low)
Sunglasses and handkerchiefs
I'm chronicling everything that's happened to us, so
hate me if you must
It's easy to do so easy to do, yeah
And so convenient

It's all my fault though I don't care anymore. I'm
packing up and moving out
And it's alright 'cos I'll be miles away, trying to find new
things to say
Trying to find new things to say

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