

Goodbye my lover, goodbye my friend

My heart often thinks and remembers
It often dances but if it thinks `bout you
Something beautifully painful enters
You were the first love it ever knew

You were art, you were warm, you were new
You were a candle, fire in my soul
It was under your whole control
It was the most precious thing you stole

But then you gave it back and left
Now it is beating confused in my chest
And it continues singing:
"Goodbye my lover, goodbye my friend.
You had been the one, you had been the one for me"

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