

The Wrong Goodbye

John Wesley Harding

The time on the clock on the wall in the bedroom
Tells him it's time to leave
Last glass of wine drowns the changes
She wipes her eyes on her sleeve
She's not crying she tries to persuade him
No-one really believes
No-one really believes

He holds the gun hard to her forehead
He's given her his best shot
She cleaned the barrel while they made love
It was the bullets that he forgot
One day when he stopped lying next to her
That was when the lying stopped
That was when the lying stopped

And it's the long goodbye
It's the long goodbye
It's the long goodbye
But it's the wrong goodbye

The telephone rings for an alarm clock
Wakes her out of her latest nightmare
The light bulb goes as she gets turned on
Where the hell did she leave the spare
Make up in a mirror that's been cracked six years
One more left til she falls down the stairs
Falls down the stairs

It's the long goodbye
It's the long goodbye
It's the long goodbye
But it's the wrong goodbye

He's sitting on a windowsill looking out
Even the laundromat is shut
He'd write her a poem but he doesn't know how
He smokes the day down to the butt
One day they'll meet again in a rainstorm
But it's gonna take a lot of guts
It's gonna take a lot of guts

It's the long goodbye
It's the long goodbye
It's the long goodbye
It's the wrong goodbye