

Please Speak Well of Me

The Weepies

I've been away a year and a day
You recognize love after the fact
You did what you did and that was that

Don't say words that you don't mean
When I'm gone, please speak well of me

Looking back now
I only wish I had been kinder
Did I ever know love, did I ever know love?
And could I have been blinder?

Don't hold back all your love for someday, for someday

I would say that I'm sorry if it would do any good
But to never regret means you have to forget
and I don't think that I could