

Nelly Furtado, Quarterhead, All Good Things (Come To An End)

Dogs were whistling a new tune
Barking at the new moon
Hoping it would come soon so that they could die

Honestly what will become of me
I don't like reality
It's way too clear to me
But really life is daily
We are what we don't see
We missed everything daydreaming

Flames to dust
Lovers to friends
Why do all good things come to an end

Travelling I always stop at exits
Wondering if I'll stay
Young and restless
Living this way I stress less
I want to pull away when the dream dies
The pain sets it and I don't cry
I only feel gravity and I wonder why

And the sun was wondering if it should stay away for a day until the feeling went away
And the clouds were dropping and the...
The rain forgot how to bring salvation
The dogs were whistling a new tune barking at the new moon
Hoping it would come soon so that they could die