

Save Your Good-bye

Becky Buller, *Goodnight Sparky Music*, BMI

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Your bags are packed; your tears are spent.
Your hollow smile is all that's left.
It says that you can take no more
Still I stand between you and the door.

Chorus: Is this the way it all must end?
Do we really have to break or can we bend?
Is there a way to make you stay?
Save your good-bye for another day.

What brought us to this leaving game;
Was it the words I couldn't say?
I say them now with all my heart;
It's not enough, but it's a start.

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