



Let It Go

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You'd better runaway as fast as you can,
'Cause I am damaged goods and it wasn't my plan.
So fly away, sweet son. Fly as fast as you can.
The sooner you're on your way, the better off I am.

Another dusty day in a one-horse town.
She'll watch the wind blow. Scattered tumble weeds abound.
And all she wants is to fly away, fly to the sweet sun,
But she is broken down and it can't be undone.

Oh, let it go. Fall on down again just to save her soul.
Oh, let it go. Fall on down again. It might make her whole.

If you walk the lonely streets when the city quiets down,
You can see ghosts and misery. Casualties abound.
You shrug and say, "But we can fly away. Fly to the sweet sun."
I try to believe you now, as my heart comes undone.

Oh, let it go. Fall on down again to save my soul.
Oh, let it go. Fall on down again. It might make me whole.