

# September, Sacrifice

I heard you say you're living  
for the joy of giving  
But it's not that noble if you've got a motive  
Now it's goodbye, all I'm thinking now is goodbye

Hey, Mister Saint of nothing  
You're the king of bluffing  
'Cause you sepnd your loving  
Always wanting something  
And it's goodbye, all I'm feeling now is goodbye

Don't need your lame persuading,  
Now your star is fading  
You can toss that halo, 'cause your love's sale  
Oh, now it's goodbye, all I'm saying now is goodbye

So take a fall from heaven, wings on fire  
I'll be down here waiting

You've been a good ride baby, but you're overrated  
If you go giving it to be getting  
Then it ain't much of a sacrifice  
Good time, baby, but I'll catch you later  
If you're not working for what you're betting  
Then it ain't much of a sacrifice