

# The Cranberries, Sorry son

Sorry son, this is what I've done  
This is what I've done  
It was a long sad supper without you  
I had to be cruel to be kind  
We have to leave the past behind La la la  
And isn't it strange how people can change  
And isn't it weird how people I feared  
They all seem worthless now  
I will ride on my bicycle, I ride thinking of you  
As I'm riding on my tricycle, I ride  
I see the sun in the trees,  
And I feel the psychedelic breeze  
And I see the sun in the trees,  
And I feel the psychedelic breeze  
Sorry son, this is what I've done  
This is what I've done  
It was a long sad supper without you  
Please don't hold me responsible  
I tried and tried  
It wasn't the same without my brain  
It wasn't a game, it wasn't a game  
Oh not now  
I will ride on my bicycle, I ride thinking of you  
As I'm riding on my tricycle, I ride  
I see the sun in the trees,  
And I feel the psychedelic breeze  
I see the sun in the trees,  
And I feel the psychedelic breeze  
La la la , Sorry son, Oh I am so sorry son