

Fake Problems, Caravan Of Courage

You sleep in a separate town as I more or less
begin to drown in another night spent waking up.
I'll follow sirens home and grab you in my arms and scream "Just don't let go!"
The day comes crashing down, while the night moves through our veins.
We crash on to the shores of the same place we've been before,
and I feel as if we're washing up.
We stay up all night long and carry through 'til dawn in hopes that we get somewhere.
The day comes crashing down, as the night moves through our veins.
But we'll keep moving on with wagons tied and oxen fed,
and big dreams locked in our heads.