

# Planes Mistaken For Stars, Where The Arrow We

if i make it home with what i have left i'll never ever leave again.  
and i don't know if it was the weight of your words or the way you said my name.  
say my name.  
that sent me packing.  
i stagger away.  
if i never see your face again it won't kill me half as much as it will keep me alive.  
keep me alive.  
two hundred fifty miles and i still can't shake the thought of your place.  
the thought of you.  
the smell of you.  
the smell of your house.  
the thought of your face