

The Forecast, Broken Bottles

we're riding a low, a slow pace where we have to grow up
we're riding a low where the blood thins from those long nights
the room spins as i watch you turn
waiting for the words
we're so sick of being alone
so come over stay longer
wasting time on mistakes we've made
my eyes will tell you i haven't slept for days
we're riding a low, a slow pace where we have to crawl home
were riding a low, where nothing make us whole
so we'll bend our backs back to the start
and start again