

# 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