

A Small Victory, Hammer Strong

So hear, its your last chance to apologies
For all the things I've done wrong
And all these walks I walked alone
And all these terrifying nights I spent a lot
And you know that if I had it all
Every breath of your whispers good night
I would trade it all for the wind to sting our blood shot eyes
And sweep us off our tired feet and spins us around
So we can see if we're just walking circles
It gets cold on the shore and I'm not sure it gets much better
Where we are going so buckle up lock your door
Because here on out I'm driving and I've got the radio tuned
To the last station, you cried too well, baby
It gets warm tonight that's when you say
We'll bury the hatchet now well there's a soft spot
In my spine with your first through these walks
And your bones through flesh take a look at the mess we made