

Dolorean, Heather Remind Me How This Ends

Heather, I'm on a plane,
That I pray won't get off the ground.
It's a perfectly clear day,
But I have storm clouds in my mind.
It's so foolish why I do this,
Why I do it all again.
Heather, remind me how this ends.

Give me a few days,
and I'll be feeling fine.
I can't stop moving,
I move backwards in time,
To where I left you,
We're so good, we both pretend.
Heather, remind me how this ends.

~~Insturmental Part~~

When I call you up,
Check the timbre of your voice.
Don't let it drop,
When you hear your little boy.
Send money,
Every Friday,
On that you can depend.
Heather, remind me how this ends.
Heather, remind me how this ends.
Heather, remind me how this ends.