

# Fairweather, Lusitania

this tension is growing along with us.  
holding out. we feel it.  
its staying through storms and summers now. with no end.  
these days seem to shorten when you're here.  
but you're not here and this air stands still.  
hold anything to keep from letting go.  
attention is paid to this distance.  
the times that we are close we know how this feels alright.  
and it feels alright.  
so we'll wait for these weeks to come and slowly go.  
and it seems i never end up coming back home.  
but we're holding tighter now to what we want.  
there was a time when i meant this.  
give up now.