

Once Nothing, Juliet Or At Least What's Left Of H

I feel a west wind blowing in...telling me to start heading home
But I swallow hard and light another cigarette
Because I'm married to the road.
The hours move so fast when you try
To make a memory that will last
I'm writing this song by the glow of street lights
Everyone is passed out.
I'm waiting for the sky to catch fire, so I can keep moving.
Only two weeks left to make it right,
So I just keep moving.
Only two weeks left to make it right,
So you better still be waiting.
You better still be waiting.
I'm waiting for the sky to catch fire,
So I can keep moving.