

The Forecast, Every Gun Makes Its Own Tomb

drive!

let's get out of this mess

we can fall out into empty streets

and stumble for a place to meet

stop! stop talking

we have burned too many bridges now

we have to stop to think about this

before we give up

and fall into broken promises that are ten feet deep

and we always seem to sink

we need to be more honest than we ever have

we're sinking deep

now drink!

so we can spill more

secrets from past lives that have never died

and always seem to help us trip and fall

fall in love with

with these eyes of mine that cannot lie

for they have never shined this bright

but we'll keep dancing

around the truth that we're so scared to spill

so drink up baby i've had my fill

we need to be more honest than we ever have

we're sinking deep

we need to be more honest than we ever have

we're sinking deep