

The Forecast, Everything We Want To Be

wake up sweetie we have to work this out
the game has started and now we must catch up
unfaithful friends lets burn them down
because we don't have that much to count on now
the whiskey slurs that were purged on our lips
with the smoke that's clearing maybe we'll start to feel
it's been a long two years, lets start now
because we don't have that much to count on now
because we don't have that much to count on now