

# The Forecast, Helping Hands

it's in these letters that we write to our friends and family  
spilling secrets of our past, a brief history  
packed with pills, alcohol, and cuts that run so deep  
so we must stand up for the ones we love  
and give them hope before they fall down  
so they say i've lost and i've found, and i've found no way out  
of this mess that we have made  
so let me get this straight  
you want out  
or just to leave town