

The Forecast, I Lost Everything In Re-Entry

Can't you see
That these long nights on the phone
And these complaints make coming home
A little harder on the head
And heavier on the heart
We will rise again
We'll come back to meet our friends
(With miles behind our backs
And open road ahead)
And can't we fall asleep tonight
Without having to explain to each other
What we're about
I'll send some roses home to you
If that's what I have to do
To make it home
With us still intact