

The Forecast, Late Night Conversations

summer's gone, and I am waiting for
new beginnings with better endings
long nights for the sleep deprived
friends fading while falling in love
i'll write these letters to you
from a desk in my room that's bleeding truth
and i wont sleep so i'll have
no regrets to waste on you
we'll fight the good fight
waiting up
for the phone to ring off the hook
i've waited so long to hear
goodnight until sunrise
lets drink to our fallen friends
to our failures and our futures
wasted on the ride home
fight the feeling we're not alone
i got this feeling i can't shake
tonight
so i'll call you for the hundredth time
just asking for a reply