

The Forecast, Some Things Never Change

it's inside of three weeks
and I'm a boat out to sea
with no sails
I tried drinking nights away
it just brought on longer days
and blackouts
sleep well my dear
I'm waiting for your call it won't be long
'till we're hanging hopes from the stars
just call
sleep's been coming hard for me
because when I dream
it's of you
from the first day I made mistakes
and now I'm trying to pave my way
to your heart
sleep well my dear
sleep well my dear
I'm waiting for your call it won't be long
'till we're hanging hopes from the stars
just give me this
a slow dance
a last chance
to tell you everything you need to hear
because the phone calls
won't let me look you in the eyes
so I can tell you
sweetie
please stay
a slow dance
a last chance
to tell you everything you need to hear
because the phone calls
won't let me look you in the eyes
so I can tell you
sweetie
please stay