

The Morning Of, Let Your Spirit Soar

3 AM, A boy sits outside his house,
Lonely with his guitar.
But then he plays a melody that's so familiar,
It reminds him of who we are
So a vast to all of your hopes
And chase your dreams with all the things that you know
Live each day like it could be your last
Cause this world can be a cruel place
The more you give it seems the more you loose faith
So hold on tight and things will be just fine
Woahh
To the people that can hear us,
Here's a message that's unwinding.
Don't break hearts and try to shake hands,
Because we're living in a time of living's last chance.
Let your spirit soar.
Ooo yeah. Go!
Now it's half past three
And I can see the task that has been placed before me,
Don't live your life with regret
Because there will be things that you will miss.
To the people that can hear us,
Here's a message that's unwinding.
Don't break hearts and try to shake hands,
Because we're living in a time of living's last chance.
Let your spirit soar.
Don't break hearts and try to shake hands,
Because we're living in a time of living's last chance.
Let your spirit soar.
If you don't believe me,
I'll just keep my mouth shut.
Yeah, right. Woah.
4 AM, the boy can't fall asleep,
Cause his actions always haunts him in his dreams.
So heed his warning and don't break hearts.
Don't break hearts and try to shake hands,
Because we're living in a time of living's last chance.
Let your spirit soar. Woah