

Will Haven, Moving To Montana

Packing our bags, longing for the fresh air
Trapped in a landscape of too much
No we can't ever make you pleased

Now reproduce and build a home
Embrace the faith!

Our time filled, never to find one another,
We're passing ships, our binds enduring
Vying for a deep breath
We are drowning, choking on you
Now step back

Take a step back and remove yourselves from our lives
Just for - for once, no apologies
For choices your son, a man, has made

Don't make up For lost time
Families broken pressed and exposed
I roll over in my bed
I watch the sun rise and watch it set

Moving to Montana for fresh air
And some sort of peace for this young marriage shadowed by, by our love
Commitments left broken, fractured families lay before us
we will - we will make this work
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we will make this work
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