

A Plain Morning

Dashboard Confessional

It is yet to be determined
But the air is thick and my hope is feeling worn
I'm missing home and I'm glad you're not a part of this
There are parts of me that will be missed
And the phone is always dead to me
So I can't tell you the temperature is dropping and it feels like
It is colder than it ought to be in March
And I still have a day or two ahead of me
Till I'll be heading home into your arms again
And the people here are asking after you
It doesn't make it easier
It doesn't make it easier to be away
I'd like to hire a plane, I'd see you in the morning
When the day is fresh, I'm comin' home again
Comin' home again, comin' home again
When the day is fresh I'm comin' home again
It's warmer where you're waiting
It feels more like July
There's pillows in their cases and one of those is mine
As you wrote the words I love you and sprayed it with perfume
It is better than the fire is to heat this lonely room
It is warmer where you're waiting
It feels more like July, it feels more like July
And it is yet to be determined
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And the phone is always dead to me
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