

# Some Things Never Change

## The Forecast

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  
Sleep well, my dear I'm waiting for your call  
It won't be long  
'Til we're hanging hopes from the stars  
Just call  
Sleep's been coming hard for me  
Because when I dream, it's of you  
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  
'Til 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

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