Chicago

The Forecast

Never felt so warm in this room
80 degrees
Still to warm for me, gotta get out now
Someday, we will work it out
There is no deafening tomorrow
If today won't make a sound
We're racing for forever
Getting beaten with the past
Kiss me now
Make it last, let's make it
Never felt so cold in this heart
It breaks in the heat
I melt between the sheets, I'm sorry
You were right
You opened up my eyes, Chicago
Someday, we will figure out
The winds that swept across Chicago
Knocked us face first to the ground
We just got past the goal line
And we are starting back again
Forget me now
Make it fast, please make it fast

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