

Broken Bottles

The Forecast

we're riding a low, a slow pace where we have to grow up
we're riding a low where the blood thins from those long nights
 the room spins as i watch you turn
 waiting for the words
 we're so sick of being alone
 so come over stay longer
 wasting time on mistakes we've made
 my eyes will tell you i haven't slept for days
we're riding a low, a slow pace where we have to crawl home
 we're riding a low, where nothing make us whole
 so we'll bend our backs back to the start
 and start again

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