

Plain Morning

Dashboard Confessional

It's 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's 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's colder than it oughtta be in March
And I've still got 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
And see you in the morning
When the day is fresh I'm coming home again

Coming home again
Coming home again
When the day is fresh I'm coming 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

She wrote the words I love you
And sprayed it with perfume
Its better than the fire is
To heat this lonely room

It's warmer where you're waiting
It feels more like July

It feels more like July

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