

# A Way With Words

## Calling All Captains

Well I guess I'm not the only one who has issues letting go  
Cause I'm desperately trying to hold on to what's left of my past  
My heart could run a marathon when I see your smile in old photographs  
The look on your face screams that you're sad but don't worry darling  
Those light eyes,  
They'll never burn out And it seems like my idea  
Of what feels like home is slipping away  
Out of my hands and I keep holding, I keep holding on to Well I could tell you weren't satisfied, cause I'm a  
fucking screw up  
So here's the mess of words I've piled into a song for you  
And could you tell that I'm trying?  
It's just my way with words is completely obsolete  
And I've been thinking about letting go And it seems like my idea  
Of what feels like home is slipping away  
Out of my hands and I keep holding, I keep holding on to (woah oh oh oh oh)  
and I keep holding, I keep holding on to  
(woah oh oh oh oh)  
and I keep holding, I keep holding on to And it seems like my idea  
Of what feels like home is slipping away  
Out of my hands and I keep holding, I keep holding on to And it seems like my idea  
Of what feels like home is slipping away  
Out of my hands and I keep holding, I keep holding on to

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