One Hundred Percent

The Forecast

Giving in to the comforts of an empty room
I'm so afraid of losing all the faith I have in you
Starlight will guide us home under the dark sky
So wait for me

I confess as soon as we met
I gave you my best one hundred percent of me
Smoke is rising faster and we'll fall behind
Wait this out with me

Slowly crawling back to what we left behind
Waiting now we're wasted
And in my head I feel undressed
I'm hanging by a thread

Locked down shut out and your smile's
Just throwing fuel on the fire

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