

# Forlorn

## Weather Report

darling, you've grown tired of me  
when i catch your eye  
it's all that i can see  
and now i hear every word you say  
but i can't see where you are  
one day, when we've both settled down  
we may meet again, in some long forgotten town  
gone, the years of wandering around  
and finally ascend that future seat  
we'll make ends meet  
as long as there's ( an end  
an answer ) can be hard to figure out  
yet soon we shall see  
the fine print's meant to blur your eyes  
there are things they don't want you to read  
but one thing will always remain clear  
i'm not here, and you were meant for me  
we'll make it out in time  
and find that when we do  
it will always have been here  
someday we'll take that future seat  
we'll make ends meet  
as long as there's ( an end  
an answer ) can be hard to figure out  
yet soon we shall read  
the bright light's meant to burn your eyes  
there are things they don't want you to say  
but one thing will always remain clear  
i'm not here, and you weren't meant for me  
we'll make it out in time  
and find that when we do  
we'll always have been here  
you weren't meant for me

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