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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