Helping Hands

The Forecast

It's in these letters that we write
To our friends and family
Spilling secrets of our past
A brief history
Packed with pills, alcohol
And cuts that'll run so deepSo we must stand up
For the ones we love
And give them hope
Before they fall downSo they say, I've lost and I've found
And I've found no way out
Of this mess that we have made
So let me get this straight
You want out
Or just to leave townSo we must stand up
For the ones we love
And give them hope
Before they fallAnd we must stand up
For the ones we love
And give them hope
Before they fall down

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