

Everything We Want To Be

The Forecast

Wake up, sweetie, we have to work this out
The game has started and now we must catch up
Unfaithful friends, let's burn 'em down
'Cause we don't have that much to count on now, ooh Whiskey slurs that were purged on our lips
With the smoke that's clearing, maybe we'll start to feel
It's been a long two years, let's start now
'Cause we don't have that much to count on now, ooh 'Cause we don't have that much to count on now

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