

Lusitania

Fairweather

This tension is growing along with us, holding out,
we feel it, It stays through storms and summers now,
with no end. These days seem to shorten when you stand here,
but you're no here and this air stands still,
hold anything to keep from letting go, Attention is paid to this
distance, The times that we are close we know how this feels
alright, and it feels alright, so we'll wait for these weeks to come
and slowly g, and it seems I never end up coming back home,
but we're holding tighter now to what we want, there was a
time when I meant this
Give up now.

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