Patterns

Riley Pearce

Listen to the rain we hear from in the car,
Slow down your breathing my dear.
And like the rain, the world is way too fast too catch,
These moments that fly past our reach.Somewhere along this road,
We lost ourselves, we lost ourselves
Down this open road
We lost ourselves, we lost ourselves
When those patterns followed us homeIn these old and broken bones,
Time will fix it but it ages our souls.
And we'll go to the places we still call home.Somewhere along this road,
We lost ourselves, we lost ourselves.
Down this open road,
We lost ourselves, we lost ourselves,
When those patterns followed us home.
Somewhere along this road,
We lost ourselves, we lost ourselves.
Down this open road,
We lost ourselves, we lost ourselves,
When those patterns,
When those patterns,
When those patterns followed us home.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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