

Gratitude, Last

Here we go again, beat and stuck up and spent and
Saving for rent on our blood red homes,
Cos a dream with no color,
Well why even bother.

And we know that it won't last, but we force it and force it, and the
Time just proves too much,
And we're wearing down, wearing down again.

Should have been fall, with the memories of summer,
The burn of the sun and the cold, oh, fall,
You're a comfortable lover but I just cant take all the decay.

It's okay if you don't show, but I want you do know you're invited.
It's okay to feel the cold, but I want you to know that I'm inside.