

## **Tomorrows Rumor**

### **"Search Rescue"**

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I'll be home before you know it.  
My voice as cold as late December air.  
Hollow words, and I proceed to bend the truth.  
My tone is indirect and condescending  
when I say, "We can work this out soon"  
Begging, pleading, practically causing a scene,  
I ignore every breath you take.  
It's quarter after nine o' clock and something has gone  
terribly wrong.  
Hollow words, prepare myself for bad news.  
Here's the perfect time to be sincere.  
I'll spill my heart, but you'll never hear.  
Loose lipped and lacking passion.  
I'll call it turbulence,  
More like a death sentence.  
Steady as she goes, we're going down.  
Stay your coarse girl.  
Down without a fight, we're helpless.  
God help us.  
My brain feels like it's soaked in Novocain.  
My heart beats frantic, shear romantic pain.  
And, so our story goes unfinished,  
I swear to you if I had just one wish,  
It'd be you never know.  
Another unsuccessful search and rescue

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