

A Small Victory "Hammer Strong"

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so hear its your last chance to apologies for all the things i've done wrong and all these walks i walked alone and all these terrifying nights i spent alot and you know that if i had it all, every breath of your whispers good night, i would trade it all for the wind to sting our blood shot eyes and sweep us off our tired feet and spins us around so we can see if we're just walking circles it gets cold on the shore and i'm not sure it gets much better where we are going so buckle up lock your door because here on out i'm driving and i've got the radio tuned to the last stationg you cried to well baby it gets warm tonight thats when you say we'll bury the hatchet now well theres a soft spot in my spine with your first through these walks and your bones through flesh take a look at the mess we made

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