Dashboard Confessional "July"

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It's yet to be determined but the air is thick and my hope is feeling worn i'm missing home and i'm glad you're not a part of this there's parts of me that will be missed and the phone is always dead to me so I can't tell you the tempurature is dropping and it feels like it's colder than it oughta be in march and i've still got a day or two ahead of me till i'll be heading home into your arms, again and the people here are asking after you it doesn't make it easier it doesn't make it easier to be away I'd like to hire a plane and see you in the morning when the day is fresh, i'm coming home again coming home again coming home again when the day is fresh, i'm coming home again well, it's warmer where you're waiting it feels more like july there's pillows in their cases and one of those is mine and you wrote the words, "I love you" and sprayed it with perfume it's better than the fire is to heat this lonely room

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