

Fairweather "Lusitania"

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This tension is growing along with us, holding out,
we feel it, It stays through storms and summers now,
with no end. These days seem to shorten when you
stand here,
but you're no here and this air stands still,
hold anything to keep from letting go, Attention is paid
to this
distance, The times that we are close we know how this
feels
alright, and it feels alright, so we'll wait for these
weeks to come
and slowly g, and it seems I never end up coming back
home,
but we're holding tighter now to what we want, there
was a

time when I meant this
Give up now.

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