

Fallbrooke "Condition: Response"

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Sound the bells
I'm coming home
As far as I can tell
I'm not alone
I'm sick and tired of all the chasing
Wasting days into blur
Til I can't remember...

Are we ever really gonna be all the things expected
from us?
Between the lights that cover you and me
We're blinded to the black and white
Oh I don't even know what's up with me.
I'm counting down the hours
Oh I need to feel the presence
I need to feel you next to me
Right here... right here... right here (yeah)

Break a glass
Tonight I'm breaking free
I knew you'd bring me back
To life again.
I'm sick and tired of all the faking
Wasting days I'll never get back
Are we ever really gonna be all the things expected
from us?
Between the lights that cover you and me
We're blinded to the black and white
Oh I don't even know what's up with me.
I'm counting down the hours
Oh I need to feel the presence
I need to feel you next to me
Right here... right here... right here (Yeah)

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Right here... right here... right here

Right here

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