

## Forecast

# "Broken Bottles"

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We're riding a low  
A slow pace where we have to grow up  
We're riding a low  
Where the blood thins from those long nights

The room spins as I watch you turn  
Waiting for the words  
The room spins as I watch you turn  
Waiting for the words

We're so sick of being alone  
Come over, stay longer  
We're so sick of being alone  
Come over, stay longer  
Wasting time on mistakes we've made  
My eyes will tell you I haven't slept for days

We're riding a low  
A slow pace where we have to crawl home  
Were riding a low  
Where nothing seems to make us whole

We'll bend our backs back to the start  
And start again  
We'll bend our backs back to the start  
And start again

We're so sick of being alone  
Come over, stay longer  
We're so sick of being alone  
Come over, stay longer  
Wasting time on mistakes we've made  
My eyes will tell you I haven't slept for days

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