

Forecast "Chicago"

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Never felt so warm in this room

80 degrees

Still too warm for me, gotta get out now

Someday, we will work it out

There is no deafening tomorrow

If today won't make a sound

We're racing for forever

Getting beaten with the past

Kiss me now

Make it last, let's make it

Never felt so cold in this heart

It breaks in the heat

I melt between the sheets, I'm sorry

You were right

You opened up my eyes, Chicago

Someday, we will figure out

The winds that swept across Chicago

Knocked us face first to the ground

We just got past the goal line

And we are starting back again

Forget me now

Make it fast, please make it fast

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