Dasboard confessional ''Plain morning''

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It's yet to be determined.

But the air is thick and my hope is feeling warm. I'm missing home and I'm glad you're not a part of this. These parts of me that will be missed.

And the phone is always dead to me.
So I can tell you the temperature is dropping and it feels like it's colder than it ought to be in March.
And I 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 hail a plane and see you in the morning.

And when the day is fresh, I'm coming home again. I'm coming home again.
Coming home again.
And when the day is fresh I'm coming home again.

But it's warmer where your waiting, it feels more like July.

There's pillows in their cases and one of those is mine. She wrote the words, "I Love you," and sprayed it with perfume.

It's better than the fire is to heat this lonely room. It's warmer where you're waiting It feels more like July. It feels more like July.

It's yet to be determined.
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These parts of me that will be missed.

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