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The 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 we're so sick of being alone so 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 make us whole so we'll bend our backs back to the start and start again

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