

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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