

The Forecast

"Late Night Conversations"

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Summer's gone and I am waiting
For new beginnings with better endings
Long nights for the sleep deprived
Friends fading while falling in love

I'll write these letters to you
From a desk in a room that's bleeding truth
And I won't sleep so I'll have
No regrets to waste on you

We'll fight the good fight, the good fight
Waiting up for the phone to ring off the hook
I've waited so long to hear
Goodnight until sunrise

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Let's drink to our fallen friends
To our failures and our futures
Wasted, on the ride home
Fight the feeling, we're not alone

I got this feeling I can't shake tonight
So I'll call you for the hundredth time
Just asking for a reply

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