

The Forecast

"Some Things Never Change"

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It's inside of three weeks
And I'm a boat out to sea with no sails
I tried drinking nights away
It just brought on longer days and blackouts

Sleep well, my dear
Sleep well, my dear

I'm waiting for your call
It won't be long
'Til we're hanging hopes from the stars
Just call

Sleep's been coming hard for me
Because when I dream, it's of you
The first day I made mistakes
And now I'm trying to pave my way to your heart

Sleep well, my dear
Sleep well, my dear

I'm waiting for your call
It won't be long
'Til we're hanging hopes from the stars
Just give me this

A slow dance, a last chance
To tell you everything you need to hear
Because the phone calls, won't let me look you in the
eyes
So I can tell you, sweetie, please stay

A slow dance, a last chance
To tell you everything you need to hear
Because the phone calls, won't let me look you in the
eyes
So I can tell you, sweetie, please stay

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