

Keep This

Make Do and Mend

We let the years pass and shatter us like glass.
We let our ships crash against the banks of our regret.
It's not that I can't grasp all of the things we let collapse,
I just wonder what's the sense in looking back

'Cause I don't think there's something I would trade
For the food stamps and the rent we barely make.
So maybe I'm fucking up, but that's a chance I'm going to take.
I'm just waiting for the rain to clean my slate.

It's so hard to believe that by December we'll see Europe
While my friends at home are decorating trees.
And this gift that I've received comes instruction free,
And that's exactly how I want my life to be.

So I don't think there's something I would trade
For the phone calls and the time I've spend awake.
'Cause last night I lied awake and watched her sleeping next to
me,
And as each breath left her chest it occurred to me...

I don't think there's something I would trade
For the endless list of the mistakes I've made.
Maybe I'm fucking up, but I think that that's ok,
Just so long as I'm learning every day.