

Timing Is Everything

Our Last Night

The key's in the ignition
We're going home, going home
And there's nowhere to go but home
There's nowhere to go

Timing is everything we need
It is the only thing that's keeping us from leaving

Trust me, trust me
We'll be there soon
We'll be there soon

Our wheels are stuck in the mud
Our wheels are stuck in the mud
And with the storm rolling in,
It looks like this could be the end
It looks like this could be the end

There's a gaping hole, it's so big
The pressure in my chest, the pressure in my chest
It won't let go, it won't let go
There's a gaping hole, it's so big

Make me believe
And give me a taste of what this could be
Make me believe
And trust me, we'll be there, we'll be there soon

Timing is everything we need
It is the only thing that's keeping us from leaving

And we promise to never, to never write
Instead of selling my soul, I'm giving it away
Instead of selling my soul, I'm giving it away

Make me believe
And give me a taste of what this could be
Make me believe
And trust me, we'll be there, we'll be there soon

I'm breathing,
God I hope I'm breathing
Keep your hands on my chest and wait for a beat
I'll keep your trust in my arms and pain in my feet
I'm breathing,
God I hope I'm breathing
I'm breathing,
God I hope I'm breathing

Make me believe
And give me a taste of what this could be
Make me believe
Make me believe
And give me a taste of what this could be
Make me believe
And trust me we'll be there soon