

Where The Arrow Went Out

Planes Mistaken For Stars

If I make it home with what I have left I'll never ever leave a gain.
And I don't know if it was the weight of your words or the way you said my name.
Say my name.
That sent me packing.
I stagger away.
If I never see your face again it won't kill me half as much as it will keep me alive.
Keep me alive.
Two hundred fifty miles and I still can't shake the thought of your place.
The thought of you.
The smell of you.
The smell of your house.
The thought of your face