

## 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