

Celebrate

The Dirty Heads

Mom, if you can hear me, I think I made it
Twenty thousand fans from the stage, I'm standing on
I want you to know I appreciate it
One day I'll come home we can celebrate
Mom, I gotta go, the curtain's calling
All the way from Rome, I'm really sorry
Tell my little sister I said hey
One day I'll come home we can celebrate

Yeah these late nights and these long drives
Full moons under dark skies
Tears fall behind phone screens
Lonely hearts lead to bad dreams
I wish that I could be there for you
I hope that life will be fair for you
It's hard to sleep cause I'm always thinking
And passing out off a codeine
And I hope you know that I'm not complaining
I hope you know I appreciate it
Every day is just filled with love
Man everyday is just thanks and praises but
Memories of your birthday
They get me in the worst ways
When you say dad it's okay
When you get home we can celebrate

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Not the money, not the fame
Love the struggle, love the pain
After all that we have gained
We realize we're all the same
Sacrifice my brothers cried
We've been gone when family died
Losing my focus symphonies open
Singing my opus just think for a moment
One day I'll get home we can throw a big party
Invite other people that helped us get started
To all of your artists that feel like a martyr
Don't ever give up, you just gotta go harder

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Every night feels like another weekend
Keep pretending that it's easy
Sold my soul for a wrecking ball
A shot at the moon but I mostly fall

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