

# 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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