

West Coast

The Forecast

the sun is peeking over the ocean
and i can't remember how this felt
but now i know you have to blur the lines
we're waiting for fate to open up our eyes
it's a long drive for a long goodbye
my words are worthless and vaguely painted red
what did you say to me boy
you have nothing left to prove

then what are you running from my dear
secrets i've packed away that I can't even explain
we can talk this out
no we can't so
stay away boy
my heart is an empty room
can you tell me how we came to this
so broken we never could be fixed
how our memories just seem to swell the west coast is
growing old
while we are sitting growing cold and now it seems all we
have left to do is sing
my heart is an empty room