

On Your Porch

The Format

I was on your porch, the smoke sank into my skin.
So, I came inside to be with you.
And we talked all night
About everything we could imagine.

'Cause come the morning I'll be gone
And as our eyes start to close
I turn to you and I let you know that I love you

Well, my dad was sick,
And my mom—she cared for him.
Her love—it nursed him back to life.
And me—I ran. I couldn't even look at him
For fear I'd have to say goodbye.

And as I start to leave
He grabs me by the shoulder and he tells me,
"What's left to lose? You've done enough.
And if you fail, well, then you fail, but not to us.
'Cause these last three years—I know they've been hard.
But now it's time to get out of the desert and into the sun;
Even if it's alone."

So, now here I sit in a hotel off of Sunset;
My thoughts bounce off of Sam's guitar.
And that's the way it's been
Ever since we were kids, but now,
Now we've got something to prove.
And I, I can see their eyes,
But tell me something, can they see mine?

'Cause what's left to lose?
I've done enough.
And if I fail, well, then I fail but I gave it a shot.
And these last three years—I know they've been hard.
But now it's time to get out of the desert and into the sun;
Even if it's alone.

Even if it's alone
I was on your porch last night, the smoke it sank into my skin.