

Days of Punched In

The Saddest Landscape

You said you were tired
Tired of this life
With days of punched in and nights not over until dawn,
You were ready to burn all the bridges
You were ready to start again.
This is our call,
Our call to do better.
And we are sick,
Sick of being less than.
Tell me all of your fears
I'll show you that you are not alone,
One arm around you and one hand on the wheel
We are going to work with what we've got,
There are no goodbyes if we go together.
Let's be daring we have to believe in something so why not this
?
Why not us?
The future is ours.