

Roads That Don't End and Views That Never Cease

We Came As Romans

You are so far away,
And it strains on me to hear your voice everyday.
You never know what you have until you're gone,
So when it's over and I'm on my way back home,
It feels like days and days before I'm next to you again.

This is how we love.

You're so far away,
And this is where I'll always be,
On the road that doesn't end,
And the views they never cease,
With a feeling bittersweet.
I'm counting down the days, we're counting down the days.

Beat up and broken down,
From the wear of it all,
But I can barely notice because this means too much to me.
You're so far, so far away.
This means too much to me.

You're so far,
You're so far,
You're so far,
You're so far away.

And this is where I'll always be,
On the road that doesn't end,
And the views they never cease,
With a feeling bittersweet.
I'm counting down the days, we're counting down the days.

This is how we love.

I believe I can take this strain.
You never know what you have until you're gone,
You're far away,
But this is where I will always be.
This is where I will always be.

So when it's over,
And I'm on my way back home,
I realize I'll be gone in another day,
But twenty-four hours can last me for months.
Maybe I can't take this strain.

I have thought about it every night,
(And this is where I will always be)
In different places where I rest my mind,
(On the road that doesn't end)
And when I'm waking it all remains.

You never know what you have until you're gone,
But you're are the reason for me,
That I can do this consistently.

So far away.

This is how we love.
You're so far away.
This is how we love.