

Martin Sheen or JFK

Yellowcard

Here it is one more glass for these broken hands
Goes down for you
I've fallen in I sink then swallow I never meant
To see this trough

I'm taking them all taking them all back for good
To a place where I know that I'm safe
Then I can fall then I could fall where I should
In a bottle with all my mistakes

All the days since I've landed I lost the way
To find my truth
You float away and leave me stranded
What's left to say
I'll hurt for you

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In a bottle with all my mistakes

I could sleep but when I wake here
You'd still be gone
And you're my air
I could breathe if you would stay here for another song
So I could stare

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