

Do you think that you mean it more
When the words run like thieves from your door
And you promise yourself that one day it will be alright like i
t did before?
Do you still thank your lucky stars?
Count your blessings and shuffle your cards,
'Cause the lights in the sky are just planes flying over our he
ads to Sky Harbour.

Life won't wait.
I suggest you be on your way.

All I ask:
Ignore the sense of confidence I lack.

Do you think that it goes away
When the night turns flat green and grey
And you promise yourself that the hours you owed to regret didn
't go to waste?
All is well with the end it takes.
Hard to tell but the harder you shake
The harder it gets to remember there's nothing that's worth nea
rly what you paid.

All I ask:
Ignore the sense of confidence I lack.
If all we're worth to anyone is another year's worth of damage
done,
The farthest they can get won't be far enough.