

## West Coast

### The Forecast

the sun is peeking over the ocean  
and i can't remember how this felt  
but now i know you have to blur the lines  
we're waiting for fate to open up our eyes  
it's a long drive for a long goodbye  
my words are worthless and vaguely painted red  
what did you say to me boy  
you have nothing left to prove

then what are you running from my dear  
secrets i've packed away that I can't even explain  
we can talk this out  
no we can't so  
stay away boy  
my heart is an empty room  
can you tell me how we came to this  
so broken we never could be fixed  
how our memories just seem to swell the west coast is  
growing old  
while we are sitting growing cold and now it seems all we  
have left to do is sing  
my heart is an empty room