

By the time that you read this,  
I'll be touching down halfway across the world

The open road is aching for my return  
My resignation, my resurrection  
So many things I cannot miss  
I hope my friends will remember me as this

Burn, burn (burn, burn)  
Like roman candles in June  
Burn, burn (burn, burn)  
The brightest flame burned out too soon

By the time that you read this I'll be crossing a distant galaxy  
Falling to Earth; a sad astronaut in the web of gravity  
No reservations, just revelations  
So many things I cannot miss  
I hope my friends will remember me as this

Burn, burn (burn, burn)  
Like roman candles in June  
Burn, burn (burn, burn)  
The brightest flame burned out too soon

I smuggle all of my friends in my pockets everywhere I go  
They are the wind at my back  
This is where I belong

Burn, burn  
To all those nights that we shared  
Burn, burn  
We'll raise our drinks in the air  
Burn, burn  
To a life that just ended too soon  
This is where you belong