

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