

Alaska

Caitlyn Smith

I'm terrified we'll end up like my parents
Together but alone
I'm lost in my head, and it's a wilderness
And I've never felt the winter quite this cold

But you're in the next room over
Drinking tequila on ice
And I'd be six months sober
If you were my vice

And if your walls were mountains
I would shake you like an earthquake
'Cause baby, your heart's in another place
When you look at me, boy, you might as well be in Alaska

Empty wine glasses, leaky air mattress
And all the wild nights we spent
Feeling so in love, we couldn't get close enough
I wonder where the hell that went

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And I'd be six months sober
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When you look at me, boy, you might as well be in Alaska

I always pictured us tangled up somewhere south of the border
Oh, and what I'd give to fix all this and feel you closer

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