

A Way With Words

Calling All Captains

Well I guess I'm not the only one who has issues letting go
Cause I'm desperately trying to hold on to what's left of my past

My heart could run a marathon when I see your smile in old photographs

The look on your face screams that you're sad but don't worry darling

Those light eyes,

They'll never burn out

And it seems like my idea

Of what feels like home is slipping away

Out of my hands and I keep holding, I keep holding on to

Well I could tell you weren't satisfied, cause I'm a fucking screw up

So here's the mess of words I've piled into a song for you

And could you tell that I'm trying?

It's just my way with words is completely obsolete

And I've been thinking about letting go

And it seems like my idea

Of what feels like home is slipping away

Out of my hands and I keep holding, I keep holding on to

(Woah oh oh oh oh)

And I keep holding, I keep holding on to

(Woah oh oh oh oh)

And I keep holding, I keep holding on to

And it seems like my idea

Of what feels like home is slipping away

Out of my hands and I keep holding, I keep holding on to

And it seems like my idea

Of what feels like home is slipping away

Out of my hands and I keep holding, I keep holding on to