

I feel like a 737  
Painted over and over again  
Until the paint gets too heavy  
Grounded there, no company on my side

I feel like a rover alone  
Singing happy birthday  
To itself on mars  
My battery is low and it's getting dark

I can't do this alone  
I can't

I feel like I'm just proud to be your friend  
To sit beside you  
While the paint gets too heavy  
I love you all, and thank you

I can't do this alone  
I can't (do this alone)

The planes that never fly  
The debt that never dies  
The beacons never light  
The moon stays in the sky  
The lightning never strikes  
The homes I left behind  
The floors I'll never find  
The eyes that never cry

The love never believed  
The dead who never speak  
The spells we're whispering  
Draw your moon to me  
Draw your moon to me