

Pens and Needles

Hawthorne Heights

I miss you most on winter mornings
as we drift we slip through evenings, whoa-oh
we drive into the cold and dark with fingers crossed
I follow your lies to avoid from getting lost

And all I had was the memory of what was
so let's pretend it never mattered to us
I hope this message finds you well
I never thought I'd live to tell

Just to survive we do what we can
we read the maps and signs, and we make the plans
by our design I write it down to get me by
the worst time in my life

And all I had was the memory of what was
so lets pretend it never mattered to us
I hope this message finds you well
I never thought I'd live to tell
what's a dream and what is real, the way I really feel

I hope this message finds you well
I never thought I'd live to tell
what's a dream and what is real?
so let's pretend this is the ending (ending...ending)
to the message i've been sending (sending...sending)

And all I had was the memory of what was
so lets pretend it never mattered to us
I hope this message finds you well
I never thought I'd live to tell
what's a dream and what is real, the way I really feel