

Another year
What can I do with this time here?
Just another way to keep me alarmed

Year twenty-seven under my belt
I just wish that I could do what I want

Beneath the clouds
There is a storm
Raining down
To the core

Mellow people In their space
Everything's about to change

I think we're here for a reason
We're not misplaced or defeated
I think we're here for a reason

I think you're here for a reason

I hurt you most
I didn't want that
Sometimes fate has its plans for us
For us

I'm riding the wave till the end
Once it's over hope that you go ahead and press send
Couple messages go straight to my phone
That you love me so but I'm already gone

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