

## Antidote

Jon Foreman

The ocean is my favorite conversation  
She doesn't interrupt or judge my tone  
So I talk to her at night when my head's not feeling right  
So much better than just staring at my phone

I've only just begun to name the feeling  
That comes creeping in my head when I'm alone  
Is it fear or my depression keeps me up at night with questions  
?  
Like, "Who am I?" and "Why don't I already know?"

Is there an antidote  
For the feelings that won't let me go?  
Open arms and open roads  
Won't you come and take me home?

There's a thread that pulls the night until forever  
Dividing where I've been and seeds I've not yet sown  
Between the meaning and the fiction, I'll suspend my predilecti  
on  
With all the secrets that tomorrow only knows

When the wind out in the canyon meets a fire  
And the burning in the darkness starts to grow  
It don't matter your intentions with all these late-  
night interventions  
When the burning world's the one you used to know

Is there an antidote  
For the feelings that won't let me go?  
Open arms and open roads  
Won't you come and take me home?

Is there a remedy  
For all the broken parts of me?  
The versions that I'll never be  
Won't you come and take me home?