

## Storrow

### Make Do and Mend

Do you think that you mean it more  
When the words run like thieves from your door  
And you promise yourself that one day it will be alright like i  
t did before?  
Do you still thank your lucky stars?  
Count your blessings and shuffle your cards,  
'Cause the lights in the sky are just planes flying over our he  
ads to Sky Harbour.

Life won't wait.  
I suggest you be on your way.

All I ask:  
Ignore the sense of confidence I lack.

Do you think that it goes away  
When the night turns flat green and grey  
And you promise yourself that the hours you owed to regret didn  
't go to waste?  
All is well with the end it takes.  
Hard to tell but the harder you shake  
The harder it gets to remember there's nothing that's worth nea  
rly what you paid.

All I ask:  
Ignore the sense of confidence I lack.  
If all we're worth to anyone is another year's worth of damage  
done,  
The farthest they can get won't be far enough.