

Mexico

Michigander

Dusty couches, empty rooms cause no ones home
I don't love it, but I know I'll have to go

Pull your punches, I don't wanna feel the pain
I'm not nervous, cause God is watching over me

And I know that I'll be ok
And I know that I'll be just fine

Your cars in the driveway, but I know that you're not home
Two thousand miles aways, just south of Mexico

But I know that you'll be ok
And I know that you'll be just fine

I can hear your voice calling through my walls
I can hear your voice calling through my window