

Tacoma

Passafire

I'm back on West Coast time, baby
You don't have to wait up for me
I was gonna call and tell a lie anyway
I'm thinking of the explanation that I owe you
But we aren't even past Tacoma
Need another hundred miles to think it out
Just don't make me make a decision
Make me miss what I'm missing
I've been doing alright
I'm back on East Coast time, baby
You don't have to wake up for me
I was gonna tell you I was fine anyway
I'm thinking of a way to tell you how I know her
But we aren't even out of Georgia
Need another thousand miles to think it out
Just don't make me make a decision

Make me miss what I'm missing
I've been doing alright
Just don't make me make a decision
Make me miss what I'm missing
I've been doing alright
I still pretend to hold you as I fall asleep
I still go to grab you after a bad dream
Can't help but keep on playing with that candle flame
I hold on one second too long and it burns me
Yeah it burns me
Just make me make a decision
Make me miss what I'm missing
I'm not doing alright
Please make me make a decision
Make me miss what I'm missing
I'm not doing alright
I'm not doing alright
I'm not doing alright