

Every Gun Makes Its Own Tomb

The Forecast

drive!
let's get out of this mess
we can fall out into empty streets
and stumble for a place to meet
stop! stop talking
we have burned too many bridges now
we have to stop to think about this
before we give up
and fall into broken promises that are ten feet deep
and we always seem to sink
we need to be more honest than we ever have
we're sinking deep
now drink!
so we can spill more
secrets from past lives that have never died
and always seem to help us trip and fall
fall in love with
with these eyes of mine that cannot lie
for they have never shined this bright
but we'll keep dancing
around the truth that we're so scared to spill
so drink up baby i've had my fill
we need to be more honest than we ever have
we're sinking deep
we need to be more honest than we ever have
we're sinking deep