

I could see my breath in the cold June morning air
The sun was pouring in over your mother's hair
I was biting my bottom lip and speaking with walls
I was holding with a white knuckled grip
What wasn't mine anymore

All I have wanted was those sweet words you said
Living is when you're broken like bread
Oh, how those sweet Billows roll
Carry me, carry me, carry me home

We were waiting like sailors for the edge of the land
Taming my life with the ropes in my hands
We thought it so bitter, dark clouds taking clear skies
Turns out the rain gave us life

All I have wanted was those sweet words you said
Living is when you're broken like bread
Oh, how those sweet Billows roll
Carry me, carry me, carry me home

No matter how hard I tried
Wrestle the helm from the waves of life
Just because we're breathing doesn't mean we're alive
You're the sweetest reason I've come to find

All I have wanted was those sweet words that said
Living is when you're broken like bread
Oh, how those sweet Billows roll
And carry me, carry me, carry me home

Sweet Billows Roll
And carry me, carry me, carry me home
Carry me, carry me, carry me home
Carry me, carry me, carry me home