

THE WAY BACK

Last night the sky was falling
for the third night in a row
And today like every morning
I'll pick it up and go

I lift it back up slowly
but the clouds are closing in
and the air is getting thin
I squeeze through a meteor storm
and find my way back home

Last night the wolf was coming
for the third night in a row
and the echoes of the cry, yeah
are still bouncing off the wall

I know I can't control it
but the walls are closing in
and the air is getting thin
I slip through a crack in the floor
and try to find my way back home
but the air is getting thin
and the clouds are closing in
and just as I begin to
slowly drift away through the meteor storm
I find my way back home

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