THE WAY WE’RE GOING
Hanna Eyre

Busy, her hands, her day, her mind
Is she tired of constantly distracting
Herself from all her fears?
That can’t be me
Those eyes in the rearview mirror

I make some dumb observation
Can we just laugh at the situation?

CHORUS
“We’re going this way
‘Cause that’s the way we’re going”
He’ll say, “Wow, that’s deep”
And it’s snowing out the window
Not quite hopeless, but I’m close

I’m going this way
‘Cause that’s the way I’m going
My brain turns me against me
‘Till I’m not sure how much it takes
To make me hurt, and I’ll break

“But you can write a killer song”
But what’s the point if I do everything else wrong?

She chooses to lower her eyes
Bruises, like film strips, develop overnight
It’s hard to bring up
What will she lose if
The story’s not enough?

So I make some dumb observation
Can we just laugh at the situation?

CHORUS

There’s only so many ways this can go
Not sure if I have the right words to show you
Can’t take back or make up my mistakes
The threats I make to myself just aren’t as empty
As they should be, maybe my sense has left me
Crash this car just to stay awake
“But you can write a killer song”
But what’s the point

CHORUS
I’m going this way
‘Cause that’s the way I’m going
My brain turns me against me
‘Till I’m not sure how much it takes
And I’ll hurt me ‘till I break

“We’re going this way
‘Cause that’s the way we’re going”
He’ll say, “Man, that’s deep”
And it’s snowing out the window
Snowing out the window
Snowing out the window
Just snow out the window