

# The Forecast, Chicago

Never felt so warm in this room  
80 degrees  
Still to warm for me, gotta get out now  
Someday, we will work it out  
There is no deafening tomorrow  
If today won't make a sound  
We're racing for forever  
Getting beaten with the past  
Kiss me now  
Make it last, let's make it  
Never felt so cold in this heart  
It breaks in the heat  
I melt between the sheets, I'm sorry  
You were right  
You opened up my eyes, Chicago  
Someday, we will figure out  
The winds that swept across Chicago  
Knocked us face first to the ground  
We just got past the goal line  
And we are starting back again  
Forget me now  
Make it fast, please make it fast