

Infinite Chances

A Lot Like Birds

When I look back at all the times that I somehow let you pass me by
I was so convinced that we'd align, so convinced that we'd remain
I think a part of me is still so sure, if I somehow found the words
I could make it all better, you could call on me because

If it's all bad but you live with it
When you know it's not right, then come home
If it's all bad, if you're miserable
You have me to fall on

And now that everything is pulled apart, I can't help but replay the start
If I'd only said a certain thing; if I'd done things differently
He picked you up when you were weak enough, gave attention shaped like love
Made you almost something, sold you in on giving up

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If it's all bad, if you're miserable
You have me to fall on

I'm not convinced it's over, don't know what else to do
I'm not convinced he's closer
That he will ever be the way you thought of me

I always thought I would have the advantage
That I could take you for granted and still take you far away,
make you mine again - make up for all of this
I know things never worked out how we planned them
Thought the infinite chances had still surrounded me - that you're bound to me the way I'm bound to you

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If it's not right, then come home