

3sks "Chance"

Visit "[Chance](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He's an ordinary person
Just an underprivileged man
Who's really made a mess of things
Just doing the best he can
He's never played his cards right
Why does he play at all
Ending everything would be just the same
As standing inside this wall

Here is the church
And here is the steeple
He opens all the doors saying
Why are all these fancy people staring at me
Why won't you come to me
And they said....

It's the way you mumble
It's the way you move
I joust my pointy fingers at you
In this stained-glass room
You've really made a mess of things
Why won't you just jump in
To the oceans with the burning fire
And those places that they're in
So you can wallow in your hole while screaming
Dazzling the broken dreaming
Of things that never last
To find the dreary remains
Of yesterday

Oh, just give me one small chance
To be lucky like you
To be loved like you
Oh, just give me one small chance
To be singing like you
To be thought of like you
Oh, just give me one small chance

To be a marvel like you
To be just like you
Oh, just give me one small chance
To be lucky like you

To be loved like you
To be thought of like you
Oh to be just like you

So the life of the sinless man had ended
As lives often do
To trail off to somewhere distant
Beyond the stained-glass room
Between the ministries and sinistries
This is where he stands
To front the familiar eyes
The Book of Life
It's the underprivileged man

Saying.....
It's the way you mumble
It's the way you move
I joust my pointy fingers at you
And your stained-glass room
You've really made a mess of things
Why won't you just jump in
To the oceans with the burning fire
And those places that they're in
So you can wallow in your hole while screaming
Dazzling the broken dreaming
Of things that never last
To find the dreary remains
Of make-belief

Oh, why won't you come to me?
What have I ever done to you?
Oh, why won't you come to me?

Visit [3sks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.