

January Jaunt "Unlikely"

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I remember when it all seemed
To fit into this narrow path of life
All my questions had found there tomb
Cause the answers felt so right

Who woke up this troubled face
Who pulled the plug

Now when we are stuck in the soil
Of our own bewilderment
On what can we rely

Who woke up this troubled face
Who pulled the plug

Should have known in the end
You would be backing out
So unlikely for your nature
To be hanging on

You start the change
You break the waves
But how long before
You chicken out again

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