

K. D. Lang

"Thread"

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One says love is tragic, one says miracle
One becomes a skeptic, one is vulnerable
It's sad to me how quickly we define
What's wrong with yours is right with mine
You think that we could learn to let things slide, just let
things slide

One side moving closer, one is more obscure
One side feeling open, one in overload
All the time it takes to build things up
And no time flat to de-construct
You think that we could learn to give it up, give it up

The thin ice that we tread, that's dangerously set
The intentions go falling through
And you, I had you in my web
Now here I am instead, hanging by a thread

I'm caught up in a back and forth of balancing my fear
I'll tell you though for all it's worth I fell for you, my
dear

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