Kasey Chambers "One More Year"

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He was walking across the wire Holding a loaded gun Taking out every lightbulb One by one

And she was building brand new walls To keep her safe and sound Sometimes a place to live Is just a place to hide

One more year
One more year
Let's hold our breath
And give it just
One more year

Well he was sparks and gasoline All fire and command The warmest comfort dies In the coldest hands

And she was two steps from the edge
But holding on somehow
Even God himself couldn't blame her now
One more year
One more year
Let's hold our breath
And give it just
One more year

Now he's working on a plan Learning to make her smile Maybe a change of pace Or a change of style

And she's walking across the wire Holding a loaded gun Hoping that what we feel Ain't what we've become One more year One more year Let's hold our breath

And give it just One more year

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