

Clare Bowditch

"On This Side"

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We are living in a treehouse
In the middle of the 'burbs.
We've got two kids now - he says he wants a third.
We I would give this man most anything he asks
'Cause I never did imagine
How green grows the grass.

On this side, things they work differently.
Me oh my, we're all that we hoped we'd be
'Cause this time, we dared to believe.

Well it wasn't always this way,
I can tell you that for sure.
Once the only colour I knew was grey.
My heart was low, it was poor.
Felt that nobody could love me
The way that I loved them.
That was before him.

On this side, things they work differently.
Me oh my, we're all that we hoped we'd be
'Cause this time, we dared to believe.

Why do we forget how to be loved?
Why do we bother doing it was simply getting off?
I'm not talking making babies,
Though that is also true
It's whatever you call that thing
I'm in when I'm in with you

On this side, things they work differently.
Me oh my, we're all that we hoped we'd be
'Cause this time, we dared to believe.

It's a quiet night at home now,
Little miracles in bed
And a birdy on my windowsill,
That makes happy happen in my heard.
It's funny all the little things,
So boring to describe,
They taught my joy her roots,

And they brought my life alive.

On this side, things they work differently.
Me oh my, we're all that we hoped we'd be
'Cause this time, we dared to believe.

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