

O.A.R.**"What Are The Odds?"**

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well it's sunday, yes it's sunday
and i'm cooling out in another world
a million to one says the odds man
but i'm certain that my train's coming in
do you feel that, it's my train car
oh i do believe i deserve a break
or do you expect me to buy this
this elegant silence is nothing to fade

and i'm wearing the silence like an overcoat
and it's pouring down nothing but noise, yeah

well i'm off now from the train yard
feeling heavy with the load off of my back
but do you got the odds man
i could use it, just a matter of fact

why can't all this be good
why can't all this be good
why can't i be good
why can't i see you
why
why

cause it's monday, yes it's monday
and i'm waking up on top the world
but do you got my feeling
i've been stealing all these things that feel good
do you hear that, it's my heartbeat
it's been awhile my friend since you been around
well do you, no need to mention
all your tension, such a beautiful sound

and i'm wearing the silence like an overcoat
it's pouring down nothing but noise
and i'm feeling your violence taking over me
pouring down nothing but noise, yeah

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