

Rachael Sage

"Chandelier"

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What if I woke up tomorrow and I couldn't sing
The truth is I don't really know just what that'd mean
But maybe I'd be relieved to find out that silence is
sweeter than doubt

What if I woke up tomorrow and I couldn't laugh
The truth is I don't really know just what I'd lack
But maybe I'd be relieved to miss what everyone else
brags is bliss

Could it be true that I've been so tired
That I could not sit still and I could not let go
Could it be true that I've been so wired
That I could not give in long enough to let go

What if I woke up tomorrow and I couldn't play
The truth is I don't really know if I'd be brave
Or if I'd give in to the obvious news that I've been mis-
using my muse

Could it be true that I've been so tired
That I could not sit still and I could not let go
Could it be true that I've been so wired
That I could not give in long enough to let go

What if I woke up tomorrow and I couldn't love
The truth is that is something I am petrified of
But maybe I'd be relieved to find out that grieving is
what love's about

I just wanted to be a chandelier shamelessly swinging
through a maze of fear
I just wanted to be the light, the love! sailing through
the darkness
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