

# One Last Try

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I wish I had one last try  
Hidden somewhere inside  
But it's all been spend before

When I reach for it I can sense it in my hand  
And when I try to grasp it  
It's like sand, or water  
Through my hopeful fingers

This just won't hold, hold  
This just won't hold, hold

There's something so half-full about us  
We get so little but what we get it tastes so much  
We're always longing for more

Is this the end of the thread?  
The thread that led me to lose my head  
Over something that started with wonder

This just won't hold, hold, hold, hold

And even if a butterfly lives a hundred years  
Or the stream of water turns around in the rivers  
You and me, we'll still be the same  
You and me, you and me, you and me...  
We'll be the same