

Next Life

Anson Seabra

Call it bad luck, call it timing, the stars not aligning
Call it distance, call it maybe we're just way too different

The harder were working the more that it's hurting
We're all out of calls for help
The curtain is closing, and everyone knows it
But I'm gonna tell myself

Maybe the next life
We'll get another chance
Maybe the next time
Everything goes to plan
I would be yours
You would be mine
Maybe we just need one more try
And maybe the next life
You won't slip through my hands

Call me crazy, call me foolish and caught in a daydream
But I'm holding, onto the hope that the door will reopen

And you're gonna call me and ask me to coffee in 10 years or maybe 12
Until it happens, I'm here on my mattress and all I can tell myself

Maybe the next life
We'll get another chance
Maybe the next time
Everything goes to plan
I would be yours
You would be mine
Maybe we just need one more try
And maybe the next life
You won't slip through my hands

In the next life
In the next life
In the next life

In the next life
In the next life
In the next life

Maybe the next life
We'll get another chance
Maybe the next time
I'll be a better man
I would be yours
You would be mine
Maybe we just need one more try
And maybe the next life
You won't slip through my hands