

According to Plan

Augustana

It's like life imitating life,
Constantly repeating history until it's blind
It's like time only speaks in rhymes
Repeating repetition til you're lost inside your mind

Was I a terminal distraction?
Or just a chemical reaction?

Or is it chance or is it fate?
Was I just standing in your way?

I find it hard to understand
How you love this ordinary man
And so extraordinarily
Maybe it's all unraveling according to plan

It's like life imitating life
Constantly revolving round the tips of sharpened knives
It's like time draws a crooked line
Repeating shapes and patterns til it just can't be defined

Is it a critical invention?
Or just fulfilling it's intention?

Or is it chance or is it fate?
Or are we simply meant to wait?

I find it hard to understand
Yeah that it's all left up to chance
And so arbitrarily
But if she sees something in me

It must be life imitating life
Manipulating varying degrees of wrong and right

I guess it might just possibly
May be all unraveling according to plan