Strange World

Boy & Bear

What a strange world
What a sad place to be
That you ask us
To play this sort of game
It's different
But then it's always the same
The pain goes
But happiness does not remain

We stood our souls in the sand
Take a chance, chance, chance
Life isn't always a song
But you dance

Is this a sort of contest?
Am I supposed to toe the line?
I've not forgotten how to laugh
I've just forgotten why

Don't take this out of context
It's part of the appeal
Whilst nothing here is permanent
Everything feels real

And we stood our souls in the sand
Take a chance, chance, chance
Life isn't always a song
But you dance

And I'm not discounting the efforts of past minds now
But something here just isn't right
To secure all the answers I was looking to find
Well I subpoenaed my sabbatical rights
And it's a subtle sort of famine, the fact is a slippery salmon
Well to catch, you gotta time that shit right
And though I'm fascinated by the condition of which it happens
Now there's part of me that misses the time I knew nothing at all

And we stood our souls in the sand
Take a chance, chance, chance
Life isn't always a song
But you dance

And I still always
And I still always
And I still always
Away, away
Away, away
Away

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