

Recovering

Craig Cardiff

Spring swallowed winter
Like bitter swallows sweet
I was tired of missing the stars
Tripping on my feet
I been trying to make it better
I've been saying it so long
Things will be better soon
Better soon, I know
And once, twice, three times again
There is no road so far beyond recovering
Say once, twice, three times again
There is no road so far beyond recovering
Beyond recovering
You'd been holding on to hope
Long after hope, she'd let go
Craving, she keeps coming by though
Doubt holds court
With her small town boasts
The worst is how she's familiar
How she's comfortable
Say once, twice, three times again
There is no road so far beyond recovering
Once, twice, three times again

There is no road so far beyond recovering
Beyond recovering
Spring swallowed winter
Like bitter swallows sweet
I was tired of missing the stars
Tripping on my feet
Don't mistake for brokenness
The fragile state of opening
Of coming out to the night
Into day
Oh, once, twice, three times again
There is no road so far beyond recovering
Once, twice, three times again
There is no road so far beyond recovering
Oh, I said once, twice, three times again
There's no road so far beyond recovering
We said once and twice, three times again
There's no road so far beyond recovering
Beyond recovering
Oh we are recovering
Oh we are recovering