

# Possibility

Drew Holcomb & The Neighbors

Up where the thunderstorms travel, and the light comes off the moon

At the top of the chapel, is God in the room

I'm in the ruins of a castle, where the ramparts lie

In the belly of the prison, where the wells runs dry

I'm looking for possibility, possibility

It's festival season... it's a room at the top

I need rhyme and reason... down to the last drop

Am I a handsome devil... or an angel in disguise

A deputy of mercy... a connoisseur of the night

I'm looking for possibility, possibility

Possibility, possibility

In the wake of a tornado, a garden can grow

In the path of a flood, I learned what I owe

In the good the bad the ugly

I've got little time to spare I need revival of a vision, am I going somewhere

I'm looking for possibility, possibility

Possibility, possibility

In the empty colosseum, there's confetti on the floor

I'm standing on the promenade, standing behind closed doors

When the dust settles, will I see it any clearer

Down in my own heart, when I'm looking in the mirror

Possibility, possibility

Possibility, possibility

I'm looking for possibility, possibility

I'm looking for possibility, possibility

(Possibility, possibility

Possibility, possibility)