

Semi-precious, almost flawless
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I will find you, I will find you
Under bridges, where my fear lies
In the wreckage, I will catch your eyes
In borrowed rooms, by gutter moons
I will find you, I will find you

Why do the ones who love the most
Lose the most, lose the most?
Why do the ones who love the most
Lose the most, lose the most?

Oh my darling, is this the worst part?
Where the dream ends and the day won't start?
And gravity cannot hold me

I will find you, I will find you

Why do the ones who love the most
Lose the most, lose the most?
Why do the ones who love the most
Lose the most, lose the most?

Semi-precious, almost flawless
Every faultline I will cherish
I will find you, I will find you