The Other Side

Jukebox the Ghost

Time has a way of putting broken pieces back in place
But never quite how you arrange
When something fades, often something better takes its place
I hope that's true for us

So as the mountains, they begin to rise
A hundred years or more goes slipping by
So as the avalanche begins to slide
I'll see you on the other side

Though it may seem strange
The seep can only blossom 'cause it's rained
But awakening beneath
On the darkest of days
The clouds will part and the sun will take its place
I hope that's true for us

So as the mountains, they begin to rise
A hundred years or more goes slipping by
So as the avalanche begins to slide
I'll see you on the other side

The ancient earth, it opens wide
The hills that dance like ocean tides
A hint of sun below the ice
I'll see you on the other side

So as the mountains, they begin to rise
A hundred years or more goes slipping by
So as the avalanche begins to slide
I'll see you on the other side
I'll see you on the other side

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