

One More Year

Kasey Chambers

He was walking across the wire
Holding a loaded gun
Taking out every lightbulb
One by one

And she was building brand new walls
To keep her safe and sound
Sometimes a place to live
Is just a place to hide

One more year
One more year
Let's hold our breath
And give it just
One more year

Well he was sparks and gasoline
All fire and command
The warmest comfort dies
In the coldest hands

And she was two steps from the edge
But holding on somehow
Even God himself couldn't blame her now

One more year
One more year
Let's hold our breath
And give it just
One more year

Now he's working on a plan
Learning to make her smile
Maybe a change of pace
Or a change of style

And she's walking across the wire
Holding a loaded gun
Hoping that what we feel
Ain't what we've become

One more year
One more year
Let's hold our breath
And give it just
One more year