

## Phases

Keane

A plan is a work of art  
A house built to fall apart

You're digging for the answers  
Crawl across the world to find  
There are just more questions  
Waiting on the other side

But you're still here  
You're bleeding but you're still here

Phases, the motion of our lives  
Ages, the rote of changes  
Erases the ink before it dries on pages  
It's all just phases

We salvage the parts we can  
And work on a better plan

Always on the outside  
Fingers clinging on so tight  
Kicking at the window  
Dreaming of a better life

Take what you can  
Just got to take what you can

Phases, the motion of our lives  
Ages, the rote of changes  
Erases the ink before it dries on pages  
It's all just phases

And sometimes you feel how good it is  
And low tide gives way to high tide  
And hard times, we watch them come and go like crazes, it's all  
just phases