

Every Year

The Sheila Divine

I've been searching
Like a virgin
Uninspired by your smoke and lights
I'm just a man
And you're a fire
That I can't put out by myself

We're going places
And going nowhere
Do I feel lucky?
Every year there's a little less here

If commitment calls
And your life just stalls
Will you run like I have for years?

As we mature
We get tired
And we give up ourselves
Would you give up yourself?