

## Solution

Powderfinger

There's every sign  
That every mind must bear a little frustration  
When souls collide  
We're all bound to meet sometime

If you were my only problem  
Then I couldn't confuse you with the solution

So pretty  
Soul pity

I think I better ease back  
And let the demons slide  
There's a season ahead  
A celebration of life

There's a season ahead  
Of celebration and rhyme

The seams are getting frayed  
Feels like something's ready to break  
The seams are getting frayed  
Feels like something's ready to break

So pretty soul pity  
So pretty soul pity

And that just a little light  
And it's creeping in