

4th Chance

David Fonseca

I thought we were good
But I just can't sleep at all
Three times we tried
And three times we went wrong
The first time hurt
The second a shock
I cried the third
You better hold me tight through

This 4th chance on our love
Cus this season is colder, colder
The 4th wheel on this wagon
The 4th leaf on this lucky clover

A three-legged-chair
Won't keep me from falling through
And this crooked, cruel world
Well it seems a lot better with you
The first time hurt
The second a shock
I cried the third
You better hold me tight through

This 4th chance on our love
'Cus this season is colder, colder
The 4th wheel on this wagon
The 4th leaf on this lucky clover

(So)you better hold on
Now just hang on
You better hold on
'Cus we ain't through

(Cinco!) five oceans fill this heart
(Seis!) six strings on this guitar
(Siete!) seven days to make it right
(Ocho!) those august summer nights
(Nueve!) nine numbers climb into this top
(Diez!) top ten you better hold me tight

Through this chance on our love
We learn as we grow older, older
A thousand make-up kisses
The fourth leaf on this lucky clover