

## Thread

k.d. lang

One says love is tragic, one says miracle  
One becomes a skeptic, one is vulnerable  
It's sad to me how quickly we define  
What's wrong with yours is right with mine  
You think that we could learn to let things slide, just let things slide

One side moving closer, one is more obscure  
One side feeling open, one in overload  
All the time it takes to build things up  
And no time flat to de-construct  
You think that we could learn to give it up, give it up

The thin ice that we tread, that's dangerously set  
The intentions go falling through  
And you, I had you in my web  
Now here I am instead, hanging by a thread

I'm caught up in a back and forth of balancing my fear  
I'll tell you though for all it's worth I fell for you, my dear

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