

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