

Chasing After Deer

Midlake

Yes I'm sorry that I missed you
I'm sorry that I missed you
When there's no-one there to greet you
I'm sorry that I missed you

You're always chasing after deer
Oh my dear, oh my dear
And through the meadow I can hear
My fears, oh my fears

For myself I must remind
That the woods are usually kind
And the sea is not mine
And when you're all alone
And chasing after deer
Don't be upset if it's scared
And you can't reach it

I know that you are fast
But it's much faster
And after a while you can't keep up
So you start to lag behind

But it doesn't know
That you've resigned
So off a cliff
It falls to the sea
And you are sad
But the sea is not mine