

The Metre

Powderfinger

Blow the candles out raise a glass to the night
Let all the tension out you've been wound up so tight
It's a tender trap to plan ahead all the time
If you measure the world by what you leave behind

Welcome to the saving grace
Welcome to the saving grace
There's a sunset on the road
Reappearing as we go

Keep the glass topped up it's not over just yet
Pull off the social bluff celebrate your success
Turn the sunlight out find a place in the shade
If you measure the world by the mark that you make

Welcome to the saving grace
Welcome to the saving grace
There's a sunset on the road
Reappearing as we go