

Living Is Simple

Switchfoot

Living is simple
It's gravity
Gravity isn't so hard
Living is simple
It's entropy
Entropy, falling apart
I'm falling apart again

Living is simple
And breathing is easy
It's easy to do
Living is simple
And losing is easy
I'm losing my cool
I'm losing my cool again

All will be made well
Will be made well
Will be made well
Will be well
Is this fiction?
Is this fiction?
Hope has given himself to the worst
Is this fiction or divine comedy?
Where the last of the last finish first
Living is simple

Living is dying
Your mercy, Your mercy
Is how I believe
Living is dying
I can't understand it
I'm down on my knees
Confessing my needs again

I've had my choices
I've chosen today
I've had my choices
The choices remain