

Talking Through Glass / We Move Like Swing Sets

Thrice

It never turns out right with me and you,
No matter how I try to see it through.
Get up at sunset and start again,
But it feels like we're trying to catch the wind.

You are a door to which I've lost the keys;
We are a puzzle with a missing piece.
We gather ourselves and we start again;
It feels like we're trying to catch the wind.

And I can't carry on living like this,
talking through glass.
You know that I can't be the one to banish the mist,
and ghosts in your past.

You're so cold to touch—you and your heart,
And when I care too much, we fall apart.
We gather ourselves and we start again;
It feels like we're trying to catch the wind.

And I can't carry on living like this,
talking through glass.
You know that I can't be the one to banish the mist,
and ghosts in your past.

And so I'm left without a choice but walking out,
Though I've no hope I'll ever find someone like you.
My head screaming I have to leave you,
but my heart is filled with doubts;
I don't I wanna leave, but tell me what else can I do?

What can I do? [x4]

(We move like swing sets.) [x4]