

## 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]