One Last Try

Ane Brun

I wish I had one last try
Hidden somewhere inside
But it's all been spend beforeWhen I reach for it I can sense it in my hand
And when I try to grasp it
It's like sand, or water
Through my hopeful fingersThis just won't hold, hold
This just won't hold, holdThere's something so half-full about us
We get so little but what we get it tastes so much
We're always longing for moreIs this the end of the thread?
The thread that led me to lose my head
Over something that started with wonderThis just won't hold, hold, hold, holdAnd even if a butterfly lives a hundred years
Or the stream of water turns around in the rivers
You and me, we'll still be the same
You and me, you and me, you and me...
We'll be the same

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