

# 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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