One More Year

Kasey Chambers

He was walking across the wire

Holding a loaded gun

Taking out every lightbulb

One by oneAnd she was building brand new walls

To keep her safe and sound

Sometimes a place to live

Is just a place to hideOne more year

One more year

Let's hold our breath

And give it just

One more yearWell he was sparks and gasoline

All fire and command

The warmest comfort dies

In the coldest handsAnd she was two steps from the edge

But holding on somehow

Even God himself couldn't blame her nowOne more year

One more year

Let's hold our breath

And give it just

One more yearNow he's working on a plan

Learning to make her smile

Maybe a change of pace

Or a change of styleAnd she's walking across the wire

Holding a loaded gun

Hoping that what we feel

Ain't what we've becomeOne more year

One more year

Let's hold our breath

And give it just

One more year

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