

Solution

Powderfinger

There's every sign
That every mind must bear a little frustration
When souls collide
We're all bound to meet sometime If you were my only problem
Then I couldn't confuse you with the solution So pretty
Soul pity I think I better ease back
And let the demons slide
There's a season ahead
A celebration of life There's a season ahead
Of celebration and rhyme The seams are getting frayed
Feels like something's ready to break
The seams are getting frayed
Feels like something's ready to break So pretty
Soul pity
So pretty
Soul pity And that just a little light
And it's creeping in

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