

Chances

[Xavier Rudd](#)

At times in life
You'll connect with some
And some will have to move on
At times you'll feel
The need to fly
And fly though you may hurt someone You were there
Your chances were clear
Choices were made in spite
Of times that were spent
Feelings were mixed
Amongst your support base
A heart was lost
But a heart found its place This is a recipe of life
Made up of fragments of peoples
Peace and peoples vibes
Well its each now to their own
Well your heart will know

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