# Terminals

## Dowsing

They said the timing was dreadful
(Yeah, you could say that again)
Now there is one pair of heads full
(Of thoughts that don't make any sense)
Just passing through, trying to catch that glimpse of you
I never hold on when I change
Terminals at ATL
It's a balance of grace
In a place where I tripped and fell
But if grace receives all my weight
Then it becomes a crutch
And I don't wanna walk with a crutch so much
That I can't stand taller than before
It's splintered, and I felt horrendous
(Lying through the gap in my teeth)
When broken, is when You can mend us
(So help me get back up on my feet)
Just passing through, trying to catch that glimpse of you
I never hold on when I change
Terminals at ATL

It's a balance of grace
In a place where I tripped and fell
But if grace receives all my weight
Then it becomes a crutch
And I don't wanna walk with a crutch so much
That I can't stand taller than before
Lie, I'm staring longer than I know I should be
I can't believe you're standing next to me
I never hold on when I change
Terminals at ATL
It's a balance of grace
In a place where I tripped and fell
But if grace receives all my weight
Then it becomes a crutch
And I don't wanna walk with a crutch so much
That I can't stand taller than before
I will stand taller than before
I will stand taller than before

Taller than before

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