

# Thread

## Robert Deeble

One says love is tragic, one says miracle  
One becomes a skeptic, one is vulnerable  
Its sad to me how quickly we define  
Whats wrong with yours is right with mine

You think that we could learn to let things slide, just let things slideOne side moving closer, one is more obscure  
One side feeling open, one in overload  
All the time it takes to build things up  
And no time flat to de-construct

You think that we could learn to give it up, give it upThe thin ice that we tread, thats dangerously set  
The intentions go falling through  
And you, I had you in my web

Now here I am instead, hanging by a threadIm caught up in a back and forth of balancing my fear  
Ill tell you though for all its worth I fell for you, my dearIts sad to me how quickly we define  
What is wrong with yours is right with mine

You think that we could learn to let things slide, let things slideThe thin ice that we tread, thats dangerously set  
The intentions go falling through  
And you, I had you in my web  
Now here I am instead, hanging by a thread

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