# 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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