

# Sixpence None the Richer, Tension Is A Passing

do I murder  
when I forget you from afar  
too drunk on the poison of endless roads  
and the countless smokey bars

but tension is to be loved  
when it is like a passing note  
to a beautiful, beautiful chord

do I murder us  
putting pavement in my veins  
shooting in that special heroin  
for the seeking and displaced

but tension is to be loved  
when it is like a passing note  
to a beautiful, beautiful chord