

# Youth Group, See-Saw

Pull down the blinds and stare at my blank screen  
Some voice is asking how my weekend's been!  
planes go across the sky of Petersham  
One day I will see all the hope that's stored in them

The pale underside catches the light

Like as see-saw I need more weight to carry me up  
Maybe oneday she will just say that she's happy enough, happy enough

Leaves haven't fallen yet but winter's been too long  
Grief hits me like a succession of time bombs

I've run out of reasons to explain it away

Like a see-saw I need more weight to carry me up  
Maybe one day she will just say I'm happy enough

If I was older then I would hold her  
Tight and say: don't you ever leave me  
And then maybe one day she will just say  
that she's happy enough, happy enough