

Apostle Of Hustle, Chances Are

Drunk, drunk in the dark of bellwoods
Smashed, two bikes smashed against a tree
He - he's alone in the kitchen
while you - you're out wasting time with me

You run, you fly, you're chased by ghosts,
You cannot say goodbye

Chances are not forever

I see, I see a new love coming
He's flash, walking across your eyes
You pretend, pretend that you don't notice
After time, then you can act suprised

You'll kiss, you'll try, you're chased by ghosts,
You cannot say goodbye

Chances are not forever

Black black hair & cold blue eyes & a look
That was mine only
Chances are
It's not my only
Not my only
Chances are
Not my own