

Eight, Whale

Going through the motions,
Trying to come to senses,
Trying to work it out
Fallings' so predictable,
But it's so unpredictable

Don't want to miss you now, don't want to settle down
Sit in the quiet world, I will know
The peace that passes all understanding

And when I saw your son, don't want to settle down

Too late to run, you've found your life
In him, in the lord, you say, to run
You've found it