

# Glen Hansard, This Low

We made a plan that was subject to change  
So whatever way it works out we both get the blame  
In the arms of this low  
And you took the wind right out of my sails  
By sweating me out on all the little details  
In the arms of this low  
In the arms of this low

Thread the light (x8)

We made a choice and we knew we would pay  
For stealing the joy and trying to escape  
From the arms of this low  
And if by some chance you break from the pack  
You know I'll be waiting to welcome you back  
In the arms of this low  
Into the arms of this low

Thread the light (x4)  
Shine the light  
Don't hide the light  
Live the light  
And give the light  
Seek the light  
And speak the light  
Crave the light  
And brave the light  
Stare the light  
And share the light  
Show the light  
And know the light  
Raise the light  
And praise the light  
Thread the light  
And spread the light