

Marketa Irglova, 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