

# Midlake, Chasing After Deer

Yes, I'm sorry that I missed you  
I'm sorry that I missed you  
when there's no one there to greet you  
I'm sorry that I missed you

you're always chasing after deer  
oh my dear, oh my dear  
and through the meadow I can hear  
my fears, oh, my fears

for myself I must remind  
that the woods are usually kind  
and the sea is not mine  
and when you're all alone  
and chasing after deer  
don't be upset if it's scared  
and you can't reach it  
I know that you are fast  
but it's much faster  
and after a while you can't keep up  
so you start to lag behind  
but it doesn't know  
that you've resigned  
so off a cliff  
it falls to the sea  
and you are sad  
but the sea is not mine