

# Poets Of The Fall, Overboard

I see you crying and it rains  
Washing away the bad days  
Washing away the pain loss brings  
And then you smile though it aches  
Cos you don't believe in mistakes  
Just that we made a mess of things

When the deal that you made with love is just a one way street, a one way street  
You feel you'll go overboard, cos you're incomplete, incomplete.

You're not afraid to rely  
On any way you can try  
To learn to make some sense of things.  
And the way you say we'll get by  
With a little laugh we can fly  
You know the measure of hope that brings.  
I hear you laughing like a child  
Instead of choking all riled  
Instead of staring at shortcomings.

Just like the rain when you cried  
Washed all the stains of false pride  
You'll learn to make the best of things.

Have a little more of not enough  
More of what is less but isn't love  
Little of the same you're dreaming of  
That's enough, that's enough.