

Powderfinger, Solution

There's every sign
That every mind must bear a little frustration
When souls collide
We're all bound to meet sometime

If you were my only problem
Then I couldn't confuse you with the solution

So pretty
Soul pity

I think I better ease back
And let the demons slide
There's a season ahead
A celebration of life

There's a season ahead
Of celebration and rhyme

The seams are getting frayed
Feels like something's ready to break
The seams are getting frayed
Feels like something's ready to break

So pretty soul pity
So pretty soul pity

And that just a little light
And it's creeping in