Tame Impala, Slide Through My Fingers

When I get up I've dreamt too long,
Everything else is half as strong,
I could see though, outside my head,
they got it right, I got it wrong.

I've let too much of it slide through my fingers,
fear that has fouled all the love I could bring her.

Shook off her optimistic hand,
I am too fixed on what I've planned,
Who is the one who can't let go?
I will miss out, hell, don't I know.