

311, Purpose

I believe in your purpose, baby
Coming up to the surface
And maybe I'll never see you again
Then again, who knows?
Make me quiver
Hands will shiver
Still got all the things that I woulda give her
Yeah, yeah
But it's slow going
Something showing
Yeah, yeah

They say love is a stream that will find its own course
Making due is a thing, a thing I will do no more
Whenever you come back, I'll be waiting
Trifling the slack, no head gating
This is all pure fiction, you know that's right
Just pure fiction, that's all right

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