

CHAOS THEORY

He did not know how to sweep me off my feet
throwing a snow ball at me was a really stupid way to meet
but that's what he did, while I walked down the street
Smack into my head a cold and painful sting

He asked me for a date while snow slid down my neck
before I could think my mouth said 'yes'
on my way back home I noticed some regret
for not throwing one back, you know tit for tat

Back at my house my Dad was tuning in
to a radio talk show so I sat with him
the radio announcer and the interviewee
were discussing basic principals of chaos theory

(instrumental measure -OOOH's)

A butterfly's wings flapping in the air
can cause a gust of wind a few hours later
shifting the plates under the earth enough
to cause a volcano round the corner to erupt

plain and simply put over the airwaves
I told my Dad about the boy and the snowball on my face
He shook his head and snickered, said be home by 10.
The rest is history played out in random events

Bridge:

That is how we met yes it was our starting line
Talk about setting the tone, I guess I was snowblind
hurling cold projectiles should not land you a wife
and failure to return them, comes with a great price

(instrumental measure into Verse 2 -OOOH's)

After a few dates, he gave me a ring
which spurred a chain reaction that lead us to our wedding
follwed by a house that we lived together in
which brought us to this finding, we had nothing in comon

A little baby came, she brought us back together
but that wore off the first day he tried to change her diaper
something was shifting like those plates under the ground
I could feel the bubbling up of rage all around me

I thought about divorce when he raised his fist to me
things needed to change but I was too afraid to speak
I traced all the badness back to that ball of snow
I was that butterfly, how I wanted a volcano

Bridge:

If such a tiny thing could affect so much change
then someone as small as I could surely do the same
day and night I did replay the day that we first met
with the revised ending I wished I'd done instead

CHORUS:

I should have thrown one back at him
I can't get this image out of my head
what else would have been set in motion
if I had retaliated?

(drum out, sparse)

Late one winter night I waited up for him
Listening for the sound of his car wheels rolling in
the squeak of his breaks and every jangling key
were footsteps away from the lava pouring out of me

From deep within I gathered something old
and packed it into one condition hard and icy cold
'You seem to enjoy working more than spending time at home,
you can't hit anymore I need you to go'

Bridge:

That is how we ended yes it was our finish line
talking about setting the tone I finally used my spine
and for the first time in my life I flapped my little wings
and breathed a wind into my life that led to bigger things

CHORUS:

I should have thrown one back at him
I can't get this image out of my head
what else would have been set in motion
if I had retaliated?

(instrumental measure out -OOH's)