

Glass To Glass

Bombay Bicycle Club

When the beat of your mind,
Starts to sway out of time,
Like the first song of the night.
You can say that you won't,
But you know oh oh you might.
And she's there in the hall,
With her praises and all,
Yet her hand swears not to tell.
Cost a lie to meet you,
Fare-the-well.

And it seems when you wake,
Every movement you make,
You can count on your rastful luck.
There's a sight or a song,
That kicks those feelings up.
Its the way you have carried,
It over the years,
And the feeling its all too fast.
You were pouring your heart,
From glass to glass.

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