

These Waters

Ben Howard

I saw red and yellow flowers outside over the moors yeah
The brightest sunrise ever to have touched my eyes
And through it all,
I stood and stumbled, waded through my thoughts and heart
Yeah through it all,
I fooled and fumbled, lost to the poet's frown.
I fought the wolves of patience just to let it lie down.
See these waters they'll pull you up,
Oh now if you're bolder than the darkness.
My my, let these songs be an instrument to cut,
Oh spaces 'tween the happiness and the hardness.
Yeah my my, spaces 'tween the happiness and the hardness.
Oh and out the door,
The touch of morning, the burning of the frost
Out the door,

Oh, Strong hands to hold
Good friends that I never lost.
Yeah, Strong hands to hold
Good friends that I never lost.
And what we found
Down these coves of limestone and cockle shells,
What we found
Down these roads that wander as lost as the heart,
Is a chance to breathe again, a chance for a fresh start
A chance to breathe again, a chance for a fresh start
A chance to breathe again, a chance for a fresh start
See these waters they'll pull you up,
Oh now if you're bolder than the darkness.
My my, let these songs be an instrument to cut you darling,
Oh spaces 'tween the happiness and the hardness.
Yeah my my, spaces 'tween the happiness and the hardness.

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