

# Favourite Day

## Bombay Bicycle Club

With our backs all turned to morning light  
and all our timing gone  
We can find some common surface  
to put all our worries on  
We can pour them out, or let them drip  
then split them one by one  
They can dry out, let them lie out  
in the eyes of the morning sun

Don't stop waiting 'till you feel it all  
When I left you weighing your choices up  
and all the light had gone  
You had tied the ends together  
made them fight out all night long  
Now the good half turns to what you had  
the bad half's giving up  
You can tear it out and bury it, put all your worries off

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