

# Sweet Spot

## Wild Beasts

Oh the sweetest spot  
When it's gone, it's gone  
Don't make me suffer for that  
Just to love me  
A final dividend  
Between the hurt and the tell of song  
Between the flesh and the fondest wrong  
There is a gardless state  
Where the real and the dream may consummate  
Oh the sweetest spot  
When it's gone, it's gone  
Don't make me suffer for that  
Just to love me  
A final dividend  
Between the wound and end  
Between the break and the mend  
Between the world and the get  
Between bone dry and the dripping wet  
It's in the holy ghost of air  
Between two hands held in prayer  
There is a gardless state  
Where the real and the dream may consummate  
Oh the sweetest spot  
When it's gone, it's gone  
Don't make me suffer for that  
Just to love me  
A final dividend

Songwriters

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FLEMING

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