

Folding Stars (Live At Wembley)

Biffy Clyro

Take a long hard look at yourself
How did you end up here
The blood drips like red inverted balloons
Tomorrow is a promise to no one If you want, follow me and I'll lead you inside
You don't have to run and hide Eleanor, Eleanor
I would do anything for another minute with you
Cause its not getting easier
Its not getting easier In a bedroom with no windows or doors
All the happy people are crying
You can't hold a gaze for a second or two
It always ends in total darkness If you want, follow me and I'll lead you inside
You don't have to run and hide Eleanor, Eleanor
I would do anything for another minute with you
Cause its not getting easier
Its not getting easier You will be folding stars, Eleanor
You can't ever understand
You can't ever understand
It's not getting easier
It's not getting easier It ends in a place, with no love only hate
And a mirror reflecting the truth
In your eyes, in your face
You can't wash it away from your cold, cold heart Eleanor, Eleanor
I would do anything for another minute with you
Cause its not getting easier
Its not getting easier You will be folding stars, Eleanor
You can't ever understand
You can't ever understand
It's not getting easier
It's not getting easier It's not getting easier
Not getting easier
I hope that you're folding stars

Songwriters

NEIL, SIMON ALEXANDER Published by
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