

Pass Them By

[Agnes Obel](#)

We come together, here we go
Around the fire, here we go
Flaming higher, here we go
To my surprise a fever grows Lamps will glimmer on the gloom
Prey on the light in the room
As we fill it to the brim
We say the words we take them in Oh how the hills were laughing
How the creeks they cried
How the grass would cheer on
As we passed them by Room for many, room for few
Here in the dark I made for you
Oh why do I hear you and believe
That we come together to make it sweet

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