

# These Waters

**Ben Howard**

I saw red and yellow flowers outside over the moors yeah  
The brightest sunrise over 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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