Small Things

Ben Howard

Oh my mind
I walk down Mayflower Road again
the waning sun
echoes from the park seem so absurd
the bus takes hours
I knew it would but I cant shake the stand
can't spend my time on everybody else

If buildings fell
At least we'd be in matrimony
I can't control
The words kaleidoscope inside my head

Has the world gone mad
Or is it me?
All these small things
They gather round me
gather round me
Is it all so very bad
I canâ€™t see
Oh all these small things
They gather round me
Gather round me
and I can't see

Saw The Police
screaming something trivial like
'keep the peace'
the world moves on and you can't shake the sound
I know she's home
leaning on somebody loving life
all in my mind the anvil and the weight on my back

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Has the world gone mad
Or is it me
All these small things
They gather round me
Gather round me
Is it all so very bad
I can't see
All these small things
They gather round me
Gather round me
And I can't see my love
mmm
I can't see my love
mmm

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