

# Still

## Bombay Bicycle Club

Held your standards close to heart  
But late one night you threw them down  
Simple promises you said you'd never break  
    But now you have  
All throughout the morning though  
    I'm begging no  
Your lips they stay perfectly still  
    Still... still...

Did he fill the empty spaces  
Was he everything I'm not?  
There's no force behind my mouth  
    But in just three words  
    He brings you down  
    There's a movement  
        Out the door  
        I swear but no  
Your lips they stay perfectly still  
    Still... still... still...

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