

# Hot Gates

## Mumford & Sons

There is no great thing, to stop and sing  
Waiting for the rain  
And this perfect pill, it's all too much  
On the edge again  
Don't look away  
Couldn't help but note the coldest thing  
In your precious face  
Why do you always speak when you have no grace  
In your precious face But even in the dark I saw you were the only one alone  
But these hot gates you spent your victory on  
Though your swore you wouldn't do this anymore  
And I can't be for you all of the things you want me to  
But I will love you constantly  
There's precious little else to me  
And though we cry, we must stay alive Another fragile edge, and a tender sound  
And then you went aground  
Near a duller blade, a promise out of sight  
There's nothing here for you tonight But even in the dark I saw you were the only one alone  
But these hot gates you spent your victory on  
Though your swore you wouldn't do this anymore  
And I can't be for you all of the things you want me to  
But I will love you constantly  
There's precious little else to me  
And though we cry, we must stay alive Let my blood only run out when my world decides  
There is no way out of your only life  
So run on, so run!

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