

# We Gathered in Spring (live on the Interface)

## Midlake

I'm tired of being here  
On this hill  
No one lives to be three hundred years  
Like the way it used to be I think they were giants  
I think they were giants On this hill, nothing grows except greed  
You will stay to finish your work  
As long as need be  
As long as need be On a clear day  
I can see my old house  
And my wife in the front yard  
Talking with the friends [Chorus:]  
We gathered in spring  
We gathered in spring  
We gathered in spring  
We gathered in spring I'm tired of being here  
On this hill  
Where I'm sure to find my last meal  
No one lives to be three hundred years On a clear day  
I can see my old house  
And my wife in the front yard  
Talking with the friends [Chorus]

Songwriters

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