

# The Dying of the Light

## Noel Gallagher's High Flying Birds

I keep on running, but I can't get to the mountain  
Behind me lie the years that I've misspent  
And I've been sinking like a flower in the fountain  
When all the love I'm gonna need is heaven-sent...

Gonna try my best to get there,  
but I can't afford the bus fare  
and the storm that's rolling over  
Man, it makes me wanna cry...

And I was told  
that the streets were paved with gold  
and there'd be no time for getting out when we were young  
It's alright,  
if you dance with me tonight,  
we'll fight the dying of the light and we'll catch the sun.

Woke up sleeping on the train that was bound for Nowhere  
Echoes that I could hear were all my own  
The world had turned, and I'd become a stranger  
And I'm tired of watching all the flowers turn to stone...

'Cause I try my best to get there,  
but I can't afford the bus fare  
and the storm that's rolling over  
Man, it makes me wanna cry...

And the cold against my shoulder,  
when it comes on in the winter,  
and it seems to last forever,  
and it makes me wanna,  
it makes me wanna cry

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