

Many Ways

Bombay Bicycle Club

one spur in the fire, burning
now we're clearing the embers away
there are many ways this way
so I tell you like you're meant to
and you're quick to guess my choice
was it my trembling hand or my voice? she said you're stirring
tossing, turning
just like you were in the night
I am sure your choice is right I've always been a coward
been a coward to this day
there are many ways this way
and your fortune taken from you
by men that always say
there are many ways this way

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