

Dust On the Ground

Bombay Bicycle Club

It's that ancient love
That you won't outgrow
It's the fee you pay
It's the debt you owe
It's that subtle way
That you throw me down
I am inches above
The dust on the ground I await your call
I await your crown
Let's change our roles
And switch the mold around
Is that such a way
You throw me down
I am inches above
The dust on the ground Always quiet
Always quiet now
Always silent
Always silent now
No I don't hide it
I don't hide it now It's that ancient love
That just moves along
And there's an itch so slight
Even when you're gone
Well I met you right
But I kept you wrong
And I must wait until I find the ground that you're walking on

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