

My God

Bombay Bicycle Club

All the highs are downwards
All your fumbled words are spent
 Paying no attention
To the thoughts of your dear friends
 No point louder
 The sound of my power
 Sinking deeper
 Further each hour
 My God
When our flower's fading
When our stem begins to fold
 I will take off quietly

Like a bird that flees the cold
 No point louder
 The sound of my power
 Sinking deeper
 Further each hour
 My God
 My God
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 My God
 My God
 My God
 My God

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