Oats in the Water

Ben Howard

Go your way
I'll take the long way 'round
I'll find my own way down
As I should

And hold your gates
As croak in the Midas touch
A joke in the way that we rust
And breathe again

And you'll find loss
And you'll fear what you found
When weather comes
Tear him down

There'll be oats in the water
There'll be birds on the ground
There'll be things you never asked her
Oh how they tear at you now

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