

The Death of You and Me (Live at Casino de Paris)

Noel Gallagher's High Flying Birds

High time
Summer in the city
Kids are looking pretty
But isn't it a pity
That the sunshine
Is followed by thunder
Thoughts of going under
And is it any wonder what you see
Calling out to me
I seem to spend my whole life, running
From people who will be
The death of you and me
'Cause I can feel the storm clouds sucking up my soul
High time
Life is getting faster
No one has the answer
Trying to face the day I'm in a new way
The bottom of the bottle
'Cause every man's apostle
That's one way to gather you and me
Forever we'd be free
Free to spend our whole lives, running
From people who will be
The death of you and me
'Cause I can feel the storm clouds sucking up my soul

Songwriters

GALLAGHER, NOEL Published by

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