

Laughter Lines

Bastille

You took me to your favourite place on Earth
To see the tree they cut down ten years from your birth.
Our fingers traced in circles round its history,
We brushed our hands right back in time through centuries. As you held me down, you said: "I'll see you in the
future when we're older
And we are full of stories to be told.
Cross my heart and hope to die,
I'll see you with your laughter lines." Changes on our hands and on our faces, oh, oh
Memories are mapped out by the lines we'll trace. As you held me down, you said: "I'll see you in the future
when we're older
And we are full of stories to be told.
Cross my heart and hope to die,
I'll see you with your laughter lines." Ashen faces in cold breeze,
Ashen faces in cold breeze,
All the stories you will leave,
All the stories you will leave. I'll see you in the future when we're older
And we are full of stories to be told.
Cross my heart and hope to die,
I'll see you with your laughter lines. I'll see you in the future when we're old.
I'll see you in the future when we're old.

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