

Black Flies – Ben Howard

Black flies on the windowsill
That we are, that we are, that we are to know
Winter stole summer's thrill
And the river's cracked and cold
See, the sky is no man's land
A darkened plume to stay
Hope here needs a humble hand
Not a fox found in your place
No man is an island
Oh, this I know
But can't you see, oh?
Or maybe you were the ocean
When I was just a stone
Black flies on the windowsill
That we are, that we are, that we are to hold
Comfort came against my will
And every story must grow old
Still I'll be a traveller
A gypsy's reins to face
But the road is wearier
With that fool found in your place
No man is an island
Oh, this I know
But can't you see, oh?
Or maybe you were the ocean
When I was just a stone
No man is an island
Oh, this I know
But can't you see, oh?
Or maybe you were the ocean
When I was just a stone
So here we are
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh

Ooh, ooh

And I don't wanna beg your pardon

And I don't wanna ask you why

But if I was to go my own way

Would I have to pass you by?

And I don't wanna beg your pardon

And I don't wanna ask you why

But if I was to go my own way

Would I have to pass you by?

Ooh, ooh

Ooh, ooh

Ooh, ooh

Ooh, ooh

Ooh, ooh



Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych