

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 shouldAnd hold your gaze
There's coke in the Midas touch
A joke in the way that we rust,
And breathe againAnd you'll find loss
And you'll fear what you found
When weather comes
Tearing 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 nowGo your way,
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