

Promise (Ben Howard)

And meet me there, bundles of flowers,
We wait through the hours of cold
Winter shall howl at the walls,
Tearing down doors of time.

Shelter as we go...

And promise me this:
You'll wait for me only,
Scared of the lonely arms.

Surface, far below these words

And maybe, just maybe I'll come home

Who am I, darling to you?

Who am I?

Gonna tell you stories of mine

Who am I?

Who am I, darling for you?

Who am I?

Gonna be a burden in time, lonely

Who am I, to you?

Who am I, darling for you?

Who am I?

Going to be a burden

Who am I, darling to you?

Who am I?

I come alone here

I come alone here