

Axe To Grind

Bastille

Long lost opinions, all the words you can't redeem
Don't come round here and be a slave to old ideas
Scream hallelujah if it's a thing that helps you breathe
Your iron rule has often had me on my knees

You better sharpen up, you better sharpen up
Cuz all you have is your axe to grind, grind, grind round here
You better sharpen up, you better sharpen up
Cuz all you have is your axe to grind, grind, grind round here

Breaking the silence like I'm bursting at the seams
So many stifled thoughts and long forgotten dreams
Scream hallelujah, I can almost taste reprieve
Your iron rule has often had me on my knees

You better sharpen up, you better sharpen up
Cuz all you have is your axe to grind, grind, grind round here
You better sharpen up, you better sharpen up
Cuz all you have is your axe to grind, grind, grind round here

Keep on talking to yourself cuz no one needs to hear the words
you read love
Keep on talking to yourself cuz you're gonna have to swing that
axe round here
Keep on talking to yourself cuz no one needs to hear the words
you read love
Keep on talking to yourself cuz you're gonna have to swing that
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