

The Draw

Bastille

In my left hand there is the familiar
In my right hand there's the great unknown
I can see the madly different grass there
But I'm drawn to wilder nights at home

Don't listen to your friends
See the despair behind their eyes
Don't listen to your friends
They only care once in a while

I can feel the draw
I can feel it pulling me back
It's pulling me back
It's pulling me
I can feel the draw
I can feel it pulling me back
It's pulling me back
It's pulling me

Are you drifting way beyond what's normal?
'Cause 'round your mind rings the words that they would say?
When you go home everything looks different,
And you're scared of being left behind.

Just listen to your friends
Trusted that fair look in their eyes
Just listen to your friends
They only care and hope you're alright

I can feel the draw
I can feel it pulling me back
It's pulling me back
It's pulling me
I can feel the draw
I can feel it pulling me back
It's pulling me back
It's pulling me

(whoa oh oh oh...
Whoa oh oh oh oh...)

I can feel the draw
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It's pulling me back
It's pulling me
I can feel the draw
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It's pulling me back
It's pulling me

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It's pulling me
I can feel the draw
I can feel it's pulling me back
It's pulling me back
It's pulling me
I can feel the draw
The draw
The draw
The draw...
The draw...