

# Couldn't Make It Up

Ben Howard

Could not  
Could not make it up  
Sitting in the garden  
Listening to the radio

Cinder forming into great clouds  
What's it to me anyhow?

Wish I knew  
How to tell you the mess I'm in  
Love is that the final sound?  
Strangeness passing deep inside me now

What's with the face  
With the half mast frown?  
If I give up  
Do I give up now?

What's with the face  
With the half mast frown?  
If I give up  
Do I give up now?

Goodnight  
Goodnight getting out alive  
What's it to me anyhow?  
Colours shifting like a landslide

So many times  
I've seen myself in the breaker yard  
Love is that the final sound?  
Now I see the fear in your eyes loud

What's with the face  
With the half mast frown?  
If I give up  
Do I give up now?

What's with the face  
With the half mast frown?

Whistling wind  
Strange to me  
Whistling wind  
Ah  
Whistling wind  
Strange to me

Whistling wind  
Strange to me  
Whistling wind  
Ah  
Whistling wind  
Strange to me

Could not  
Could not make it up

Sitting in the garden  
Listening to the radio

Mumbling the words like the first time around  
What's it to me anyhow?

Wish I knew  
Wish I knew the words to this one  
Love is that the final sound?  
Now I see the fear in your eyes loud