

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