

Heave Ho

Ben Howard

Way up there
They think they found
A world for us
To settle down
And I know now
We failed somehow

Pick my feet
Up from the ground
The hills have rolled into the clouds
And callous faces
Line the alleyways
Where I long for you

It is no revolution, see
It always has been you and me
And a guide I've been followed
Trying to find common ground

And she sings to me
When I'm around
If you can't love this sound goes away

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([?] to you)

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