

## Interim Of Sense

Ben Howard

I am making something for you  
For all the things I never said  
I am making a world for you  
In the interim of sense

Byzantium leaving  
Oh, I was honest  
In living this way

Byzantium leaving  
More than I could say

I am baking on the balcony  
But tomorrow I will paint a picture  
I am baking on the balcony  
But tomorrow I will paint you a picture  
I'll paint a picture  
From the ashes

I am making something for you  
For all the things I never said  
I am making something for you  
For all the things that are left

Byzantium leaving  
Oh, I was honest  
When I could not stay  
Living this way

Byzantium leaving  
Oh, I couldn't stay awake

Byzantium leaving  
In the crescent of my father's shape  
In the ashes of the leaves  
I was leaving  
Well, I could not stay  
Living this way