

# The Fear

Ben Howard

My, my, cold-hearted child, tell me how you feel  
Just a blade in the grass, a spoke unto the wheel  
Oh, my, my, cold-hearted child, tell me where it's all gone  
All the luster of your bones, those arms that held you strong

Oh, I've been worryin' that my time is a little unclear  
I've been worryin' that I'm losing the ones I hold dear  
I've been worryin' that we all live our lives in the confines o  
f fear

Oh, my, my, cold-hearted child, tell me how you feel  
Just a grain in the morning air, dark shadow on the hill  
Oh, my, my, cold-hearted child, tell me where it all falls  
All this apathy you feel will make a fool of us all

Oh, I've been worryin' that my time is a little unclear  
I've been worryin' that I'm losing the ones I hold dear  
I've been worryin' that we all live our lives in the confines o  
f fear

Oh, I will become what I deserve  
Oh, I will become what I deserve  
Oh, I will become what I deserve  
Oh, I will become what I deserve

I've been worryin', I've been worryin',  
I will become what I deserve  
I've been worryin',  
My time is a little unclear  
I will become what I deserve

I've been worryin', I've been worryin'  
That my time is a little unclear  
I've been worryin', I've been worryin'  
That I'm losing the ones I hold dear  
I've been worryin', I've been worryin'  
That we all live our lives in the confines of fear