

For Island Fires and Family

Dermot Kennedy

How it must feel to be a bird
Roam lonely over sea air
How it must feel to be a bird
London, Paris under me
I'll wait on my own here

I couldn't tell you enough that I'm sorry
And no, you couldn't tell me enough that you loved me
She's bringing the moon and the stars to me
Damn permanent revery

And even though this life, this love is brief
I've got some people who carry me
Wasn't it love as soon as we knew each other properly?
Living 'bout half right, until a certain person got to me

Nothing is secret, everything's sacred
How it ought to be
Under the moonlight
On a clear night
On rooftops is where I want to be

Some times I'm like a child
It's something I can't release
Dreams of her coming home, sweet home
I'm telling you home's so sweet

Said you reminded me of the summer times
I still mean that
In a full room I'm the only one she's smiling at

Wouldn't you let me know if you were thinking less of me?
That's what she asked me what was promised what we both agreed
Truthfully if you ever go, you'll drop me straight to Hell's 7th circle

And I was talking with you earlier
We were open and vulnerable, it was wonderful
I, I used to dream that you would talk to me
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Know that feeling when you think your heart is gonna come right out through
your shirt?
I get it a couple times a year but I've been getting it more often with her
When I'm face to face with death I'll grab his throat
And ask him, "how does it hurt?"

In those golden moments growing old too quickly
Was he thinking of her?

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