

It's The Hope That Kills You

Graham Coxon

Lips painted red
Easily led
Girl in the crowd

Scatter the lies
Bird from the sky
I fly down

Seal my fate
Get home late
Take me down

Held there for years
Senses dulled down
Wake me again

Hard to hold onto my hopefulness
Cos it's the hope that kills you
Help me hold onto my hopefulness
Cos all my hope lies with you

Into the night
Tired from the fight
Hold me near

Give me the sight
Pour all your light
Pure and clear

Blood red and warm
Bow to the form
Lose control

Hard to hold onto my hopefulness
Cos it's the hope that kills you
Help me hold onto my hopefulness
Cos all my hope lies with you

In dark rooms
I'm dancing

Bring your eyes

Come on home
Come on home
Come on home