

# Salvation

Isobel Campbell

Salvation, Salvation

I never really want it to believe  
I always thought you flattered to deceive

Salvation, Salvation

My blood is flowing like the tide  
And blood is thick and so's my own grey hide

Got to get up and moan

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Got to get up and moan

Got to get up and moan

And I went out in that bad old world to roam

And I was like a stranger coming home

Salvation, Salvation

I'm fortunes son and I took what I could get  
I loved you dear and never will forget

Salvation, Salvation

When my bridges burned all I saw was you  
On the other side too good to be true

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