

Make Haste

Midlake

Make haste
In the morning, will I
Make haste?
In the morning, will I

There's my youth at the bottom of the sea
Tell me, truly, is this how it was to be?
Stop that, nobody's out to blame
Poor me, buried in all the shame
In the end

Make haste
In the morning, will I
Make haste?
In the morning, will I

A place uncouth, harrowing enemies
Shield the truth of how it is to be
Combat all the naysaying game
Believe goodness invokes its wane
In the end

I'm backing out of everything
Your need far outweighs all my gain
In the end
I've had it now for all these days
Court me till there is no more fame
In the end

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Make haste?
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