

Guilded Halls

Richard Ashcroft

You live in guilded halls
Behind country walls
And you're feeling sick again
Tell me why love must die
And why the soft refrain

We've all got a hit list
A little wish list of our own
Takes a strong man to learn to let it go
Turn every corner
We're like a lamb to the slaughter
I wish I knew a way to let it go

I love your grace
I love your style
We're going out again
Those guilded halls
Behind country walls
And you're feeling sick again

We've all got a hit list
A little wish list of our own
Takes a strong man to learn to let it go
Turn every corner
We're like a lamb to the slaughter
I wish I knew a way to let it go

We've all got a hit list
A little wish list of our own
Takes a strong man to learn to let it go
Turn every corner
We're like a lamb to the slaughter
I wish I knew a way to let it go

Guilded halls
Country walls
And you're feeling sick again
We've all got a hit list
A little wish list of our own
Takes a strong man to learn to let it go
Turn every corner
Just like a lamb to their slaughter
Wish I knew a way to let it go
I wish I knew a way to let it go
I wish I found a way to learn to let it go
Ah ah
I wish I found a way to learn to let it go
Ooh ooh
I wish I found a way to learn to let it go
Ooh ooh
To let it go