

Something To Live For

Ed Harcourt

She's moving like a forest fire
Leaving no part unscathed
Too young to be as jaded as I am
But old enough to feel the strain
I hope that I can hold on to
The beauty that I'll never match
The never-ending open wound
That started from a simple scratch

I want to save us from being saved
Before we get too old and waste away
Like some lovers destined to die young

And so through all the loss we've seen
Of friends who sit and think too much
Too fragile for the cold outside
Too proud to say what's on their minds
This is for the broken fools
Whose flames are gone before their time
And if you see me trip and fall
Save me from my swift decline

I want to sink beneath a drunken sea
Look in your eyes when you take the breath from me
There's always something to live for