

## Pass Them By

Agnes Obel

We come together, here we go  
Around the fire, here we go  
Flaming higher, here we go  
To my surprise a fever grows

Lamps will glimmer on the gloom  
Prey on the light in the room  
As we fill it to the brim  
We say the words we take them in

Oh how the hills were laughing  
How the creeks they cried  
How the grass would cheer on  
As we passed them by

Room for many, room for few  
Here in the dark I made for you  
Oh why do I hear you and believe  
That we come together to make it sweet

Oh how the hills were laughing  
How the creeks they cried  
How the grass would cheer on  
As we passed them by