

Be What You Be

Angus Stone

I can still see the shadow of your ghost,
Staring on right lost at sea.
I can still feel the wind beneath my shoes,
Lifting me on up so I can breathe.

I can still see the red from the show,
She was a fine ship yes indeed.
I can still see the old man,
Diving on down the fine quays.

Be what you be,
In all that you are
Be what you be,
In all that you are
Oh, be what you be,
In all that you are
Are, in all that you are.

I can still see my trails from the moon,
The compass for my shadow as it falls.
I can still feel my angel,
Come knocking at my door, she told me

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In all that you are
Be what you be,
In all that you are
Be what you be,
In all that you are
Are, in all that you are.

Be what you be,
In all that you are
Be what you be,
In all that you are
Oh, be what you be,
In all that you are
You be what you be,
In all you are
You be what you be,
In all that you are
Yeah, in all that you are