

## Land's End

Bat for Lashes

Well the winter it came, my love  
And I did not know my own name  
So I drove down that old country road  
And the spirits conjured something  
Grey clouds over storms did roll  
And I searched for you in the cyclone  
For my love, I will bleed  
And I drive till I set myself free

To land's end  
Oh, oh  
To land's end  
Oh, oh  
To land's end

Ask a soothsayer and old men wives  
Where the witches burnt for all our lies  
Past the motorways and city lights  
That my soul be free and spirit fly

To land's end  
Oh, oh  
To land's end  
Oh, oh  
To land's end  
To land's end