

## A Boat to an Island on the Wall

Ben Howard

To care, or not to care  
To be there  
In the distant and uncertain  
To be aware  
In an old Iberian hotel room  
That the devil  
Is not behind the curtain  
She said walk in small steps  
And fear floating  
We made a pact  
A certain approaching  
Leaned on the sky  
The smoking cigarette  
Said it's late  
You should be going  
The wind is howling  
The house is showing

Boat to an island on the wall  
A Hand striking in slow motion  
Future singing in the field  
Shooting season's open

To care, or not care  
To be your world  
In your absence an angel chose this for you  
You're supposed to laugh  
Tell your fortune to the sailor  
This is the black mountain pass  
These hours the sun shines to moonlight, black

Boat to an island on the wall  
A hand striking in slow motion  
Future singing in the field  
Shooting season's open  
Boat to an island on the wall  
A hand striking in slow motion  
Lied too bad, too long  
Shooting season's open