

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