

# Black Flies

Ben Howard

Black flies on the windowsill  
That we are  
That we are  
That we are to know  
Winter stole summer's thrill  
And the river's cracked and cold

See the sky is no man's land  
A darkened plume to stay  
Hope here needs a humble hand  
Not a fox found in your place

And no man is an island, oh this I know  
But can't you see, oh?  
Maybe you were the ocean, when I was just a stone

Black flies on the windowsill  
That we are  
That we are  
That we are to hold  
Comfort came against my will  
And every story must grow old

Still I'll be a traveler  
A gypsy's reins to face  
But the road is wearier  
With that fool found in your place

And no man is an island, oh this I know  
But can't you see, oh?  
Maybe you were the ocean, when I was just a stone

And no man is an island, oh this I know  
But can't you see, oh?  
Maybe you were the ocean, when I was just a stone

So here we are!

And I don't wanna beg your pardon  
And I don't wanna ask you why  
But if I was to go my own way  
Would I have to pass you by?

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