

Burgh Island

Ben Howard

With brown eyes shining, short lane on a way to go,
And the sun tries you're feeling home, I guess you're broke
And we're all sick of it, and breath tide up in someone's hold,
And I screamed at you, Burgh Island, and see through your toes.

And if ever to leave, I'll say before I go
That you're the best moment I have ever known.

With brown eyes shining, short lane on a way to go,
And the sun tries you so long,
And we're all sick of it, and breath tide up in someone's hold,
And we'll break for it, in Burgh Island and see through your toes.

And if ever to leave, I'll say before I go
That you're the best moment I have ever known.

Oh, I bite my tongue that you leave it the first to the wind
'cause I heard the song by my means of fickle child,
The one blowing.

Oh, I bite my tongue, brought you many the first to run.
'cause I heard each song by means of fickle child,
The one blowing.