

## Promise

Ben Howard

And meet me there, with bundles of flowers,  
We'll wade through the hours of cold  
Winter she'll howl at the walls,  
Tearing down doors of time.

Shelter as we go...

And promise me this:  
You'll wait for me only,  
Scared of the lonely arms.  
That surface, far below these birds.

And maybe, just maybe I'll come home

Who am I, darling to you?  
Who am I,  
To tell you stories of mine  
Who am I?

Who am I, darling for you?  
Who am I  
To be your burden in time, lonely  
Who am I, to you?

Who am I, darling for you?  
Who am I  
To be your burden

Who am I, darling to you?  
Who am I?

I come alone here  
I come alone here