

Small Things

Ben Howard

Oh my mind!
I walk down Mayflower Road again
The wailing sun
Echoes from the park seem so absurd

The bus takes hours
I knew it would
But I can't shake the sting
Can't spend my time
On everybody else

If buildings fell
At least we'd be in matrimony
I can't control
The words kaleidoscope inside my head

Has the world gone mad
Or is it me?
All these small things they gather round me
Gather round me
Is it all so very bad?
I can't see
All these small things they gather round me
Gather round me

I saw the police
Screaming something trivial
Like 'keep the peace!'
The world moves on and you can't shake the sound

I know she's home
Waiting on somebody
Loathe in light
All in my mind
The anvil and the weight upon my back

Has the world gone mad
Or is it me?
All these small things they gather round me
Gather round me
Is it all so very bad?
I can't see
All these small things they gather round me
Gather round me

And I can't see my love