

Favourite Day

Bombay Bicycle Club

With our backs all turned to morning light
and all our timing gone
We can find some common surface
to put all our worries on
We can pour them out, or let them drip
then split them one by one
They can dry out, let them lie out
in the eyes of the morning sun

Don't stop waiting 'till you feel it all

When I left you weighing your choices up
and all the light had gone
You had tied the ends together
made them fight out all night long
Now the good half turns to what you had
the bad half's giving up
You can tear it out and bury it, put all your worries off