

Your Eyes

Bombay Bicycle Club

Nod my head so dumb with love
there's something else I'm dreaming of
Shut my eyes pretend it's there
keep me here, unaware
I would promise all I could
think about it afterward
Humor me just think it through
it's all I ever asked of you

Coming back

You come out and say the word
quick how all the tables turned
Hate that there's a space to fill
always have and always will
I'm there when your fingers snap
it's not where we left it at
I can see the love we trapped, coming back

Along the barren streets we slide, poke at any dirt we find
Magnify for us to see, then dig them up desperately
I would promise all I could, think about it afterward
Humor me just think it through, it's all I ever asked of you