

## Something To Live For

Ed Harcourt

She's moving like a forest fire  
Leaving no part unscathed  
Too young to be as jaded as I am  
But old enough to feel the strain  
I hope that I can hold on to  
The beauty that I'll never match  
The never-ending open wound  
That started from a simple scratch

I want to save us from being saved  
Before we get too old and waste away  
Like some lovers destined to die young

And so through all the loss we've seen  
Of friends who sit and think too much  
Too fragile for the cold outside  
Too proud to say what's on their minds  
This is for the broken fools  
Whose flames are gone before their time  
And if you see me trip and fall  
Save me from my swift decline

I want to sink beneath a drunken sea  
Look in your eyes when you take the breath from me  
There's always something to live for