

Mountains

Gabrielle Aplin

You wrote me notes on paper bags
You strolled the roads as I turned back
Air was calm the sky was black
You wrote a list of things I lack

We've come to realise
We're opened up our eyes

'Cause you're a mountain I can't climb yet
And I'm a painting but you're blinded

I always have to justify how my tongue dances
We're barely getting by on taking chances
We've come to realise
It's us that we despise

'Cause you're a mountain I can't climb yet
And I'm a painting but you're blinded

We've come to realise
It's us that we despise