

Follow Me

Iwan Rheon

Set off tomorrow well I wish you well
With your hand full of wild flowers on the road to hell

Follow me I say hold my hand
Follow me to this righteous land
Set off tomorrow on the road to hell
With a picture in your pocket of the wishing well

Follow me, you say hold my hand
Follow me to righteous land
Where all your fears are in your eyes
All your foes are on your side

Well I set off this morning with you thank you sweet
For the slither of alcohol to ground my fear

Follow me now I understand
Follow me wont you hold my hand

Cause threes no point writing fables of how we should be
When the clouds gave condensation and you hand to me

Follow me now I understand
Follow my sweet part is out
When all your fears are in your eyes
All your foes are on your side

We slipped into the sun on a summer's day
Left the cake house to feel I'm dreaming away
You know this morning taste so sweet
Cause the ground beneath my feet and the air I breathe
Well maybe that's something we'll never believe
When all your fears are in your eyes
All your foes are on your side