

Words & Fire

Sam Roberts

These words don't come easy
They spit from my lips
Then we never had it easy
It slipped from our fingertips

When we met, you laughed at me
And stole my last cigarette
Said you wanted to share a past with me
Tomorrow's the day to forget
And you said

Just give me a reason
To carry on, to carry on
Just give me a reason
To carry on, to carry on

Now I've come unhinged
I'm a door in a frame
Well, I'm never quite closed
But I ain't open to change

So my knuckles are bruised
From knocking on wood
Well, it's a trick that I've used
Perhaps more than I should
And I said

Just give me a reason
To carry on, to carry on
Just give me a reason
To carry on, to carry on

'Cause a heart is just a heart
It can break and fall apart
It can bleed and stop and start
'Cause a heart is just a heart

Mix your words with fire
I'll let them burn me down
Let them ring in the air
Like the bells of an old mining town

Just give me a reason
To carry on, to carry on
Just give me a reason
To carry on, to carry on

Just give me a reason
To carry on, to carry on
Just give me a reason
To carry on, to carry on

Just give me a reason
To carry on, to carry on
Just give me a reason
To carry on, to carry on

Just give me a reason
To carry on, to carry on
I just want a reason
To carry on, to carry on

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