

Give In With Grace

Tasmin Archer

I hear the sound of beating drums
But all they play are wedding vows
When all I want to hear you say is don't you ever go
The city smokes like an old man in his bed
With fading hopes and fading memories of when I was on my own
Don't you ever go
The marching bands go marching by
And I recall these careless hands
That held the world and let it fall
You were there below
Don't you ever go
Don't you ever go

Although you'll recognise me from these photographs
I'll change and I'll give in with grace
I'll change and I'll give in with grace
But will it save me?
But will it save me?
But will it save me?

Your stories thrill
But they all sound like a lie that I have lived
And I thought that I was right
But you gave me more than you'll ever know
Don't you ever go
Although you'll recognise me from these photographs
I'll change and I'll give in with grace
I'll change and I'll give in with grace
I've changed and I'll give in with grace
But will it save me?
But will it save me?
But will it save me?