

Bastille, Hangin'

Hindsight's a wonderful thing
We were all experts in the end
I don't know where to begin
But let's start with the truth
'Cause it gets you in the end
Don't tell me you've never done a thing
That in all honesty, you regret
That guilty voice that's still rings
Blows around in the breeze
Through the branches in your hair

Still through the leaves the wind keeps blowing, but
Don't leave me hanging
I'm coming for you, I'm coming for you
Don't leave me hanging
I'm coming for you, I'm coming for you
Oh, it's coming for you
Oh, it's coming for you

Hindsight's a wonderful thing
We were all experts in the end
I don't know where to begin
But let's start with the truth
'Cause it gets you in the end
Don't tell me you've never done a thing
That in all honesty, you regret
Those bits you'd rather forget
Not if you come down, and lay them all to rest

Still through the leaves the wind keeps blowing, but
Don't leave me hanging
I'm coming for you, I'm coming for you
Don't leave me hanging
I'm coming for you, I'm coming for you
Oh, it's coming for you
Oh, it's coming for you

Just leave me hanging in breeze if it makes you feel better
Still through the leaves the wind keeps blowing
I could just turn the other cheek if it makes you feel better
Still through the leaves the wind keeps blowing, but
Don't leave me hanging
I'm coming for you, I'm coming for you

Don't leave me hanging
I'm coming for you, I'm coming for you
Don't leave me hanging
I'm coming for you, I'm coming for you
Oh, it's coming for you
Oh, it's coming for you
Don't leave me hanging
I'm coming for you, I'm coming for you