

# Bastille, Hope For The Future

Hey, it's not that late  
You came here for a moment  
Of love  
Just, a bit of space  
A change here from the city  
Of love

I wrote your name down on the hillside in my mind  
I wrote your name down  
And ooh, I keep a picture of you here in my head  
And ooh, I breathe a little deeper with every breath  
But hope for the future got me on my knees  
And ooh, I keep a picture of you here in my head

The breeze here always stirs  
The grasses of our memories  
Alive

I wrote your name down on the hillside in my mind  
I wrote your name down

And ooh, I keep a picture of you here in my head  
And ooh, I breathe a little deeper with every breath  
But hope for the future got me on my knees  
And ooh, I keep a picture of you here in my head

Thought that I could hear you whisper softly  
Can't be only me that hears the sound  
But it's the ones in charge who write the history  
Each time

And ooh, I keep a picture of you here in my head  
And ooh, I breathe a little deeper with every breath  
But hope for the future got me on my knees  
And ooh, I keep a picture of you here in my head