

Ben Christophers, Give Me Everything

Bring down
all the shade that blinded
the baby stars and eyelids
under the cinema sky

Maybe
were' to blame
and maybe were' not the same but surely
were' as god intended

I hope your catching your breath
on a mountain somewhere
I hope it's all you thought it was
I hope your somewhere out there

With waves like white horses
days like these force me to miss you
I think I will always be
maybe
were' all the misfits lifted
uneasy from it real life
swallowed you up whole
bring down all the shade
and give me everything
real like swallowed you up whole

I hope your catching your breath
in a moment shared
on a mountain somewhere
for the sweet here after
i hope it's all you thought it was
heaven knows your name
I hope your somewhere out there

Wake up
Slowly early morning
Days like these I miss you
I think I always will
I think I always will