

Luke Pickett, Dream, Love, Cure

I'm at your window
Pouring my heart out
Counting the cracks
Until you fill your lungs
With these tears that have flooded our room
But I just didn't realise that we could save you
You're bitter, cos you lost out
So why don't, you sit this one out
It's better, if you let go
Then taking the easy way home
I'm at your window
Pulling the blinds down
Passing the flowers
Cupping the teardrops
You're bitter cos you lost out
So why don't, you sit this one out
It's better, if you let go
Then taking the easy way home
Bear your soul
To the world
The seas will make
It seem bold
Bear your soul
To the world
The seas will make
Bear our souls (now)
Bear our souls (to the world)
Bear our souls (to the world)
Bear our souls (to the world)
Bear your soul
(Bear your soul to the world)
Bear your soul (to the world)
Bear your soul (to the world)
Bear your soul