

Badly Drawn Boy, There's A Storm

There's a storm coming over the hill
With a glance or a stare i could kill
I don't mean to be harsh or direct
But a heart such as mine must dissect
And decide who deserves my time
I decided that isnt a crime, no

And a steeple of chance seperates
All the love that one heart generates
There's a reason for telling you this
I won't flinch ill betray with a kiss
There's a fog lighten blur in my eye
And a secret cloud thunder my sky
You said fire wouldnt burn up a hill
If you try then it probably will, yeah

Fade away