

# 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