

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