

Midlake, We Gathered In Spring

I'm tired of being here
On this hill
No-one lives to be three hundred years
Like the way it used to be

I think they were giants
I think they were giants

On this hill, nothing grows except greed
You will stay to finish your work
As long as need be
As long as need be

On a clear day
I can see my old house
and my wife in the front yard
Talking with the friends

We gathered in spring
We gathered in spring
We gathered in spring
We gatehred in spring

I'm tired of being here
On this hill
Where I'm sure to find my last meal
No-one lives to be three hundred years

On a clear day
I can see my old house
and my wife in the front yard
Talking with the friends

We gathered in spring
We gathered in spring
We gathered in spring
We gatehred in spring