

Sam Roberts, Words & Fire

These words don't come easy
They spit from my lips
But then we never had it easy
It slipped from our fingertips

When we met, you laughed at me
And stole my last cigarette
Said you wanted to share a past with me
That tomorrow's the day to forget
And you said

Just give me a reason to carry on
To carry on
Just give me a reason to carry on
To carry on

Now I've come unhinged
I'm a door in a frame
Well I'm never quite closed
But I ain't open to change

So my knuckles are bruised
From knocking on wood
It's a trick that I've used
Perhaps more than I should
And I said

Just give me a reason to carry on
To carry on
Just give me a reason to carry on
To carry on

Cause a heart is just a heart
It can break and fall apart
It can bleed and stop and start
Cause a heart is just a heart

Oooohhhhhh

Mix your words with fire
I'll let them burn me down
Let them ring in the air
Like the bells of an old mining town

Just give me a reason to carry on
To carry on
Just give me a reason to carry on
To carry on

Just give me a reason to carry on
To carry on
Just give me a reason to carry on
To carry on

Just give me a reason to carry on
To carry on
Just give me a reason to carry on
To carry on

Just give me a reason to carry on
To carry on
I just want a reason to carry on
To carry on