

Bombay Bicycle Club

"Ivy And Gold"

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One two
One two three four!

Waking sitting up right can't explain the sunlight
Wondering why you're not home
Girl I go beside you
left before you tried to work out all the unknowns

Blame it all on me when I forget to defend
Everything that we worked out
something in her wording I cannot help searching
For what memory found

Thought it stopped just as it start
But that is not what you are
You're a layer on my clothes
Made of ivy and gold
Meet me in the hallway bite your lip when i say
Never have you left my mind
Stop and think it over smiling moving closer
oh what delicate time

Blame it all on my when I forget to defend
everything that we put down
Something in her wording
I guess she was just searching

for some monetary sound (?)

Thought it stopped just as it starts
But that is not what you are

You're a layer on my clothes
Made of ivy and gold

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