

Matthew And The Atlas "I Will Remain"

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Further from my widowed home take the road that sets
it to the sun,
Waiting for my skin and bone to return and see what
I've become,
Summer has not yet been here though my days are
long,
Take me back to when the night was young and
another song was sung.

What of all those pretty tales the ones that took me to
this door,
Is it comfort in the salvers way is it comfort upon this
wooden floor,
Tell you is it a failure to forget the ones that self it,
And I tried to remember but my mind is no longer
clean.

Oooh Ooooh Oooh, You recognise me,
Oooh Ooooh Oooh, I follow from, far from the trees,
Oooh Ooooh Oooh, The woods came out, on to my
knees,
Oooh Ooooh Oooh, I twisted round,
I made no sound... No sound.

I'll wonder till my frittle bones has come and pulled me
to the stone,
Further from the towns you've known I'll remain from
where I have begun,
Summer before I start I was kicking home stones as a
child,
In the meadow when the storm came through and I
followed straight back to you.

Oooh Ooooh Oooh, You recognise me,
Oooh Ooooh Oooh, I follow from, far from the trees,
Oooh Ooooh Oooh, The woods came out, on to my
knees,
Oooh Ooooh Oooh, I twisted round,
I made no sound... No sound.

Would you ever doubt my love when my day is done,
I'll lay down my body within this earth I've won,

Would you try to follow the roads I had to walk,
There's a whisper in the willow for they all hear me talk.

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