

James Blake**"I Am Sold"**

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Link my door tonight
I am sold

And we late, nocturnal
Speculate what we feel

You said it was a flash of green
But you hadn't known

And we late, nocturnal
Speculate what we feel
And we late, nocturnal
Speculate what we feel
And we late, nocturnal
Speculate what we feel

And we late, nocturnal
And we late, nocturnal
And we late, nocturnal
And we late, nocturnal

But I am going to shoot
There's nothing like a break
But it may be a consolation
That shows us where we are

And we late, nocturnal
Speculate what we feel
And we late, nocturnal
Speculate what we feel
And we late, nocturnal
Speculate what we feel
And we late, nocturnal

So most of how you felt
I'm glad I could help
I could talk this over twenty thousand years
Everything is wonderful close to you
So most of how you felt
I'm glad I could help

But I am going to shoot
There's nothing like a break
But it may be a consolation
That shows us where we are

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