

Ben Howard

"Burgh Island"

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With brown eyes shining, short lane on a way to go,
And the sun tries you're feeling home, I guess you're
broke
And we lost sight of it, and breath tide up in someone's
hold,
And your eyes screamed it, Burgh Island, in sepia
tones.

And if ever to leave, I'll say before I go
That you're the best moment I have ever known.

With brown eyes shining, short light on a way to go,
And the sun tries you so long,
And we lost sight of it and breath tide up in someone's
hold,
And we'll break for it, in Burgh Island in sepia tones.

And if ever to leave, I'll say before I go
That you're the best moment I have ever known.

Oh, I bite my tongue that you leave it the first to the
wind
'Cause I heard the song by my means of fickled child,
The one blowing.

Oh, I bite my tongue, brought you many the first to run.
'Cause I heard each song by means of fickled child,
The one blowing.

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