

Ben Howard

"Depth Over Distance"

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Depth over distance every time, my dear
And this tree of ours may grow tall in the woods
But it's the roots that will bind us here
To the ground

Depth over distance was all I asked of you
And I may be foolish to fall as I do
Is there strength in the blindness you fear
If you're coming too
If you're coming too

So hold on, wait until that lone sun
Breaks from the arms of the Lord
Yeah hold on, though we may be too young
To know this ride we're on

Depth over distance was all I asked of you
And everybody round here's acting like a stone
Still there's things I'd do, darling, I'd go blind for you
If you let him grow sometimes, let him grow
sometimes, let him grow
Just let him grow sometimes

So hold on, wait until that lone sun
Breaks from the arms of the Lord
Yeah hold on, though we may be too young
To know this ride we're on
Yeah hold on, though we may be too young
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