

## **Ben Howard**

# **"Oats In The Water"**

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Go your way,  
I'll take the long way 'round,  
I'll find my own way down,  
As I should.

And hold your gates  
As croak in the midas touch  
A joke in the way that we rust,  
And breathe again.

And you'll find loss  
And you'll fear what you found  
When weather comes  
Tear him down

There'll be oats in the water  
There'll be birds on the ground  
There'll be things you never asked her  
Oh how they tear at you now

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