

## **Bastille**

### **"Laughter Lines"**

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You took me to your favourite place on Earth  
To see the tree they cut down ten years from your birth.  
Our fingers traced in circles round its history,  
We brushed our hands right back in time through centuries.

As you held me down, you said:

I'll see you in the future when we're older  
And we are full of stories to be told  
Cross my heart and hope to die  
I'll see you with your laughter lines

Changes on our hands and on our faces oh oh  
Memories are mapped out by the lines we'll trace

As you held me down you said:

I'll see you in the future when we're older  
And we are full of stories to be told  
Cross my heart and hope to die  
I'll see you with your laughter lines

Ashen faces in cold breeze  
ashen faces in cold breeze  
all the stories you will leave  
all the stories you will leave

I'll see you in the future when we're older  
And we are full of stories to be told  
Cross my heart and hope to die  
I'll see you with your laughter lines

I'll see you in the future when we're old  
I'll see you in the future when we're old

