

Agnes Obel, Aventine

Will you go ahead to the Aventine?
In the holly red in the night
Dirt under my shoe from the old at heart
Right under you, grinning in the dark

You carried my heart in the night
To bury the wave in the tide
You carried me onto the fields

There is a grove, there is a plot
Deep in the snow, breaking your heart
One step ahead, a thousand miles
A trail ablaze to the Aventine

You carried my heart in the night
To marry the wave with the tide
You carried me onto the fields

You carried my heart in the night
To bury the wave in the tide
You carried me onto the fields

Play it down, down, down...
Play it down, down, down...