

Bastille, Things We Lost in the Fire

Things we lost to the flames
Things we'll never see again
All that we've amassed
Sits before us, shattered into ash

These are the things, the things we lost
The things we lost in the fire fire fire
These are the things, the things we lost
The things we lost in the fire fire fire

We sat and made a list
Of all the things that we had
Down the backs of table tops
Ticket stubs and your diaries

I read them all one day
When loneliness came and you were away
Oh they told me nothing new,
But I love to read the words you used

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I was the match and you were the rock
Maybe we started this fire
We sat apart and watched
All we had burned on the pyre

(You said) we were born with nothing
And we sure as hell have nothing now
(You said) we were born with nothing
And we sure as hell have nothing now

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Do you understand that we will never be the same again?
Do you understand that we will never be the same again?
The future's in our hands and we will never be the same again
The future's in our hands and we will never be the same again

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Flames ? they licked the walls
Tenderly they turned to dust all that I adore