

Keane, Atlantic

I hope all my days will be lit by your face
I hope all the years will hold tight our promises
I don't want to be old and sleep alone
An empty house is not a home
I don't want to be old and feel afraid

I don't want to be old and sleep alone
An empty house is not a home
I don't want to be old and feel afraid

And if I need anything at all
I need a place that's hidden in the deep
Where lonely angels sing you to your sleep
Though all the world is broken
I need a place where I can make my bed
A lover's lap where I can lay my head
'Cause now the room is spinning
The day's beginning