

Paolo Nutini, Through The Echoes

I'm always wondering what it would be like to die
She asks me why
I always smile when I feel like I'm gonna cry
She asks me why
Over the cliff in feathered sands
She's always offering me her hand
And I hear her coming

Through the echoes
Through the echoes
Through the echoes
Straight to me
Over and over
Over and over
Over and over again

She's always wondering what it would feel like to fly
I ask her why
She says everything that she sees shine is in the sky
Up there shining
When your belly's rumbling down the phone
When you ask for bread, you get a stone
When you feel like you're alone
Listen for me coming

Through the echoes
Through the echoes
Through the echoes
Straight to you

Listen for me coming through the echoes
Through the echoes
Through the echoes
Straight to you

Oh, over and over
Over and over
Over and over again
Over and over
Over and over
Over and over again

Over and over
Over and over
Over and over again

Through the echoes
Through the echoes
Through the echoes
Straight to you

Listen for me through the echoes
Through the echoes
Through the echoes
Straight to you