James Bay, Us

sometimes I’m beaten
sometimes I’m broken
cause sometimes this is nothing but smoke
is there a secret?
is there a code?
can we make it therefore?
cause I’m losing hope

tell me how to be in this world
tell me how to breathe in and feel no hurt
tell me how could I believe in something
I believe in us

after the wreckage
after the dust
I still hear the howling
I still feel the rush

over riots above all the noise
and through all the worry
i still hear your voice

so tell me how to be in this world
tell me how to breathe in and feel no hurt
tell me how could I believe in something
I believe in us

we used to be kids
living just for kids
in cinema seats learning how to kiss
running through streets
that were painted gold
we never believe
we’d grow up like this

so tell me how to be in this world
tell me how to breathe in and feel no hurt
tell me how could I believe in something
I believe in us