

Oblivion – Bastille

When you fall asleep
with your head upon my shoulder
When you're in my arms
but you've gone somewhere deeper

Are you going to age with grace?
Are you going to age without mistakes?

When, oh oh oh and oblivion

When, oh oh oh and oblivion

When, oh oh oh and oblivion

When, oh oh oh and oblivion

When, oh oh oh and oblivion

When, oh oh oh and oblivion

When you play it hard
and I try to follow you there
It's not about control
But I turn back when I see where you go

Are you going to age with grace?
Are you going to leave a path to trace?

When, oh oh oh and oblivion

When, oh oh oh and oblivion

When, oh oh oh and oblivion

When, oh oh oh and oblivion

When, oh oh oh and oblivion

When, oh oh oh and oblivion

