

James Blake, Godspeed

I will always love you how I do
Let go of a prayer for you
Just a sweet word
The table is prepared for you

Ohh, ohh ohh
Ohh, ohh ohh
Ohh, ohh ohh

Wishing you godspeed, glory
There will be mountains you won't move
Still I'll always be there for you how I do
I let go of my claim on you
It's a free world

You look down on where you came from something
But still you'll have this place to call home always

Glory
Glory
Glory
Glory

This love will keep us from blinding of the eyes
Silence in the ears, darkness of the mind
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