

London Grammar, Big Picture

Love, what did you do to me?
My only hope is to let life stretch out before me
And break me on this lonely road
I'm made of many things
But I'm not what you're made of

Only now do I see the big picture
But I swear that scars are fine
Only you couldn't hurt me in this perfect way tonight
I might be blind
But you've told me the difference before mistake and what you just meant for me

Don't say you ever loved me
Don't say you ever cared
My darkest friend was

Have you forgotten all the lies, you left there so fresh turning old in the air?
And now, you have weapons
You can try to get close to those I love
Do you really think they don't know what you're made of