

Afterglow

artist:Ed Sheeran , writer:Ed Sheeran

One, two
Stop the clocks, it's amazing
You should see the way the light dances off your hair
A million colours of hazel, golden and red
Saturday morning is fading
The sun's reflected by the coffee in your hand
My eyes are caught in your gaze all over a-gain

We were love drunk, waiting on a miracle
Trying to find ourselves in the winter snow
So a-lone in love like the world had disa-ppeared
Oh, I won't be silent and I won't let go
I will hold on tighter 'til the afterglow
And we'll burn so bright 'til the darkness softly clears

Oh, I will hold on to the afterglow
Oh, I will hold on to the afterglow

The weather outside's changing
The leaves are buried under six inches of white
The radio is playing, Iron & Wine
This is a new dimension
This is a level where we're losing track of time
I'm holding nothing a- gainst it, except you and I

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