

Slow Cruel Hands of Time

Band of Horses

The Biding of time getting stuck in my mind is a boat to row
Two hours later back in my neighborhood where everything just stalled
It still looks the same they remember my name stepping in for a cupful
There's a big city man I used to rumble with him back in highschool
Slow cruel hands of time
Turn you into molten lava oh myA place on the right you can stop for awhile look out for the
policeman
There's no street lamps only three buildings and one of them's vacant
It's taken all day the packs feeling heavy and soon enough
Backwards down the mountain the axle is grinding pull in to the wrong drive
The sky is in the yard stringing cotton candy in the fallThe slow climb
The hard to fall
Sometimes I don't want it at all
I've done this so long
it's something I ought to know
So long
Finally up
All the peace is disrupted and the birds fly
Trapped for a moment
The Sheriff's department got the wrong guy
The towns reveal below
Visible wind through the fog
Slow cruel hands of time
Turning you back into a child

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>