

# A Fine Frenzy, Borrowed Time

thick as thieves  
the last of leaves  
in the winter sun  
holding fast  
this freezing branch  
is home to us

step, step right over the line  
and onto borrowed time  
when its life, not waiting to die  
waiting to divide to divide

counting stars  
and passing cars  
on the interstate  
the end is near  
I feel it dear,  
but I am not afraid

step, step right over the line  
and onto borrowed time  
when its life, not waiting to die  
waiting to divide  
to divide

but you say youre getting tired  
youre tired and so am I  
when you fall Ill fall behind

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onto borrowed time  
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but you say youre getting tired  
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when you fall  
Ill fall behind