

Band Of Horses, Slow Cruel Hands of Time

Part of the talking got stuck in my mind
Is a board to road
Two hours later back in my neighbourhood, where
Everything just stole
It still looks the same, they remember my name
Stepped it in for a cup full
Is big city manner used to rumble with him
Back in high school
The slow cruel hands of time
Turn into a ultime lover or more

Piece on the ride, you can stop for a while
To look out for a policeman,
There's no street nails
Only free buildings, and one of them faking
Is taking all day,
The pack's feeling heavy and soon enough
Backwards down the mountain the axel is brown,
Fall into a long drive
The sky is in the yard,
Stream cot candy in the fall
Slow card the hard to fall
Some times I don't want any more
I've gone this so long
Something I hardly know
Slow gone

Finally up the pieces disrupted and the birds fly
Trapped for a moment
The sheriff's department got the wrong guy
The town is revealed the lone
Visible winds through the fog
This slow cruel hands of time, turning you back into a child