

Neighborhood 4 - 7 Kettles

Arcade Fire

I am waitin' 'til I don't know when,
Cause I'm sure it's gonna happen then.
Time keeps creepin' through the neighborhood,
Killing old folks, wakin' up babies
Just like we knew it would. All the neighbors are startin' up a fire,
Burning all the old folks the witches and the liars.
My eyes are covered by the hands of my unborn kids,
But my heart keeps watchin'
Through the skin of my eyelids. They say a watched pot won't ever boil,
Well I closed my eyes and nothin' changed,
Just some water getting hotter in the flames. It's not a lover I want no more,
And it's not heaven I'm pining for,
But there's some spirit I used to know,
That's been drowned out by the radio!

Songwriters

EDWIN BUTLER, REGINE CHASSAGNE, RICHARD PARRY, TIMOTHY KINGSBURY, WILLIAM
BUTLER Published by

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