Tight Wire and Cold Hands

Slow Coming Day

And he finds himself waking up in a different bed, in a different bed
With a crook in his neck and sleep in his eyes
He turns to sigh, he turns to sigh
He's running too fast to know how far he slid away, he slid awayIt's one step over the ledge, you're fading fast into dead ends
And tell me why you stand with tight wire and cold hands
Her open wound, their bodies lie all alone
They lie all alone tonightThe sharp knife, it cuts through
Deep through the skin, deep through her skin
She's running too fast to know how far she slid away, she slid awayIt's one step over the ledge, you're fading fast into dead ends
And tell me why you stand with tight wire and cold hands

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