

Blow Ins

Bell X1

I should know my time and place
I'm Tuesday's child without the grace
Bring your canary, bring your flame
There's a rich seam of windy in my coal mine We're just blow ins on the storm of time
Yeah, we're just stopping for a while Bucket of water to separate
Those horny dogs of church and state
God of ego, God of lies
Pushes us to the corner of our own lives We're just blow ins on the storm of time
Yeah, we're just stopping for a while I am the magpie when all's shiny and new
I can't help myself, I pick a pocket or two
And if all time was but a day
We'd show up around midnight and say hey 'Cause we're just blow ins on the storm of time
Yeah, we're just stopping for a while

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