

# These Days (Two Hands Version)

## Powderfinger

It's coming round again  
Slowly creeping hand  
Of time and its command  
Soon enough it comes  
And settles in its place  
Its shadow in my face  
Puts pressure in my day  
This life well it's slipping right through my hands  
These days turned out nothing like I had planned  
It's coming round again  
The slowly creeping hand  
Of time and its command  
It settles in its place  
Its shadow in my face  
Puts pressure in my day  
Soon enough it comes  
Here it is again  
Slowly creeping hand  
Time and it's command  
Soon enough it comes  
Settles in it's place  
It's shadow in my face  
Undignified and lame  
This life well it's slipping right through my hands  
These days turned out nothing like I had planned  
Control well it's slipping right through my hands  
These days turned out nothing like I had planned  
Soon enough it comes  
Too tie us down  
It's coming round again  
Slow, slowly creeping hand  
This life well it's slipping right through my hand  
These days turned out nothing like I had planned  
Control well it's slipping right through my hand  
These days turned out nothing like I had planned

Songwriters

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