

These Days (final ever performance)

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
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

COGHILL, JONATHAN ROBERT/MIDDLETON, DARREN STUARTPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>