

Time Sands

Sleaford Mods

You said what?

Fuck, no

No, fuck off

I ain't fucking paranoid Let's go back to corridors of mine and also yours

Where the dust lays on the shelf in this the quiet hell Of cigarettes and trains and plastic and bad brains
And heartbreak lays upon the self of this the new born hell, well Times sands, times sands, times sands they fall

They fall in to the glass, well

Turn it upside down, turn it upside down, turn it upside down it falls

It falls into the glass

Make shift roaching as I sweat

Rush hour and I'm not meant to sweat

But they forgive me that I'm sure

Here comes the Monday law Of cigarettes and trains and plastic and bad brains

And heartbreak lays upon the self of this the another hell, well Times sands, times sands, times sands they fall

They fall in to the glass, well

Turn it upside down, turn it upside down, turn it upside down it falls

It falls into the glass It falls into the glass

It falls into the glass

We Hoover on the plastic and bad brains

Hoover on the plastic and bad brains

We Hoover on the plastic and bad brains

Hoover on the plastic and bad brains

Hoover on the plastic and bad brains

Hoover on the plastic and bad brains

Hoover on the plastic and bad brains

We fall into the glass

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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