# Time Sands

## Sleaford Mods

You said what?
Fuck, no
No, fuck off
I ain't fucking paranoidLet's go back to corridors of mine and also yours
Where the dust lays on the shelf in this the quiet hellOf cigarettes and trains and plastic and bad brains
And heartbreak lays upon the self of this the new born hell, wellTimes 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 lawOf cigarettes and trains and plastic and bad brains
And heartbreak lays upon the self of this the another hell, wellTimes 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 glassIt 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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