Hourglass

Gravenhurst

When I think of you
I stop and turn the hourglass again
The past is a strange place
But I want it back and I just won't wait

City girl, what have we done to ourselves?
Black spine northern line feeds on money and time
You cut your soul to fit battle scars from all night bars
Never thought that I would be so drawn to it

City girl, what have we done to ourselves?

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