

Slow Cruel Hands Of Time (DO NOT PITCH)

Band of Horses

The bidding of time getting stuck in my mind is a boat to roll
Two hours later, back in my neighborhood where everything just stalled
It still looks the same
They remembered my name, steppin' in for a cup full
There's a big city man I used to rumble with him back in high school
The slow cruel hands of time
Turn you into molten lava, oh my A place on the rise you can stop for awhile
Look-out for the police man
There's no street lamps, only three buildings and one of them's vacant
It's taking all day the packs feeling heavy and soon the night
Backwards down the mountain, the axle is grinding, pull into the wrong drive
The sky is in the yard
The stringy cotton candy is the fall
The slow climb, the hard the fall
Sometimes I don't want it at all
I've done this so long
It's something I ought know so long Finally up on the pieces disrupting and the birds fly
Trapped for a moment, the sheriffs department got the wrong guy
The towns reveal the law
Visible wind through the fog
The slow cruel hands of time
Turning you back into a child

Songwriters

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