

# It`s about time

## Tumbao

One more day down these stairs  
His room is cold now and it hurts like hell  
He holds tight, he stares  
Its almost over and its running through his head  
They dont know me, they dont know more than I showShes walking up to him so slowly  
Its about time, its about time to fly away but wait  
This one is different 'cause shes lonely  
Fold your wings, youll need them more one dayOne more smile, one more bed  
Her eyes are dark now and they hurt like hell  
Shes so still, shes dead  
She knows its over, she holds her head and says  
They cant love me, they cant love what I dont showHes walking up to her so slowly  
Its about time, its about time to fly away but wait  
This one is different 'cause hes lonely  
Fold your wings, youll need them moreThereve been too many times  
When Ive drowned you with these perfect lines  
And youve heard me say that I can cure you  
This morning I woke up with this overwhelming fear of love  
And Im not sure if I can resurrect youNow Im walking up to you so slowly  
Its about time, its about time to fly away but wait  
I swear its different 'cause Im lonely  
Fold your wings, youll need them more one day

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