

The Pieces

Slow Club

Close all the doors, turn it to night
And let those thin ribbons of light
Work their way through all your dreams
I try and remember what I've seen
Wait up all night
Run my fingers through the age lines in the wood
I can rely on them to tell
The truth when you're not yourself
Cause lately you've been stolen
Where's my friend, I miss her
No one told me you'd be disappearing
Now we're all here, yeah we're all here
Looking for the pieces
The pieces, the pieces
So many years, too many ties
To cut with just one old blunt knife
You're standing in the weird light
And you can step out anytime, but
Lately you've been stolen
Where's my friend, I miss her
No one told me you'd be disappearing
Now we're all here, yeah we're all here
Looking for the pieces
The pieces, the pieces

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