

# Slow Cruel Hands Of Time

## Band of Horses

The bidding of time, getting stuck in my mind,  
There's a boat to row.  
Two hours later, back in my neighbourhood,  
Where everything's just dull.  
Still looks the same, they remember my name,  
Stepping in for a cup full.  
There's big city man, I use to rumble with him,  
Back in high school. The slow cruel hands of time,  
Turn you in to molten lava or mud. The place on the ride, you can stop for awhile,  
Look out for the policeman.  
There's no street lamps, only three buildings,  
And one of them's vacant.  
It's taken all day, the packs feeling heavy,  
And soon enough.  
Backwards down the mountain, the axel is grinding,  
Pull in to the wrong drive. The sky is in the yard,  
Street cotton candy in the fall. Slow kind they're hard to fall,  
Long times, I don't want it at all.  
I've done this so long, it's something I ought to know.  
So long. Finally up, all the pieces disrupted, and the birds fly.  
Trapped for a moment, the Sheriff's department, got the wrong guy. The towns reveal below.  
Visible wind, through the fog. Slow cruel hands of time,  
Turning you back into a child. Transcribed by: Matthew Sorge

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