Our Swords

Band Of Horses

Out on the wall sounds of banging is constant coming from your head
And desperate the calls came and ringing from those wanna wring your neck
Wring your neck
Open your mouth sounds of breathing found it spilling from your face
Best to be dim to the humble of traffic stepping on your name
Count on us all follow our own swords tonight

And chilling walk home down the portions roads there leading straight to your place
And look like the tin can with swallows the kitchen plugging up your space
Count on us all stepping on our own toes tonight
Count on us all stepping on our own toes
Count on us all falling on our own swords tonight

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