

# Mount Wroclai (Idle Days)

## Beirut

And I know when time  
Will pass by slow  
Without my heart  
What can I do  
You're in the halls  
The bell gives way to a larger swell  
Without my heart  
What can I do, oh  
Wroclai And we grow fat  
On the charms of our idle dreary days  
Seen the shadows grow  
See an ominous display  
With no alarm  
Could we say we'd have expected this way  
(under stars?) have died  
Give in to play  
Wroclai

Songwriters

Condon, Zach Published by

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