

# Heavy Hours

## Crooked Fingers

Outside your window  
Waited for you  
You didn't come  
You never do  
In the city in the winter time  
The snow and the rhyme  
Cover the isolation  
Yesterday, baby, they told you the news  
They meant no harm  
They never do  
You can take it anyway you want  
It comes and it goes  
Rising in broken waves and dreams  
Heavy hours passing by the way  
Heaven knows how I am trying, babe  
I hear you breathing  
So steady and true  
The whole night long  
The whole night through  
Your lungs soft heaving  
Slow drunken time  
Falling with mine  
Forever here  
Heavy hours dragging by the way  
Heaven knows how I am trying, baby  
Heavy hours passing by the way  
Heaven knows how hard I am trying, babe

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