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 anytime
The truth when you're not yourselfCause lately you've been stolen
Where's my friend, I miss him
No-one told me you'd be disappearing
Now I owe you, yeah I owe you
Looking for the pieces
The pieces, the piecesSo many years, too many ties
To cut with just one old blunt knife
You're standing in the wee of light
And you can step out anytime, butLately you've been stolen
Where's my friend, I miss him
No-one told me you'd be disappearing
Now I owe you, yeah I owe you
Looking for the pieces
The pieces, the piecesLately you've been stolen
Where's my friend, I miss her
No-one told me you'd be disappearing
Now I owe you, yeah I owe you
Looking for the pieces
The pieces, the pieces

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