

# A Time To Be So Small

## Interpol

We saw you from the ocean's side, from under the boat  
We saw you making knots, we saw you get the rope  
The boy's appearing on the deck and making it lurch  
And the bubble of your interest's ready to burst  
He whistles and he runs  
We saw you in distraction, a sleeping, slow despair  
Rehearsing interaction, he wasn't even there  
A creature is a creature though you wish you were the wind  
And the boat will not stop moving if you tie him up until the end  
He whistles and he runs, so hold him fast

Breathe the burn, you want to let it last  
He might succumb to what you haven't seen  
He has a keen eye for what you used to be  
When the cadaverous mob saves it's doors  
For the dead men, you cannot leave  
When the cadaverous mob saves it's doors  
For the dead men, you cannot leave  
When the cadaverous mob saves it's doors  
For the dead men, you cannot leave

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