

Thousand

Horse Feathers

A thousand miles an hour,
Every clock was tired,
'cause when the summer's young,
It's nights spoke in tongues,
It's calling out our names,
And drawing moth's to flames,
All it's nouns we'd sing,
It's verbs would bite and sting. Whisper sweet your hand in mine,
Had we met before our time?
A kiss that's not refused,
A promise that wasn't true.
As every evening soured,
We're counting down the hours,
'cause when the summer's young,
It's nights spoke in tongues. Whisper sweet your hand in mine,
Had we met before our time?
A kiss that's not refused,
A promise that wasn't true.
Please don't stop or refrain,
As caution would course through our brains,
We know to this there's no rules,
A love that suffers no fools.

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