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 burstHe whistles and he runsWe 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 endHe 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 beWhen 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 leaveWhen the cadaverous mob saves it's doors
For the dead men, you cannot leave

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