

Hands Of Time

Badlands

The taste of salt water, old bread in your hand
Hardships you went through as you sailed to a far off
land

Living by the compass, the cold wind was your guide
That evening horizon, well, it was a precious sight

Chorus:

So you went for the diamond and its cristal shine
But never could you turn back the hands of time

... The hands of time

An old wooden legged pirate cheated on the game
Spoken words mean nothing, old villains don't know
shame

The beauty of a chorus didn't lead to sleep
A fat wallet might shrink but stories ain't that hard
to keep

Chorus

... The hands of time

Longing for the shore as you drift away
Getting hit by a storm as the sky turns grey
An opponent lies beaten, blood on the wooden deck
Tanking up on whiskey, breathing smoke of cigarettes

The taste of salt water, old bread in your hand
Hardships you went through as you sailed to a far off
land

Living by the compass, the cold wind was your guide
That evening horizon, well, it was a precious sight

Chorus

... The hands of time (2x)