

Our Swords

Band of Horses

Out on the wall sounds of banging is constant coming from your
head
And desperate the calls came and ringing from those wanna wring
your neck
Wring your neck

Open your mouth sounds of breathing found it spilling from your
face
Best to be dim to the humble of traffic stepping on your name

Count on us all falling our own swords tonight

And chilling walk home down the portions roads there leading st
raight to your place
And look like the tin can with swallows the kitchen plugging up
your space

Count on us all stepping on our own toes tonight
Count on us all stepping on our own toes
Count on us all follow our own swords tonight