

## 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