

Slow Cruel Hands of Time

Band of Horses

The bidding of time getting stuck in my mind is a boat to roll.
Two hours later, back in my neighborhood where everything just stalled.

It still looks the same.

They remembered my name, steppin' in for a cup full.

There's a big city man, I used to rumble with him back in high school.

The slow cruel hands of time.

Turn you into molten lava, ohhh my

A place on the rise you can stop for awhile,

Look-out for the police man.

There's no street lamps, only three buildings and one of them's vacant.

It's taking all day. The packs feeling heavy and soon the night

.

Backwards down the mountain, the axle is grinding, pull into the wrong drive.

The sky is in the yard.

The stringy cotton candy is the fall.

The slow climb, the hard the fall. Sometimes I don't want it at all.

I've done this so long, it's something I oughta know. Soooooo long.

Finally up on the pieces disrupting and the birds fly.

Trapped for a moment, the sheriffs department got the wrong guy

.

The towns reveal the law.

Visible wind through the fog

The slow cruel hands of time.

Turning you back into a child.