

## Blow Ins

Bell X1

I should know my time and place  
I'm Tuesday's child, without the grace  
Bring your canary, bring your flame  
there's a rich seam of windy in my coalmine

We're just blow-ins  
on the storm of time  
We're just stopping  
for a while

Bucket of water to separate  
those horny dogs of Church and State  
God of ego, God of lies  
pushes us to the corner of our own lives

We're just blow-ins  
on the storm of time  
We're just stopping  
for a while

I am the magpie when all's shiny and new  
I can't help myself, i pick a pocket or two  
and if all time was but a day  
we'd show up around midnight, and say hey

We're just blow-ins  
on the storm of time  
We're just stopping  
for a while