

## In Spite Of These Times

Close Lobsters

Force me back, I can't sleep when  
You won't let the moon get you down  
It may sound  
The walls of the world just gave way  
It's not like you to be so gone  
They fear you picked up that drink from me

From your window  
I asked the sky  
"When can you fit me in?"  
Promise me that you'll never forget in spite of these times  
Promise me that you'll never forget in spite of these times

My line in sight of everything  
A hand held me from the maelstrom  
A warm hand, a sticky hand  
Held me from the mob  
It just like me to get so gone  
I don't recall where I picked up that drink from

From your window  
I asked the sky  
'When can you fit me in?'  
Promise me that you'll never forget in spite of these times  
Promise me that you'll never forget in spite of these times

Don't let it slip through your hands  
Don't let it slip through your hands

Force me back, I can't sleep when (and sleep late)  
You won't let the moon get you down  
The walls of the world just gave way  
Problems and maelstrom and pestilence and greed

From your window  
I asked the sky  
"When can you fit me in?"  
Promise me that I'd never forget in spite of these times  
Promise me that I'd never forget in spite of these times  
Don't let it slip through your hands  
Don't let it slip through your hands  
Don't let it slip through your fingers