

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