

Too High

Dave Matthews

Your bones are brittle
Inside you
Wrapped so soft your blood
Is running I'll be there
If you're moving slowly
We still get there I'll be there
Such a strong desire
Hunger

All you need to hope you keep your head, yeah
The slow hand quickens

What you've done with all those
Around you
Hopeful always that someone
Will come and save you but I'll be there
To watch you sulk returning
Seething I'll be there
Minutes hold onto hours
Get's you twisting

All you need to hope you keep your head, yeah ooh
The slow hand quickens

How'd you leave it with the love you lost?
You made them crawl to be without you
The slow hand quickens

Yeah sand is empty
In the hourglass I'll be there
To turn it over and over
In your head
So you keep the hope you get your day, yeah

The slow hand's quicker
Oh, you seem too hard to break too cold to burn
Afraid your chance is gone
Your wires are crossed
Your mouth is lost
You fear you left it far too long
The minutes passed
The hours are gone
So hard to find your way alone

The slow hand's quicker, yeah
The slow hand's quicker
The slow hand's quicker

I
Your slow hand's quicker