

## A Time to Be So Small

Interpol

We saw you from the ocean's side, from under the boat  
We saw you making knots, we saw you get the rope  
The boy's appearing on the deck and making it lurch  
And the bubble of your interests ready to burst

He whistles and he runs

We saw you in distraction: a sleeping, slow despair  
Rehearsing interaction, he wasn't even there  
A creature is a creature „Though you wish you were the wind  
...ã boat will not stop moving if you tie him up until the end

He whistles and he runs so hold him fast  
Breathe the burn, you want to let it last  
He might succumb to what you haven't seen  
He has a keen eye for what you used to be

When the cadaverous mob  
Saves its doors for the dead men  
You cannot leave