

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