

## Little Hands

The dB's

Between the chaser and the chased  
A lot of time is put to waste  
The hours pass at reckless speed  
So much faster than they need

If you believe your own good mind  
You won't have to waste your time  
Not to mention wasting mine  
What you find is what you've found  
Like water flowing underground

And those who watch the little hands  
Are turning pebbles into sand  
Pressures compress, the moments pass  
You must pound sand to make your glass  
Like water flowing underground

Within the waters of the pool  
None are blind and none the fool  
They swim in schools around the floor  
To find they're food and nothing more  
Than water flowing underground

And those who watch the little hands  
Are turning pebbles into sand  
Pressures compress, the moments pass  
You must pound sand to make your glass  
Like water flowing underground