

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

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Are turning pebbles into sand
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