

# Slip Through My Hands

The Parlor Mob

Mother, mother

I can't take another  
Moment here the way that it is  
Heartache, heartache  
It's a fear I can't shake  
It heals, and then it's broken again

The things I love seem to slip through my hands  
Like a big red balloon or grain of sand  
I see the future through the eyes of the past  
Still I somehow want to make this last

They say the darkest hour  
Is just before a flower  
Opens to the light of the sun  
You're my reason  
My softly changing season  
Tell me I'm the only one

All my life, I've been fooling myself  
Trying to make the wrong things right  
Like a bird against the cold hard wind  
Trying to find the end of the night