

Moving Clocks Run Slow

We Were Promised Jetpacks

Moving clocks run so slow
I can't take my eyes off you
There's too many hands
To keep my eye on

Looking towards the light
Look a little cross-eyed
Sounds a little tongue-tied

The fast approaching midnight
We're locked out
The fast approaching midnight

So, you know, you take a little me
And I take a little you
We're all part of the century

So hold me down now, hold me down
A bitter disappointment
And I was restless, I was restless

You're winning me over
You're winning me over
Can't take my eyes off you
There's too many hands
To keep my eye on

The fast approaching midnight
We're locked out
The fast approaching midnight

So, you know, you take a little me
And I take a little you
We're all part of the century