

## The Last Bison

### "Tired Hands"

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You stayed an hour  
From where I once laid  
With back on the grass  
And feet where it was paved  
Where water mixed in  
With the rust and decay

You slept while I wept  
You slept, I wept  
Waiting, praying

Twenty-four hours of waiting is not that long (Hey)  
But dear, as the light starts to fading,  
My heart grows fond (Hey)  
It's a product of absence I'm sure  
Still I over-analyze (Hey)  
A day without words makes me wonder  
If your fingers grew tired  
If you misplaced the wires

Under the water  
Out the other side  
We were intercepted  
By fathers and scribes  
With burnt offerings  
We had finally arrived

You slept while I wept  
You slept, I wept  
Waiting, praying

Twenty-four hours of waiting is not that long (Hey)  
But dear, as the light starts to fading,  
My heart grows fond (Hey)  
It's a product of absence I'm sure  
Still I over-analyze (Hey)  
A day without words makes me wonder  
If your fingers grew tired  
If you misplaced the wires  
[x2]

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