

A Northern Chorus "Carpenter"

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Clap hands for stained ideas,
There's many a carpenter turning wheels,
Turning the wheels.
But will they carve out anything real?
Will I carve out a stained idea?

Oh look at the crowd, they're slumbering.
Three minutes is three minutes in...
Time means nothing when you're in embrace,
Move over your place is vacant and displaced,
You've left no trace.

So lets take this time, all we've got is this time,
We are furious and bold,
The time keeps ticking, seems it's moving counter
clockwise,
I think I'm getting old.

Move in close, feel your heart beating with the pulse.
Carpenter's hands calloused , coarse, beating with
the pulse

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