

Band Of Horses

"Our Swords"

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Out on the wall sounds of banging is constant coming
from your head
And desperate the calls came and ringing from those
wanna wring your neck
Wring your neck

Open your mouth sounds of breathing found it spilling
from your face
Best to be dim to the humble of traffic stepping on your
name

Count on us all falling our own swords tonight
And chilling walk home down the portions roads there
leading straight to your place
And look like the tin can with swallows the kitchen
plugging up your space

Count on us all stepping on our own toes tonight
Count on us all stepping on our own toes
Count on us all follow our own swords tonight

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