

Castanets

"Three Days, Four Nights"

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There are three days
And four nights to go
And I won't be with you anymore
Four nights like this to go

In the trees like a freeway without wind
A devil howling, silent again
And the chill of that sheet
On your skin

We ain't free my love
We are not our masters
Without side looks faster
Drowned and distanced

Rest and listen
As I cross these miles
I try to tell you I love you

The walk we take
In the rain today
Your feet in your boots
Under mine are the greatest

The way we refuse to be saved
The way we refuse to be saved
The way we refuse to be saved

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