

## Interpol

# "A Time To Be Small"

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Saw you from the ocean side  
From under the boat  
We saw you making knots  
We saw you get the rope

The boy appearing on the deck  
And making it lurch  
The bubble of your interest  
Ready to burst

He whistles and he runs

We saw you in distraction  
A sleeping slow despair  
Rehearsing interaction  
He wasn't even there

A creature is a creature  
Though you wish you were the wind  
A boat will not stop moving  
If you tie him up until the end

He whistles and he runs so hold him fast  
Breathe the burn, you want to let it last  
He might succumb to what you haven't seen  
He has a keen eye for what you used to be

When the cadaverous mob  
Saves its doors for the dead man  
You cannot leave

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