

Sixpence None The Richer "Down And Out Of Time"

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I dreamt of something last night in my sleep;
I saw you sitting in a room without me;
You were smiling and you had a tattoo;
I'm me, in a room without you.

[Chorus]

I aim my kettle at you ready or not;
You're gonna feel my pain, like it or not;
You've got your debts to pay and you wanna alot
You're down and out of time.
And there is something I wanted to say:
I bent the rhythm I forgot how to play;
I wanna tell you that I've called off the dogs,
'cuz your mystery is not worth any soul.

[Chorus (2x)]

I wanna tell you that I've galled out the dough,
Your mystery is not worth any cell.

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