

## Mercury Rev "Tides of the Moon"

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The threads that run through your life  
Hand from your sleeve  
Wind through your soul  
The kind you can't control

The kind you can't conceive  
The kind you can't believe  
But wish you could break  
Wish you could weave  
I wish you could see  
It ties you to me

And you fly in the face of the sun  
And you float in the tides of the moon

The paths that run from your door  
Climb through the trees  
Wind like a snake  
The kind you can't escape

The kind you can't conceive  
The kind you can't believe  
With prickly little thorns  
Sharp tiny teeth  
They're hungry for the threads  
Hanging from your sleeve

Waiting on a path  
The kind you can't conceive  
But wish you could take  
And wish you could leave  
You wish you could see  
I wish you could see  
It leads you to me

And fly in the face of the sun  
And you float in the tides of the moon

And fly in the face of the sun  
And float in the tides of the moon

In the tides of the moon

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