

Angus Stone

"Lag Time"

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There's really no hope for me
And that three second rule
Somethin gets dropped
And still I'm the slowest damn fool
Slow to realize what's really going on
Slow to know in a moment
Who or what has gone wrong

I wanna tighten down on the lag time

Your consonants were buzzing
Around your head like flies
Your true colors were showing
And your shape and your size
You were drinking your way though it
I was shrinking right there inside of my clothes
My eventual twenty/twenty
Arms crossed
Tapping her toe

I gotta tighten down on the lag time

Survivors are part turtle
We are part potato bug
We know enough to go fetal
'Til it's still up above
And you gotta crawl through the desert
Between when you hear it
And when you can play it with your hands
Just to rendezvous with whoever you are
When you finally understand

I gotta tighten down on the lag time
I wanna tighten down on the lag time
Gotta tighten down on the lag time

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