

Ezra Furman & The Harpoons**"Sinking Slow"**

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All the broken pieces
Lying in a pile
Waiting to be swept up
From the bathroom tile

Broke my only mirror
Feeling not quite right
Empty little bedroom
And a long night

Oh, I miss my honey so
Now I'm cold and lonely
Oh, and I hope she comes back home
To her boy whose heart is broke
I'm sinking slow

Born into a strange world
Waiting for a train
Sliding 'round Chicago
In a soft rain

Year of No Returning
Hanging on the wall
Praying for salvation
And a phone call

Oh, I miss my honey so
And my childhood's ending
Oh, and she's got to come back home
To her boy descending slow
I'm sinking slow

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