

Uniform Motion

"The Victory Of Buckets And Doors"

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My childhood, lopsided, crumbs, trouble, clear-sighted
and leaning up
Against the Sellotape the apples back on while they
were ripe, sticking to
Our story every time.

We stood there, same mischief, same background,
shame-chagrin with hands
Behind our backs and our eyes faced down. We'd
celebrate the victory of
Buckets and doors, smiling all the way out the front
door.

How I longed to hold her hand, how I longed to touch
her face, how I longed
To hear a sound, come from that phone, from far
across the town.

That night when all went to hell I thought we'd never
see the thorns pulled
Out of our poor old toes. We'd imitate the noises that
we thought we should
Make, howling at the wind and our mistakes.

How I longed to touch her hand, how I longed to see
her face, how I longed
To hear a sound, come from that voice, from far across
the land.

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