

The Whiskey Saints "Building To Break"

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There was a time not so long ago
My eyes could see what my hands couldn't sow
But my hands caught up and I began to grow

I could see the line; I was closing in
Past the wreckage I was wading in
Through the noisy crowds and over the din
But your words came down like rain
And your words came down

I was building to break it down

My fist's full of sand that you helped to create

But if I don't squeeze then it all escapes
And the more I get the more it takes
'Cause your words fell down like hail
'Cause your words fell down

I was building to break it down

Now there's nothing more important to me
Than a guitar string and a melody
And you go and try to take that from me?
As your words fall down like fire
As your words fall down

We were building to break this down

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