

Trash Can Sinatras

"For the meantime"

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Keep that watch wound up tightly
Even though there's a crack on the face
And the strap's strength hangs in the air
Like a threat of violence
We have time to kill
But we don't have time to waste

Catch me in conversation I locked my own chains
I was more eager to welcome hindsight
Than to take the strain
This strain, this strain, this strain

Soon you'll be knocked from your feet
Crying, that was short and sweet
Don't hang fire, listen to the liar on the lower floor

If you see a stick break it cuz the fire's run low
And if you drop your guard I could
See I was dancing in the dying embers' glow

Hey you running on the spot
Can I have a ticket, I must get to my destination
Before the train runs out of track
Run out of track
Soon you'll be knocked from your feet
Crying, that was short and sweet
Don't hang fire, listen to the liar on the lower floor

Hey you running on that spot
Can I have a ticket, I must get to my destination
Before this train runs out of track
Soon you'll be knocked from your feet
Crying, that was short and sweet
Don't hang fire, listen to the liar on the lower floor

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