

Trembling Blue Stars "Here All Day"

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Someone stop the hands of time
every tick's a cruel blow.
I want a world that's hers and mine
while the real one's put on hold.
I want to taste the freedom we will never know.

Someone stop the hands of time ?
every tick's a cruel blow.
I don't want to step outside
into the night beyond the windows,
I'm just not ready yet for the ice-cold air
to bring it all home.

All I want is to be held
and held some more and not let go,
be told that all is well,
that our racing hearts will cope.
I want her to lie to me-
it's not as if I will not know.

All I want is to be held
and held some more and not let go.
The less I have to lose, it seems,
the more I put her through.
We go round in circles,
and that is all we do;
that there's nothing we can say,
we don't let get in the way
we go round in circles
because we want to be here all day.

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