

## Of Space and Time

### City and Colour

There's a murder of crows,  
Flying high over head,  
On this desolate road,  
Well I tend to forget,  
About you and I,  
And I'll fight to survive  
Through this thunderous life.  
When we're not side by side.

I'm roaming through the hills,  
All alone,  
I'm trying to find my direction home,  
A question of space,  
A matter of time,  
I follow the stars until the first light.

I don't know what drugs to take,  
To successfully alter the state,  
That my mind has been in as of late,  
Something is eating away at my brain,  
There's an elephant in the back of the room,  
And it's standing in plain view,  
Everyone can see,  
That it looks just like me.

I'm roaming through the hills.  
All alone,  
I'm trying to find my direction home,  
A question of space,  
A matter of time,  
I follow the stars until the first light.

I will not call this road home,  
Though it is all I know,  
I will not call this road home,  
Though it is all I know.

I'm roaming through the hills.  
All alone,  
I'm trying to find my direction home,  
A question of space,  
A matter of time,  
I follow the stars until the first light.