

Dust motes in a beam of light  
They slow down time  
Snowflake on a black wool glove  
Melting in the sunlight

Dust motes in a beam of light  
You left without a fight  
Dust motes in a beam of light,  
they slow down time  
It's cold outside

I'll forgive you  
I'll forgive you  
I'll forgive you  
Your transgressions

There's a vulture at the end of my bed  
It's 5 a.m., it thinks I'm dead  
There's a vulture at the end of my bed  
Against the window, in silhouette

There's a vulture would have me asleep  
It's looking at me  
like I'm some piece of meat

I'll forgive you  
I'll forgive you  
If you die  
If you die

Everybody says I'll be alright  
I don't think so

Cried over my supper  
It revived, got off the table, started to fly

If you die  
If you die  
I'll forgive you  
I'll forgive you  
I'll forgive you

Dust motes in a beam of light  
They slow down time