

Slow Down

The New Amsterdams

Hold back my lip
Watch my step
Spinnin world hurts me
Facin backwards might cause you to slip
So slow down
Watch your step
Take a little trip down
Who knows where you'll land
Your broken hands scratch my back
Mend me now
My chance to move on
Who's to know
The outer side, the outside
My glimpse, a glimpse
Gather my sense
Sit and back and mend myself
Take a walk outside
Too bored to sleep
Sit back and mend myself
Take a walk outside
Too bored to sleep
Not enough time to get anything halfway done
Not enough time to get anything halfway done