Push Back the Hands

They Might Be Giants

You would give up your right arm to go back
To when you had a right arm
You'll need some muscles to move it backward
Push back the hands of time

Broken glass is glittering like diamonds Can't hear yourself thinking over the sirens Push back the hands of time Push back the hands of time

You wanna sing to drown out the car horn Squeeze your eyes shut and scream like a newborn Like a newborn babe

Dawn breaks like a fallen vase Push back the hands of time Unwelcome vision of rosy fingers Push back the hands of time

It wouldn't help you if you'd had any sleep It wouldn't save you from the mission creep Push back the hands of time Push back the hands of time

Screeching tires but never a collision Endless day without a sunset provision Endless day

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