

Hours

Florrie

Sometimes you think about her
And I'm okay with that
And she gave you everything you ever wanted
But I know she hurt you bad
Sometimes I think about him
And you're okay with that
And every now and then I feel like I'm the bad guy
But you say you understand

And if time's a healer, then we'd better go slow
'Cause all these heavy feelings
We can't carry them alone
As our beating hearts start to grow

And now we're moving in slow motion
Carefully picking up the broken pieces
It's been hours, hours, hours, hours
All this time is ours, ours, ours, ours
Hey

Sometimes I wanna look back
Just to get it off my chest
And you don't promise that you'll ever understand it
But you try to do your best

And if time's a healer, then we'd better go slow
'Cause all these heavy feelings
We can't carry them alone
As our beating hearts start to grow, oh

And now we're moving in slow motion
Carefully picking up the broken pieces
It's been hours, hours, hours, hours
All this time is ours, ours, ours, ours

(Ours, ours, ours)
(Ours, ours, ours)
(Ours, ours, ours)
(Ours, ours, ours)
(All this time is ours, ours, ours, ours)
(Ours, ours, ours)
(Ours, ours, ours)

And now we're moving in slow motion
Carefully picking up the broken pieces
It's been hours, hours, hours, hours
All this time is ours, ours, ours, ours

And now we're moving in slow motion (Moving, moving, moving)
And now we're moving in slow motion
(Slow motion)
And now we're moving in slow motion