Thousand

Horse Feathers

A thousand miles an hour
Every clock was tired
'Cause when the summer's young
It's nights spoke in tongues
It's calling out our names
And drawing moth's to flames
All it's nouns we'd sing
It's verbs would bite and sting

Whisper sweet your hand in mine
Had we met before our time?
A kiss that's not refused
A promise that wasn't true

As every evening soured
We're counting down the hours
'Cause when the summer's young
It's nights spoke in tongues

Whisper sweet your hand in mine
Had we met before our time?
A kiss that's not refused
A promise that wasn't true

Please don't stop or refrain
As caution would course through our brains
We know to this there's no rules
A love that suffers no fools

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