

Borrowed Time

Sam Barber

Achy hands, I wake up just to find
This ain't a one-way frozen street, we're on borrowed time
Even the thoughts that we hold dear still live and die
See, there's an old white blank washboard inside our minds

Before you leave, take your disease
Then again, I'm aware that you tend to come and go as you please
Before you go, just know you're alone
Then again, I'm aware that you tend to fake what you know

Sail in the winds, I won't catch your debris
Just like fall, it creeps in like a melody
I go by your love, but it's damn cheap
You think this hurts me, dear, I'm so far from losing sleep

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Then again, I'm aware that you tend to fake what you know