

A Fine Frenzy, Borrowed Time

thick as thieves
the last of leaves
in the winter sun
holding fast
this freezing branch
is home to us

step, step right over the line
and onto borrowed time
when its life, not waiting to die
waiting to divide to divide

counting stars
and passing cars
on the interstate
the end is near
I feel it dear,
but I am not afraid

step, step right over the line
and onto borrowed time
when its life, not waiting to die
waiting to divide
to divide

but you say youre getting tired
youre tired and so am I
when you fall Ill fall behind

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