

Arcade Fire, Neighborhood #4 (7 Kettles)

I am waitin til I dont know when,
cause Im sure its gonna happen then.
Time keeps creepin through the neighborhood,
killing old folks, wakin up babies just like we knew it would.
All the neighbors are startin up a fire,
burning all the old folks the witches and the liars.
My eyes are covered by the hands of my unborn kids,
but my heart keeps watchin through the skin of my eyelids.
They say a watched pot wont ever boil,
well I closed my eyes and nothin changed,
just some water getting hotter in the flames.
Its not a lover I want no more,
and its not heaven Im pining for,
but theres some spirit I used to know,
thats been drowned out by the radio!
They say a watched pot wont ever boil,
you cant raise a baby on motor oil,
just like a seed down in the soil you gotta give it time