

Powderfinger, These Days

It's coming round again
The slowly creeping hand
Of time and its command
Soon enough it comes
and settles in its place
Its shadow in my face
Puts pressure in my day

This life well it's slipping right through my hands
These days turned out nothing like I had planned

It's coming round again
The slowly creeping hand
Of time and its demands
It settles in its place
Its shadow in my face
Undignified and lame

This life well it's slipping right through my hands
These days turned out nothing like I had planned
Control well it's slipping right through my hands
These days turned out nothing like I had planned

Soon enough it comes
Soon enough it comes
To tie us down