

# Band Of Horses, Our Swords

Out on the wall sounds of banging is constant coming from your head  
And desperate the calls came and ringing from those wanna wring your neck  
Wring your neck  
Open your mouth sounds of breathing found it spilling from your face  
Best to be dim to the humble of traffic stepping on your name  
Count on us all falling our own swords tonight  
And chilling walk home down the portions roads there leading straight to your place  
And look like the tin can with swallows the kitchen plugging up your space  
Count on us all stepping on our own toes tonight  
Count on us all stepping on our own toes  
Count on us all follow our own swords tonight