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