

Horslips, Time To Kill!

The hop jig we've used here is in 9/8 time and is called The Humours of Whiskey.

I see the last black swan
Fly past the sun.
I wish I, too, were gone
Back home again.
It seems our fortunes lied
Despite our gain.
Our tears fall like our pride.
We cry in shame.
Now we've got time to kill!
Kill the shadows on our skin.
Kill the fear that grows within.
Killing time, my friend.
I stare into your eyes.
But can't see far.
You cut me down to size.
You bring the dark.
My body's black and sore.
I need to sleep.
Now hear the heaven's roar.
I can't escape.
Now we've got time to kill!
Kill the shadows on our skin.
Kill the fear that grows within.
Killing time, my friend.