

Bell X1, Blow Ins

I should know my time and place
I'm Tuesdays child without the grace
Bring your canary, bring your flame
There's a rich seem of wind in my coal mine
We're just blow ins
On the storm of time
Yeah we're just stoppin'
For a while
Bucket of water to separate
Those horny dogs of church and state
God of ego and god of light
Pushes us to the corner of our own life
We're just blow ins
On the storm of time
Yeah we're just stoppin'
For a while
I'm like a magpie with all that's shiny and new
I can't help myself, I pick a pocket or two
And if our time was, but a day
We'd show up around midnight, and say hey
Cause we're just blow ins
On the storm of time
Yeah we're just stoppin'
For a while