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