

# Too High

Dave Matthews

Your bones are brittle  
Inside you  
Wrapped so soft your blood  
Is running I'll be there  
If you're moving slowly  
We still get there I'll be there  
Such a strong desire  
Hunger

All you need to hope you keep your head, yeah  
The slow hand quickens

What you've done with all those  
Around you  
Hopeful always that someone  
Will come and save you but I'll be there  
To watch you sulk returning  
Seething I'll be there  
Minutes hold onto hours  
Get's you twisting

All you need to hope you keep your head, yeah ooh  
The slow hand quickens

How'd you leave it with the love you lost?  
You made them crawl to be without you  
The slow hand quickens

Yeah sand is empty  
In the hourglass I'll be there  
To turn it over and over  
In your head  
So you keep the hope you get your day, yeah

The slow hand's quicker  
Oh, you seem too hard to break too cold to burn  
Afraid your chance is gone  
Your wires are crossed  
Your mouth is lost  
You fear you left it far too long  
The minutes passed  
The hours are gone  
So hard to find your way alone

The slow hand's quicker, yeah  
The slow hand's quicker  
The slow hand's quicker

I  
Your slow hand's quicker