

Dust motes in a beam of light
They slow down time
Snowflake on a black wool glove
Melting in the sunlight

Dust motes in a beam of light
You left without a fight
Dust motes in a beam of light,
they slow down time
It's cold outside

I'll forgive you
I'll forgive you
I'll forgive you
Your transgressions

There's a vulture at the end of my bed
It's 5 a.m., it thinks I'm dead
There's a vulture at the end of my bed
Against the window, in silhouette

There's a vulture would have me asleep
It's looking at me
like I'm some piece of meat

I'll forgive you
I'll forgive you
If you die
If you die

Everybody says I'll be alright
I don't think so

Cried over my supper
It revived, got off the table, started to fly

If you die
If you die
I'll forgive you
I'll forgive you
I'll forgive you

Dust motes in a beam of light
They slow down time