

Our Time

[John Hiatt](#)

I traced your arms as you laid spread out on the Sunday paper
And looked like the crime scene of an angel ghost
I heard the gate clatter to on the elevator
I wrapped myself up in it like a cold beef roast
Fell asleep, was cooked medium
Placed on a dining room table in Brooklyn
Before an older couple surrounded by family
And friends so wonderful and kind
I flashed back to you giving dollars
To homeless men down in the Bowery
Not before they convinced you
It was for sandwiches and not for wine
I just could never convince you baby this was our time
This was our time, this was our time
Now your feeding me fabulous Chinese
Takeout on the dampened bed sheets
Our last supper so you might say
I woke up in a cold sweat and realized
We never cooked one meal together
You always said
Why bother with the cuisines of the world
Laid at our feet here everyday?"
Then I thought of our first date back in Nashville
We shared the pupu platter
You enjoyed it with such gusto I took it for a sign
We would have many happy meals together
In a warm dining room somewhere maybe even Brooklyn
That was way back then
And I was just another guy with food on his mind
But this, baby this was our time
This was our time, this was our time
This was our time, what did you have in mind?
This was our time

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