

# It Takes Time (feat. Fred Smith)

Patti Smith

No equation  
To explain the division of the senses  
No sound to reflect  
The radiance of time  
In the beginningest dream  
Halls of disorder  
Where we are swept to encircle dawn  
Strapped in a low car  
Racing through silence  
Trumpeting bliss  
You could kiss the world  
Goodbye Standing outside the courthouse  
In the rain  
Seemed like a lost soul  
From the chapel of dreams  
With a handful of images  
Faces of children  
Phases of the moon  
One little thing you get wrong  
Changes the dimensions  
Streets, swept memory  
Diffused and lost  
Like a prayer in the sun Sometimes you can't tell  
Whether you're waking up  
Or going to sleep  
Spiralling  
Unnumbered streets  
All the games cannot be yours  
All the sights, the treasures of the eye  
Does the divided soul remain the same?  
No equation to explain  
Destiny's hand  
Moved, by love  
Drawn by the whispering shadows  
Into the mathematics  
Of our desire

Songwriters

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