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
GoodbyeStanding 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 sunSometimes 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

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