

Time Of Her Time

Ride

She turns her face to the wall
She sees her sorrow there
Puts out her hand to touch it
Again and again Fingernail marks in the morning
Wallpaper silhouettes
The signs of her yesterdays
Can't ever be wiped away She thought that I would care
Thought that I'd be there
Think again Your face, I've seen in visions
In silver ripplin' sky
No feelin's, reactions
As I pass you by Weeks compressed into minutes
This time is her time
Let me, just once
Be cruel without bein' kind She thought that I would care
Thought that I'd be there
Think again She thought that I would care
Thought that I'd be there
Think again, one more time

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