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 againFingernail marks in the morning
Wallpaper silhouettes
The signs of her yesterdays
Can't ever be wiped awayShe thought that I would care
Thought that I'd be there
Think againYour face, I've seen in visions
In silver ripplin' sky
No feelin's, reactions
As I pass you byWeeks compressed into minutes
This time is her time
Let me, just once
Be cruel without bein' kindShe thought that I would care
Thought that I'd be there
Think againShe thought that I would care
Thought that I'd be there
Think again, one more time

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