

# Give It Time

## Old 97's

when I saw you for the first time  
I thought I might be sick  
that combination of joy and compulsion  
and you were the reason for it  
and in the blink of an eyelid  
you were in my ride  
I was wasted thought you'd laugh when I kissed you  
though I guess it makes sense that you cried  
give it time give it time give it time  
it will break you from our house I heard voices so far away  
there's no difference between ropes and roses  
when you've got nothin' good to say  
and in the blink of an eyelid  
you become someone else  
I try to find you but you are on a island  
and I guess I have to tell myself  
give it time give it time give it time  
it will break you when I saw you for the last time  
I sweat right through my shirt  
I'm no professional heartbreak's just a pastime  
but that don't mean it don't hurt

Lyrics provided by

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