

Time Means Nothing At All

Lisa Mitchell

Do you know that I spend my days,
walking the streets and lanes,
looking through window panes,
in and out of quaint cafes.

Me and myself,
we have an ongoing war,
there is an ongoing love affair,
giving up, keeping score.

Well I hope that we find each other,
before I lose myself,
I hope that you get to me,
before my own world does.

See, me and myself,
we have an ongoing war,
there is an ongoing love affair,
giving up, keeping score.

And time means nothing at all,
our minds are stronger than we give them credit for,
Distance means nothing at all.

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