

She's Got the Time

Newton Faulkner

Looking at a grey sky
Blue skys are coming
So I don't mind
I'm gonna look her in the eye
And I say hey hi how's it going?
How's she gonna take it, god knows

She's got time
But she don't wanna give it to me
She's got time
But she don't wanna give it to me

Sitting on the tube
With my brown bag, black bag, red bag, blue bag
With my CDs and my two guitars
And my face with scars
Oh god no

She's got time
But she don't wanna give it to me
She's got time
But she don't wanna give it to me

Chewing on my food
On the floor
At the station
Guess a bk's ok
Try to be friendly
I say "yo", do you want a haribo
She says "no"

She's got time
But she don't wanna give it to me
She's got time
But she don't wanna give it to me

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But she don't wanna give it to me
She's got time
But she don't wanna give it to me