

In Our Own Time

Lindsey Buckingham

Fire still burning, in a while she'll make it rain
These rooms are all falling down, they couldn't stand the strain

And the same old dream, she was hiding outside my door
She used to come from time to time but not any more

Still in my mind
Still in my mind

Wouldn't make any difference
We crossed the line
From the fire we will rise again
In our own time

Seasons turning, in a while she'll make it snow
This time I think she's here for good but I never really know
Nothing here remains, just a vision of her face
The implications of a crime, it always takes the place

Still in my mind
Still in my mind

Wouldn't make any difference
We crossed the line
From the fire we will rise again
In our own time

It wouldn't make any difference
We crossed the line
From the fire we were running
In our own time