

Untitled

O.A.R.

She takes it deep to the heart right from the start she talks so
oftly over a glass of wine.

Now and again she's more than a friend, why don't you just thro
w me that line.

It would be great if she'd dedicate just a minute from her prec
ious time.

I'll give it a while, but that's not my style, now how is that
a crime?

Everyone says that I'm wild.

Pardon my French but I still know my child.

And that was the day I told her I needed some time.

Well I began walking when she was still talking I'm looking for
that exit sign.

Pardon my face but I'm leaving no trace cause I really haven't
got the time.

Well I began thinking and my heart is just sinking and I'm look
ing for that place to go.

Isn't it sad that she'll treat you so bad, but you never really
let her know.

And everyone says that she's crying.

But I can't forget all the time I spent trying.

And that was the day I told her I needed some time.

I know, I know what it feels like to be alone.

I know, I know what it feels like to be at home.

I like, I like stopping to say hello.

It's my life, my life why can't we take this slow?

Why can't we take this slow?

Well I've been through these phases, I've walked through these
mazes.

I'm sick and I'm little tired.

It sure isn't fair but I'm not aware of the patience that's req
uired.

If I could have kissed her every time that I missed her I still
would be out the door.

But now and again, I sure need a friend now isn't that what she
's for?

And everyone says that I'm lying,

But I can't forget all the time she spent crying.

And that was the day I told her I needed some time.

I know, I know what it feels like to be alone.

I know, I know what it feels like to be at home.

I like, I like stopping to say hello.
It's my life, my life why can't we take this slow?
Baby take it slow.
It's my life.
My life.
Why can't we take it slow?
Baby, take it slow.