

Time Of Her Time

Ride

She turns her face to the wall, she sees hew sorrow there
Puts out her hand to touch it again and again
Fingernail marks in the morning, wallpaper silhouettes
The signs of her yesterdays can't ever be wiped away

She thought that I would care
Thought that I'd be there, think again

Your face I've seen in visions in silver rippling sky
No feelings, reactions as I pass you by
Weeks compressed to minutes, this time is her time
Let me just once, be cruel without being kind

She thought that I would care
Thought that I'd be there, think again
She thought that I would care
Thought that I'd be there, think again, no more shines