

Through Time

Róisín Murphy

Now the time has elapsed
It inevitably has come to pass
That I write for you at last
A song, a rhyme
Oh, to tell you the truth of it
I'm a little confused myself
Is it through memory's rose-tinted glass
I have come to ask
Or is it a love that was meant to last
Through time itself

Proving us wrong all along
Shouldn't we be holding on
It's a silly thing really
That you shouldn't believe in
Nothing too complicated
Endlessly formulated
Foolish romantic ideals of love

Could there be such a thing
How could there be such a thing
As beautifully flawed
We'll make mistakes and then
Life is the art of learning to live with it
Through time

But you knew it
All along
You who are wiser than I
See it coming
See it coming
See it coming
Every time

How did you predict
The end of the world
When you can't see beyond
The end of your nose
Would you look at the life I chose
Baby it's you I need to tell it to
Maybe no other will ever do
Through time

Shouldn't we be holding on
Maybe no other will ever do
Maybe no other will ever do

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Maybe no other will ever do

Proving us wrong all along

Ideals of love
Foolish romantic
Ideals of love

Could there be such a thing
How could there be such a thing
As beautifully flawed
Ideals of love