

## Time

## The Departure

All that I can smell is your perfume  
On a coat hanging behind the door  
Stimulating senses  
I can't touch for fear I want more  
More of the same in large amounts  
Looking through a camera lens  
The eye of a machine  
Is more honest than mine

Time is on your side  
To take time is not a cry  
In the words of a simple man  
To be one of a special kind

You can't be mine  
You can't be mine  
You can't be mine  
Or be touched again

Let me take a picture of you  
Let me close my eyes for a time  
All that I can smell is your perfume  
And it gets me quite uneasy

As empty words fall  
On an empty facade  
There empty words are falling  
You could almost be a mannequin  
You could almost be

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In the words of a simple man  
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