

Beth Hart, State Of Mind

i can't tell between the two
it's all the same to me
i can't tell what's on your mind
too late, too far behind
life's a state of mind

gimme gimme time
gimme gimme time

as i lie beneath the sky
i speak to fireflies
and with every passing fear
my sorrow disappears
colors in my tears
change thought out the years

oh gimme time
gimme gimme time
oh gimme time

la la la yi la
no lesson
no lesson here

as i lie beneath the sky
i speak to fireflies
and with every passing fear
my sorrow disappears
colors in my tears
slowly disappears

gimme gimme time
oh give me time
oh give me time
gimme gimme time