

Ride, Time Of Her Time

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
Signs of her yesterdays
Can't ever be wiped away

She thought 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