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