

OUT OF TIME

12-15-95
(#29)

1. I come. You go. All I really want to know
is how long will you be gone . . . This time ?
I try. It fails. Is there nothing more love entails ?
I wonder: will there ever be more . . . Next time.

BRIDGE 1: Where the sea meets the sky,
lovers stand on the cliffs getting high . . .
high on the bounty & power, of creation.
Where does that leave you & I ?
It leaves me wondering why,
why we never share such a moving sensation.

2. I'm here. You're gone. Were we meant to be alone ?
We never thought it would come to this . . . Over time.
I'm fast. You're slow. Time, once a gift, turned to a foe.
Can we ever come together . . . Sometime ?

[INSTRUMENTAL TURNAROUND, AND PICK UP INENSITY]

3. You're trapped. I'm free. Or, no, that's what I need to be.
Can we grow to be free as one, in time ?
I'm turned on. You're off. I can be hard when you're so soft.
The only way I can say, it's good to make time.

[REPEAT BRIDGE I]

4. It's true. We lied. We didn't see how love could have died.
Can we come alive again in this — lifetime.
I'm empty. You're satisfied. That makes me more void inside.
Where I had nothing to hide, since the — first time.

BRIDGE 2: Where my longing meets your need
that's the soil where love plants a seed.
A seed that spawns into new birth, in its season.
Why does love then make us bleed ?
The virtue we thought would have freed;
Freed us to live for the love we knew
was life's only reason.

Out of time . . . out of time . . . out of time

[REPEAT TO FADE] *

[END]

Written: December 15, 1995 [L, G, M]

* Whispered, blended with music,
barely audible