

Timing

Some time has passed
It always does
It paints it's own colour
No one can see

It is a gift
My favorite friend
Good old time
She used to say

Some drying paint
A speeding train
I wanna' see you
It's only a plane away

Time to be touched
Delicately
'Cause I fall and I shatter
Too easily

With time so slow
I open up the seconds below
All the nearly pinnacles
So close and yet so far
Some time has passed
It always does

The feeling was right
But the timing was wrong
The feeling was right
The geography wrong

But if I say I love you
And oh I want to fly away with you