

## One Am Radio, The "In The Time We've Got"

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I took you to the place where I was born.  
You said that it was just as I'd described.  
We moved in soon after the days turned warm,  
just in time to see the spring arrive.

I watched you through the windows in our room.  
Your hair grew long under the arbor shade.  
Our love was new, but the hour grew late too soon.  
How suddenly that honeyed light would fade.

You had the city in you.  
Always in the way you moved were the skyline and the  
avenues.  
You had the city in you, I knew.  
Always in the way you moved were the skyline and the  
avenues.

When the autumn came, the leaves turned one by one,  
'til the barren trees were left to stand alone.  
You still felt the same, you said, as since we had  
begun,  
but a longing crept into the eyes I'd known.

I watched you pack; I was rooted to the spot.  
We fell asleep a while beneath the oak.  
"It's our job to live as well as we can in the time we've  
got,"  
was written in the note I found when I woke.

You had the city in you.  
Always in the way you moved were the skyline and the  
avenues.  
You had the city in you, I knew.  
So before the weary ache wore through, you slipped  
back into the avenues.

You had the city in you.  
("It's our job to live as well as we can in the time we've  
got")  
Always in the way you moved were the skyline and the  
avenues.

You had the city in you, I knew.  
("It's our job to live as well as we can in the time we've  
got")  
So before the weary ache wore through, you slipped  
back into the avenues.

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