

Pains of Being Pure at Heart, The "Ramona"

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Nothing to do and nothing to be done
So you go and stole your mother's medicine
But I don't need time, I don't need time
I just need you

Tell me a story I've never heard
With your pristine hand writing dirty words
But I don't need time, I don't need time
I just need you

To wake me on a Tuesday morning
And tell me there'll be peace in our time
Because I can't take another warning
Like the night we should have just left behind

Now you say you just can't drive away
In the back of your heart a bright white Chevrolet
But I don't need time, I don't need time
I just need you

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