

## **Chapman Beth Nielsen**

### **"Beyond the Blue"**

Visit "[Beyond the Blue](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

There's a woman in a wool suit  
Carrying an infant  
Coming through the bank doors  
Late for some appointment  
Now she rushes to the front desk  
And she talks to the receptionist  
Who motions to the telephone  
Over in the waiting room  
She's calling someone  
But I can't see much from where I sit  
I'm stuck here in this drive-through window  
Waiting in this line  
There goes the diaper bag  
The baby's slipping on her hip  
Before my car moves up an inch  
They both have started crying  
All the time in the world  
Climbs the walls, swells the doors  
It goes flying out the window  
All the time in the world...  
These precious days we live through  
Thrown away like tissue  
I wish that I could give you all the time in the world  
Dresses on a clothesline  
Dancing in a heat wave  
Browning in the car fumes  
Blowing off the interstate  
Now I'm clicking past the lightpoles  
Glancing down the cornrows  
Dreaming in a straight line  
Waking up in circles  
And did I say I've got the right to want it all  
Well if it's true I want it all  
How could that do me any harm  
I'll take my curves, I'll dodge the cops  
I'll jump the ditches  
Doing eighty miles an hour  
Slammin' back into your arms

