

Emily Jane White

"Time On Your Side"

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He drives a truck

And he makes time on the side

The water splashes from his flaps for miles

And 3 am on the I5 in the dark

As he moves away

Hey hey

Not much to do

When you've got time on your side

You sit and think

About your wasted life

i tried to move

change things through and through

why does your face grow so long my dear

why did your hair grow so long this year

and why'd your face grow so long my dear

and why'd your hair grow so far, so low this year

oh and so long, so long this year

she's a dancer when she dances she is free

and three in the morning and the clouds rise in the east to

frank sinatra which her parents put on repeat, on repeat

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