

## Jane Child

### "Step Out Of Time"

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Driving down the freeway in my shiny big car  
Sometimes forget what the truths are  
My urge is to crash, the sweet Indian music  
Flowing from my overturned car

You make me feel  
You are so real  
You make me feel like a step out of time

Chapman has a mansion at the top of the hill  
He pays young girls for a good thrill  
Is pleased all day long, until one day with boredom  
Decided to go out for a kill

You make me feel  
You are so real  
You make me feel like a step out of time

It wasted a peace man  
And gave us a fleece band  
When times are tough

Roll baby roll  
I see you spinning in your restless grave  
Roll baby roll  
I see you spinning in your restless grave

Ever did you see me on ritual road  
I was a king to the flat toad  
Almost turned the wheel when I came to see  
Wisdom in the words that you wrote

You make me feel  
You are so real  
You make me feel like a step out of time

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