

# John Hiatt "Our Time"

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I traced your arms  
As you laid spread out  
On the Sunday paper  
Looked like  
The crime scene  
Of an angel ghost  
I heard the gate clatter  
To on the elevator  
I wrapped myself  
Up in it like  
A cold beef roast

Fell asleep  
Was cooked medium  
And placed  
On a dining room  
Table in Brooklyn  
Before an older couple  
Surrounded by family  
And friends  
So wonderful and kind  
I flashed back to you  
Giving dollars  
To homeless men  
Down in the bowery  
Not before  
They convinced you  
It was for sandwiches  
And not for wine  
I just could never  
Convince you baby  
This was our time  
This was our time  
This was our time

Now your feeding me fabulous  
Chinese takeout  
On the dampened bed sheets  
Our last supper so you might say  
I woke up in a cold sweat  
And realized we'd never cooked  
One meal together

You always said,  
"Why bother?"  
With the cuisines of the world  
Laid at our feet here everyday

Then I thought  
Of our first date  
Back in Nashville  
We shared the pupu platter  
You enjoyed it with such gusto  
I took it for a sign  
We would have many happy meals  
Together in a warm dining room  
Somewhere maybe even  
Brooklyn  
That was way back then  
And I was just another guy  
With food on his mind  
But this  
Baby this was our time

This was our time  
This was our time  
This was our time  
What did you have  
In mind?  
This was our time

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