

Lindsey Buckingham

"In Our Own Time"

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Fire still burning, in a while she'll make it rain
These rooms are all falling down, they couldn't stand
the strain
I had the same old dream, she was hiding outside my
door
She used to come from time to time but not any more

Still in my mind
Still in my mind

It wouldn't make any difference
We crossed that line
From the fire we will rise again
In our own time

Seasons turning, in a while she'll make it snow
This time I think she's here for good but I never really
know
Nothing here remains, just the vision of her face
The implication of a crime, it always takes her place

Still in my mind
Still in my mind

It wouldn't make any difference
We crossed that line
From the fire we will rise again
In our own time

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We crossed that line
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