

Patti Smith And Fred Smith "It Takes Time"

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No equation to explain the division of the senses
No sound to reflect the radiance of time
In the beginningest dream, halls of disorder
Where we are swept to encircle dawn

Strapped in a low car
Racing through silence, trumpeting bliss
You could kiss the world goodbye

Standing outside the courthouse in the rain
Seemed like a lost soul from the chapel of dreams
With a handful of images
Faces of children, phases of the moon

One little thing you get wrong
Changes the dimensions
Streets, swept memory
Diffused and lost like a prayer in the sun

Sometimes you can't tell
Whether you're waking up or going to sleep
Spiraling, unnumbered streets

All the games cannot be yours
All the sights, the treasures of the eye
Does the divided soul remain the same?

No equation to explain
Destiny's hand, moved, by love
Drawn by the whispering shadows
Into the mathematics of our desire

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