

Okkervil River

"Just give me time"

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This red-haired girl of mine tore a pinecone from the
pine, to cut into her palm,
singing the song her sinking lover sung.
I shut my eyes, ripped the train from off the line, but a
sudden gust of snow
blew through a hole in my girl's clothes.
Well, my girl knows she's not all right, and I don't mind.
Just give me time, just give me time, baby, give me
time.

Her stinging eyes, and her sixteen-hour drive, and our
shared, transparent rope,
and our icy dive through hope
I'll memorize, and I'll cut into my mind. I can't believe it
can be so.
I won't believe that my girl froze.
Well, my girl knows that I'm coiled tight and green
inside.
Just give me time, just give me time, baby, give me
time.

And that weight you hold, it's getting light, and, love, I
know you'll lift it easily up high.
Just give it time, just give it time. Baby, just give me
time. Baby, just give me time.
Just give me time...

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