

## Ride "Time Of Her Time"

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She turns her face to the wall  
She sees her sorrow there  
Puts out her hand to touch it  
Again and again

Fingernail marks in the morning  
Wallpaper silhouettes  
The signs of her yesterdays  
Can't ever be wiped away

She thought that I would care  
Thought that I'd be there  
Think again

Your face, I've seen in visions  
In silver ripplin' sky  
No feelin's, reactions  
As I pass you by

Weeks compressed into minutes  
This time is her time  
Let me, just once  
Be cruel without bein' kind

She thought that I would care  
Thought that I'd be there  
Think again

She thought that I would care  
Thought that I'd be there  
Think again, one more time

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