

# Beth Hart, State Of Mind

i can't tell between the two  
it's all the same to me  
i can't tell what's on your mind  
too late, too far behind  
life's a state of mind

gimme gimme time  
gimme gimme time

as i lie beneath the sky  
i speak to fireflies  
and with every passing fear  
my sorrow disappears  
colors in my tears  
change thought out the years

oh gimme time  
gimme gimme time  
oh gimme time

la la la yi la  
no lesson  
no lesson here

as i lie beneath the sky  
i speak to fireflies  
and with every passing fear  
my sorrow disappears  
colors in my tears  
slowly disappears

gimme gimme time  
oh give me time  
oh give me time  
gimme gimme time