

Emily Jane White, Time On Your Side

He drives a truck,

And it makes time on his side,

The water splashes from his flaps for miles, and

Three a.m., on the I-5

In the dark, as he moves away.. hey hey

Not much to do when you've got time on your side,

You sit and think about your wasted life,

I try to move, change things through and through,

Oooh ooh.

Why does your face grow so long my dear?

And, why did your hair grow so long this year?

Why does your face grow so long my dear?

And, why did your hair grow so long this year?

Oh, and so long, so long, this year.

She's a dancer when she dances she is free, and

Three in the mornin' the clouds rise in the east to,

Frank Sinatra which her parents put on repeat,

On repeat..