

John Hiatt, Our Time

"Our Time"

I Traced Your Arms As You Laid Spread Out On The Sunday Paper
Looked Like The Crime Scene Of An Angel Ghost
I Heard The Gate Clatter To On The Elevator
I Wrapped Myself Up In It Like A Cold Beef Roast

Fell Asleep, Was Cooked Medium And Placed On A Dining Room Table In Brooklyn
Before An Older Couple Surrounded By Family And Friends So Wonderful And Kind
I Flashed Back To You Giving Dollars To Homeless Men Down In The Bowery
Not Before They Convinced You It Was For Sandwiches And Not For Wine
I Just Could Never Convince You Baby
This Was Our Time
This Was Our Time
This Was Our Time

Now Your Feeding Me Fabulous Chinese Takeout On The Dampened Bed Sheets
Our Last Supper So You Might Say
I Woke Up In A Cold Sweat And Realized Wed Never Cooked One Meal Together
You Always Said, Why Bother? With The Cuisines Of The World Laid At Our Feet Here Everyday

Then I Thought Of Our First Date Back In Nashville
We Shared The Pupu Platter You Enjoyed It With Such Gusto I Took It For A Sign
We Would Have Many Happy Meals Together In A Warm Dining Room Somewhere Maybe Even E
That Was Way Back Then, And I Was Just Another Guy With Food On His Mind
But This, Baby This Was Our Time

This Was Our Time
This Was Our Time
This Was Our Time
What Did You Have In Mind?
This Was Our Time