

Gene Clark, She Don't Care About Time

Hallways and staircases everyday to climb
To go up to my white walled room out on the end of time
Where I can be with my love for she is all that is mine
And she'll always be there, my love don't care about time

I laugh with her, cry with her, hold her close she is mine
The way she tells me of her love and never is she trying
She don't have to be assured of many good things to find
And she'll always be there, my love don't care about time

Her eyes are dark and deep with love, her hair hangs long and fine
She walks with ease and all she sees is never wrong or right
And with her arms around me tight I see her all in my mind
And she'll always be there my love don't care about time