

# Laura Nyro, Timer

Uptown, going down, old life line, walking down faster, walking with the master of time.

My lady woke up, she broke down, she got up, she let go,

Take me Timer, shake me Timer, let it blow, let it blow.

My darling friends, oh, I belong to Timer, he changed my face.

You're a fine one Timer, you've got me walking through the gates of space.

I keep remembering indoors that I used to walk through,

baby, I'm not trying to talk you down.

But I could walk through them doors onto a pleasure ground.

It was sweet and funny, a pleasure ground.

Didn't know about money, did not know about Timer, did not know about Timer.

Holding to my cradle at the start but now my hand is open

and now my hand is ready for my heart.

So let the wind blow Timer, I like her song.

And if the song goes minor, I won't mind.

And Timer knows the lady's gonna love again.

Time says the lady rambles never more.

If you love me true, I'll spend my life with you and Timer.

You're a jigsaw Timer, God is a jigsaw souling with, souling.

You're a jigsaw Timer, God is a jigsaw souling with, souling with Timer, Timer