

The Beautiful South, A Little Time

(Heaton/Rotheray)

I need a little time
To think it over
I need a little space
Just on my own
I need a little time
To find my freedom
I need a little...

Funny how quick the milk turns sour
Isn't it, isn't it
Your face has been looking like that for hours
Hasn't it, hasn't it
Promises, promises turn to dust
Wedding bells just turn to rust
Trust into mistrust

I need a little room
To find myself
I need a little space
To work it out
I need a little room
All alone
I need a little...

You need a little room for your big head
Don't you, don't you
You need a little space for a thousand beds
Won't you, won't you
Lips that promise - fear the worst
Tongue so sharp - the bubble burst
Just into unjust

I've had a little time
To find the truth
Now I've had a little room
To check what's wrong
I've had a little time
And I still love you
I've had a little...

You had a little time
And you had a little fun
Didn't you, didn't you
While you had yours
Do you think I had none
Do you, do you
The Freedom that you wanted bad
Is yours for good
I hope you're glad
Sad into unsad

I had a little time
To think it over
Had a little room
To work it out
I found a little courage
To call it off

I've had a little time
I've had a little time
I've had a little time
I've had a little time

