

# Tracy Chapman, Time After Time

Lying in my bed I hear the clock tick  
And think of you  
Caught up in circles confusion  
Is nothing new  
Flashback warm nights  
Almost left behind  
Suitcases of memories  
Time after

Sometimes you picture me  
I'm walking too far ahead  
You're calling to me, I can't hear  
What you've said  
Then you say go slow  
I fall behind  
The second hand unwinds

If you're lost you can look and you will find me  
Time after time  
If you fall I will catch you I'll be waiting  
Time after time

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After my picture fades and darkness has  
Turned to gray  
Watching through windows you're wondering  
If I'm OK  
Secrets stolen from deep inside  
The drum beats out of time

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You said go slow  
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The second hand unwinds

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Time after time  
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