

All The Time In The World

Beth Nielsen Chapman

There's a woman in a wool suit
Carrying an infant
Coming through the bank doors
Late for some appointment

Now she rushes to the front desk
And she talks to the receptionist
Who motions to the telephone
Over in the waiting room

She's calling someone
But I can't see much from where I sit
I'm stuck here in this drive-through window
Waiting in this line

There goes the diaper bag
The baby's slipping on her hip
Before my car moves up an inch
They both have started crying

All the time in the world
Climbs the walls, swells the doors
It goes flying out the window
All the time in the world...

These precious days we live through
Thrown away like tissue
I wish that I could give you all the time in the world
Dresses on a clothesline

Dancing in a heat wave
Browning in the car fumes
Blowing off the interstate
Now I'm clicking past the lightpoles

Glancing down the cornrows
Dreaming in a straight line
Waking up in circles
And did I say I've got the right to want it all

Well if it's true I want it all
How could that do me any harm
I'll take my curves, I'll dodge the cops
I'll jump the ditches

Doing eighty miles an hour
Slammin' back into your arms