

...Meantime

Flatland Cavalry

Been lookin' back for ages
Turnin' pages in your mind
Readin' into yesterdays
Hopin' you will find
A way to rearrange it all
And leave the past behind
While life moves on without you
In the meantime

I mean, time feels like it takes forever
When your heart looks too far on down the line
That cup of aged-red wine tastes so much better
When you sit back and watch them grapes grow on the vine
It's not where you're goin'
Where you been
So look around
Take it in
And slow it down
In the meantime

You can't call the song
When the wind runs through a chime
Friction's good for somethin'
But you can't rub two nickels into a dime
So go on with the flow, take it all in stride
Like the risin' of the sun and the rollin' of a tide

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So call a friend
Find a porch
Grab a bottle
Pop a cork
Take a sip
In the meantime